THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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HUERTA AGREES TO PEACE PLAN

Dictator Formally Accepts Offer of Mediation

SETTLEMENT NOT EXPECTED

President Wilson Demands That Huerta be Banished---Huerta Asks That United States Troops Withdraw From Mexico and That He be Recognized at President.

Special to the Progress.

Mexico City, April 28—Huerta accepted the mediation proposed this afternoon, with Argentine, Brazil and Chile to act in conjunction with France, England and Spain, the six to select another country as umpire.

Expect No Results.

Washington, April 28—Formal acceptance by Gen. Huerta of the offer of Argentina, Brazil and Chile to use their good offices toward bringing about an amicable settlement of the trouble between the United States and Mexico was cabled to Spanish Ambassador Riano here last night by Portillo Rojas, foreign minister of the Huerta government.

This did not lessen the feeling expressed in diplomatic circles yesterday, that little would come of the attempts to mediate the differences between th two countries, which European diplomatists here regard as being too wide to admit of settlement by means of a court whose decision is binding upon neither of the principals in the negotiations.

At 2 o'clock yesterday Ambassador Da Gama and Ministers Suarez and Naon ended a protracted conference as to future procedure in the mediation proposals.

Though no announcement was made it was reported that no definite plan for the next move had been determined.

Chance to Get Americans Out.

The administration feels that if it has accomplished nothing else by its acceptance of the mediation proposals the fact that it is getting all Americans out of the country is sufficient to justify its action.

In congress there is hard feeling over the failure of the president to take members of the legislative branch more into his confidence regarding his purposes.

This feeling obtains particularly among members of the senate, who see in the possible success of efforts to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulties the future of the Monroe doctrine somewhat involved. They are inclined to the fear that in some way the ultimate intention of the South American countries in proposing the mediation is to restrict the influence of the United States in the countries profiting by the Monroe doctrine.

This opinion, however, is not universal among senators.

For example, Senator O'Gorman, who called at the White House, was inclined to the belief that good might come of the intercession of the "A B C powers."

The New York senator did not see the president, but talked with Secretary Tumulty.

"I am in favor of anything that will stop the shedding of blood," said Senator O'Gorman. "It seems to me that mutual concessions might well be made by both the United States and Huerta without loss of honor to either."

He would not suggest what these concessions might be.

At the same time the strongest diplomatic combination in the history of this continent was trying to bring order out of chaos in Mexico. Practically all Latin America was united to force an agreement which will restore order south of the Rio Grande.

While officially there has been no suggestion from either side regarding its position, the chasm between the two administrations is best shown by a simple statement of the unofficial conditions known to have been laid down.

President Wilson demands that in any plan of settlement Huerta must go, constitutional government be restored in Mexico and full apology made for outrages against the honor of the United States.

Huerta demands that the United States forces be withdrawn from Mexican territory, that the revolutionists be ignored in any negotiations unless they accept the terms of his general proclamation of amnesty and that he be recognized as the provisional president of Mexico.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Stanley Stovenisky and Marie Turiansky, both of Irvona.

Wladyslaw Goralizik and Lydia Schultz, both of Madera.

STATE GUARDS

Pennsylvania Militia Would be Commanded by Own Officers.

Washington, April 28---Unless all plans fail the Pennsylvania National Guard, in the event that President Wilson issues a call for volunteers, will be taken into the volunteer army as a division. Unofficially, it is announced that the officers of the Pennsylvania guard have such assurances from the War department and they are making their plans accordingly. The independent military organizations of the state, it is said, will be taken into the organization to make up the state's quota.

A meeting was held in Washingto Sunday to discuss arrangements for the services of the Pennsylvania guard in the event volunteers are called. Those present were Representative W. J. Hulings, of Oil City, Pa., former brigadier general of the guard Adj. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, Brig. Gen. Charles M. Clement, commander of the Third brigade, Sunbury; Maj. Gen. C. B. Dougherty, of Wilkes Barre, and Brig. Gen. William G. Price, Jr., commander of the First brigade, Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvanians are known to be especially pleased with assurances of war department officials that in the event the guard is needed the present officers will not be superceded by regular army men. Although the new law gives the president the right to appoint officers up to colonel, and he may name the present militia heads or select others, as he sees fit, it is authoritatiely stated that the recommendation of the wer department officials will be accepted.

THE HOSPITAL DEBT

Generous Citizens of Osceola Contribute More Than $170.

The citizens of Osceola recognizing the benefits derived by residents of the county from a well conducted hospital, have contributed $170 toward the liquidation of the standing indebtedness of the Clearfield hospital. The generous contributors are:

Lawshe Baird	$50.00
S. W. McLarren	25.00
Joseph Carter	20.00
Smith Baird	10.00
A. S. Brown	10.00
Paul S. Read	10.00
James M. Dugan	10.00
Arthur W. Baird	10.00
Rev. M. J. Desmond	10.00
Umbria Castle No 285, K.G.E.	5.00
Pomoacan Tribe, I. O. R. M.	5.00
Chas. A. Rickenbaugh	5.00
Total	$170.00

ONE BIG BATTLE

Americans Could Take Mexican Capital in Ninety Days.

Washington, April 28—MexicoCity can be taken by American troops within 90 days after the word to march on the capital now held by President Huerta is given. The war college, it is stated, has completed it final plans for a general movement into Mexico, if war against Huerta is formally declared.

Major General Leonard Wood, who, it is expected will lead the invasion, is confident that Huerta's stronghold can be taken within the time fixed by the war collegee and that only one big battle will have to be fought. The attitude of the college is that if the Washington administration agrees to a quick decisive campaign the loss of life will not be so large as under the forward and backward plan previously pursued.

MONITOR BRINGS REFUGEES.

The Cheyenne Reaches San Diego With Eighty-one Passengers.

San Diego, Cal., April 28.—Carrying eighty-one refugees—men, women and children—the monitor Cheyenne, which hurried to Ensenada on Thursday night to the relief of American residents in answer to a wireless call from Claude Guyant, United States consul, has docked here.

According to the story told by refugees, the earlier reports of rioting and anti-American demonstrations were exaggerated, although at no time did they feel a full measure of safety.

Irresponsible Mexicans, they said, denounced the American government following the occupation of Vera Cruz, but among the better element the policy of "Hands off of Americans" was maintained.

Junior Chautauqua.

There will be a meeting of the Junior Chautauqua club Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock sharp. All the children are requested to be there.

Apr. 28 2t.

LEGAL PROBLEM FOR THE COURT

Question as to Procedure Regarding a Paroled Prisoner

HECTOR STRASBACH'S CASE

He Was Paroled From Western Penitentiary and Violated a Borough Law—Was Arrested and is HeldUntil Court has Threshed Out the Knotty Problem.

Hector Strasbach was before Judge Bell this morning on a writ of habeas corpus asked for by his attorneys, Chase and Urey .Strasbach was arrested by Chase and Urey. Strasach was arsault and battery, and on May 22 of that year was convicted and given a minimum sentence to the Western penitentiary for an indefinite term the maximum being two years and the minimum one year. Sometime ago he was released on parole, having but 28 days to serve. Last Saturday night he got into a fight and Chief of Police McHenry arrested him and placed him in the lockup. His attorneys want to procure his release, hence the application for the writ of habeas corpus.

Record Not Complete.

It was discovered that while an officer of the Western penitentiary was here with the expectation of taking Strasbach back to the pen, the penitentiary authorities had failed to transamit the record of the prisoner's parole and the court was therefore unable to determine whether or not Strasbach is on prnole or an escaped prisoner. In order that the proper data may be secured the case was continued until Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, the prisoner being taken to jail as being a more comfortable place than the borough lckup.

A Knotty Question.

Attorney Chase raised a very embarrassing question in the case when he declared that under the law Stasbach could not be held except up on action by the governor. The law of 1909 provides that in such cases the governor shall take the initiative in having a paroled prisoner returned to prison, while the commonwealth, as rperesemted by the district attorney's office sought to apprehend and retain Strasbach as any ordinary offender against the law might be held.

The question is a knotty one, and gives food for thought to the attorneys. Of course, Strasbach can be held on the charge of fighting and given a borough sentence, but whether he can be returned to the prison until the governor acts is the problem which will have to be solved next Thursday.

How Many Steps to a Mile?

How many steps do you take to the mile? If you think a moment you will probably reply, "Seventeen hundred and sixty," but that I take leave to doubt.

Should you be an infantryman of the British army your pace will be the longest of any infantryman in the world. The Russian pace is the shortest, being only twenty-seven and a half inches; the French, Italian and Austrian soldiers manage twenty-nine inches; the Germans do thirty-one inches and the British thirty-one and one-half inches. But your own pace, what of it? It depends upon whether you are a "highbrow" or not.

Put a stick across your eyebrows and see how long the piece of string is which reaches from that level to the floor. Half the length of this string is the length of your pace, and that length you will find to be between thirty-one inches and thirty two inches, so that between 2,000 and 2,100 paces are needed to walk a mile.—London Chronicle.

Bowing to the Moon.

Among the natives of Abyssinia there existed and probably still exists a curious pagan custom of bowing to the moon on certain nights at the commencement of the new year.

Selecting a clear space on the ground, free from all rocks and boulders, the elders of the community kneel down, one behind the other, and, as soon as it is midnight, begin a dolorous chant to the moon

They keep this up for half an hour or so, when all rise, and, forming a circle, stand still, their arms motionless by their sides. A young girl now approaches them and walks round the circle, calling out: "You are all right Your shadow is there." Should she pause and say, "Friend, there is no shadow behind you Alas alas!" then the person she thus addresses is destined to die within the next twelve months.

WILL VOTE ON MONDAY NEXT

Miners to Decide Whether or Not to Accept 1912 Scale

PROPOSITION OF OPERATORS

Indications Point to Favorale Action by the Members of the Union, Although Several Questions Will Have to be Threshed Out Later by the Parties Interested

The following circular letter, issued by the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, District No. 2, with headquarters in Clearfield, has been received by the miners:

To the members of local unions of district No. 2, U. M. W. of A.

Greeting:

You are hereby notified that the joint scale committee of the miners and operators have failed to reach an agreement on a scale of wages governing prices in this district for the next two years, and as per the instructions of the DuBois convention that the final proposition sent back to the men for to vote upon; also the operators' proposition that the resolutions submitted by them be submitted back to the are hereby notified and instructed to declare an idle day on Monday, May 4th, 1914, to vote on the proposition submitted by the operators.

Local union secretaries will immediately post notices so that the members will know the date set apart for the taking of this vote This is simply a notice to the local unions so that they may have the opportunity of posting the notices at the earliest possible time in order that their members may have an opportunity to attend the meeting and vote.

The proposition as submitted by the operators will be sent later with the ballots so that the membership may have full information what they are voting on and to assist them in the casting of the votes.

With best wishes, we remain

Fraternally yours,

PATRICK GILDAY, Pres.
JAMES PURCELL, V. Pres.
RICHARD GILBERT, Sec.-Treas.

Operators' Proposition.

The proposition of the operators, submitted to the miners' representatives at the conference in Clearfield last week, embraced the following offer:

We, the scale committee of the Association of Bituminous Coal Operators of Central Pennsylvania, have considered all questions brought forward for discussion by you, the scale committee of District No .2, U. M. W. A., and owing to dull times, lower prices for coal when sold, etc., we have not been able to find that we can grant any concessions of any kind, but have agreed that instead of insisting on a reduction of wages that we will consent to a renewal for two years from April 1, 1914, of the Scale agreement under which we have been working.

Therefore, we hereby formally agree that the following off r, which we made heretofore, shall be referred by the proper officers of DistrictNo. 2, U. M. W. of A., to the men who are members of your organization, through your local unions for a referendum vote. The offer is as follows:

"That the contract made in DuBois, Pa., April 10, 1912, between the Bituminous Operators' association and the United Mine Workers of America be renewed and continued in its entirety for two years from April 1, 1914."

We, the scale committees, agree that this offer be sent to the men for referendum vote precisely as this whole offer is worded, and when a majority of the men have voted for the adoption of this offer then this shall be a contract and shall be final and binding on both the Association of Bituminous Coal Operators and the U. M. W. of A., District No 2. it being definitely understood that this referendum vote shall be taken at once and that the result of the vote be made known in ten days from this date.

The resolution was submitted and received the full support of the operators, the miners refusing to vote. Amendments to the resolutions, offered by Mr Gilday, were lost.

At present it is believed that a majority of the miners will vote in support of the proposition to accept the scale f 1912, although in some parts of the district the miners will vote against the offer because of local conditions, such as the objection to the pushing of cars and the request for an equalization of pay for inside and outside workmen.

MAY DAY FETE

Will be Held by Junior Chautauqua Club Next Saturday.

The Junior Chautauqua invites the public to its May fete, Saturday, May 2, at 2,30 in the lower Witmer park

There will be music by the High school band, May pole dances, Folk dances, songs, games and some field day contests. There will also be a May basket contest, the prizes being awarded by the Woman's club—two prizes, a first of $1 and second of 50 cents, for the two baskets containing the greatest variety of wild flowers; two prizes—a first of $1 and a second of 50 cents for the two most tastefully arranged baskets. Any schooi child may enter this contest.

In case of inclement weather, the May fete and contest will be postponed till Saturday, May 9.

THOROUGHLY AROUSED

Progressives in That County Enthusastic for the Good Cause.

A correspondent writing from Indiana to the Progress says:

Indiana county is thoroughly aroused and imbued with Progressive sentiment. A few weeks ago over one hundred men banqueted at the New Indiana house, at Indiana. There were representatives from every nook and corner of the county present and rousing speeches were made by Dr. H. A. Reed, of Homer City; G. A. Stewart, of Arcadia; J. P. Archbold, of Blairsville; Lex Mitchell, of Punxsutawney; Percy F. Smith, of Pittsburgh, and Congressman Kelly, of Braddock. The entire building resounded with applause from 8 until 1 o'clock.

WOODLAND.

Clair Young and Miss ErmPa arks, both of this place, attended the opera on Friday night.

Mrs. Roy Peters is still on the sick list

Elmer Rowles spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Rowles.

Roy Hull is doing some repairing around his residence.

Mrs .Wm . Spence, of Clearfield, visited relatives in this place on Sunday

D E. Young and family motored to Clearfield Saturday evening.

John A. Wisor, who has been ill a few days, has returned to his employment.

Quite a number of people from our town went to Clearfield on Friday night and enjoyed the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stewart, of Clearfield were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mullin a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens were Clearfield visitors on Saturday.

Howard Peters of Wallaceton, spent Sunday in Woodland.

Mr .and Mrs. Harry Knepp, of Clearfield, spent Sunday with Mr. Knepp's parents.

Dr. G. E. Mawk is well pleased with the new arrival, and S. S. Swift is proud to be grandpa once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morgan were Clearfield visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Peters, of Wallaceton, Sundayed in Woodland visiting friends and relatives.

Clark Curry and son Rudolph, of Barrett, were in town Saturday.

John Pattio is keeping batchlers hall since his wife has gone for a visit.

Thomas Sargent had business in Clearfield on Staurday.

Andy Powell, of Woodland, was a business caller in Clearfield on Saturday.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

George Syston to Susan J. Amsworth, land in Decatur township. $900

J. S. McNeil to Harry McNeil, land in Jordan township. $800.

Mary Zeflak to Andrew Kesik, land in Woodward township. $900.

Wm. P. Hopkins to George Minns, Jr., land in Sandy township. $500.

Mary A. Winslow to Frank Winslow, land in Beccaria township. $1.

Moses C. Norris to Henry G. Hile, land in Pike township. $61.

P. T .Davis to Antonia W. Semms, land in Clearfield. $1300.

Amanda J. Wilson to Scott Wilson, land in Sandy township. $1.

Joseph E. Westover to Milton C. Westover, land in Chest township. $1000.

PETITIONS HAVE ALL BEEN FILED

Candidates Who Will be Voted for at Primaries, May 19.

TWO DOZEN FOR LEGISLATURE

List of Aspirants for Office in Clearfield County and in Congressional and Senatorial Districts Whose Names Will Appear on Ballots—Seven for Congress and Seven for State Senate.

The state department has completed the official list of candidates petitions filed for the primaries of May 19. With the exception of John E. Clark, of Philadelphia, for supreme court judge, the candidates for state offices have all been published. The following is a list of the district representatives in congress, state senators and state representatives in whom Clearfield voters are interested:

State Representatives.

Clearfield—Archer H. Reed, D., Lawrence township; G. W. Hall, D., Curwensville; W. J. Hoover, R., Kylertown; James M. R. Rowles, D., Glen Hope; Peter McDermott, D., Hawk Run; Joseph E. Phillips, R., Clearfield; Earle G. Boone, W., DuBois; Edward Lippart, W., Clearfield; Albertus G. Woodward, W., Curwensville; Don Gingery, D. and P., Clearfield; B. M. Hess, D., Grampian; A. E. Neal, R., Curwensville; Charles B. Holes, D., Westover; S. T. Bloom, son, P., Berwindale; Ed. C. Bumgardner, D., Clearfield; G. H. Flanton, P. & W., Westover; Frederick Pepper, R., Hawk Run; Albert V. Brown, R., Clearfield; G. Milton Aleorn, R., DuBois; T. J. Williams, S., Ulmerville; George Trumble, R., Morrisdale; A. E. Edwards, R., Osceola Mills; Howard Irwin, S., Clearfield; Robert Hudson, S., DuBois.

Congress.

Twenty-first District—Charles E. Rowland, R., Philipsburg; Edward R. Beason, D., Mt. Jewett; W. E. Tobias, D., Clearfield; John Hewitt, D., Bellefonte; S. W. McLaren, Prog., Osceola Mills; Guy B. Hayes, W., Smethport; F. C. Rittenhouse, S., Philipsburg.

State Senate.

Thirty-fourth District—C. C. Hoover, R., DuBois; A. A. Dale, R., Bellefonte; Alonzo S .Mouthrop, W. & P. DuBois; S J. Miller, R., Madera; William Cronister, D., Martha; Charles Johnson, S., Philipsburg; W. H. Patterson, D., Clearfield.

TWO LICENSES GRANTED

Riverside Hotel, Clearfield, and a Wholesale at Hawk Run.

The license application of Tom Bowman, for the Riverside hotel in Clearfield was granted on Monday. There was a strong remonstrance against the granting of this license.

A wholesale license was also granted to John McDowell, of Hawk Run, and there is no reason why anybody in that section should go dry for a year at least.

Injured Boy at Home.

Leland Bates, who has been confined to the Clearfield hospital the last two weeks from injuries received when he was hit by the Pennsylvania train at the corner of Third and Pine streets, returned to his home on Pine street Monday.

Mrs. Ed. Bigler and Mrs. Emily Kerr returned home Tuesday after spending several weeks in Philadelphia and New York city.

David Bailey, of Morrisdale, had business in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Wood Neff and daughter, Pauline, left Tuesday for Williamsport, where they will spend several days with relatives.

William Schriver attended to business in town yesterday.

Married at Lutheran Parsonage.

Mark Witherow and Miss Dora Hunter, both of New Millport, were married at the Lutheran parsonage, Clearfield, by Rev. Mr. Allenbach, at 1.30 this morning.

Henry Wingert Dead.

Henry Wingert, aged 53 years, died at his residence in Brady township Monday morning. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning at 9.30 o'clock.

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The padre laughed quietly. He was very fond of this new-found daughter of his. Her spontaneity, her blooming beauty, her careless observation of convention, her independence, had captivated him. Sometimes he believed that he thoroughly understood her, when all at once he would find himself mentally peering into some dark corner into which the penetrating light of his usually swift deduction could throw no glimmer. She possessed the grace of the butterfly and the latent possibilities of a Judith. She was the most interesting feminine problem he had in his long years encountered. The mother mildly amused him, for he could discern the character that she was sedulously striving to batten down beneath inane social usages and formalities. Some day she would revert to the original type, and then he would be glad to renew the acquaintance in rather a shamefaced way (a sensation he could not quite analyze) he loved the father. The pugilist will always embarrass the scholar and excite a negligible envy, for physical perfection is the most envied of all nature's gifts. The padre was short, thick-set, and inclined toward stoutness in the region of the middle button of his cassock. But he was active enough for all purposes.



She and the Padre Were Sitting on the Lower Step of the Veranda.

"I have had many wicked thoughts lately," resumed Nora, turning her gaze away from the tennis players. She and the padre were sitting on the lower steps of the veranda. The others were loitering by the nets.

"The old plaint disturbs you?"

"Yes."

"Can you not cast it out wholly?"

"Hate has many tentacles."

"What produces that condition of mind?" meditatively. "Is it because we have wronged somebody?"

"Or because somebody has wronged us?"

"Or misjudged us, by us has been misjudged?" softly.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nora, springing up.

"What is it?"

"Father is coming up the path!"

"I am glad to see him. But I do not recollect having seen the face of the man with him."

The lithe eagerness went out of Nora's body instantly. Everything seemed to grow cold, as if she had become enveloped in one of those fogs that suddenly blow down menacingly from hidden icebergs. Fortunately the inquiring eyes of the padre were not directed at her. He was here, not a dozen yards away, coming toward her, her father's arm in his! After what had passed he had dared! It was not often that Nora Harrigan was subjected to a touch of vertigo, but at this moment she felt that if she stirred ever so little she must fall. The stock whence she had sprung, however, was aggressive and fearless, and by the time Courtlandt had reached the outer markings of the courts, Nora was physically herself again. The advantage of the meeting would be his. That was indubitable. Any mistake on her part would be playing into his hands. If only she had known!

"Let us go and meet them, padre," she said quietly. With her father, her mother and the others, the inevitable introduction would be shorn of its danger. What Celeste might think was of no great importance; Celeste had been tried and her loyalty proved. Where had her father met him, and what diabolical stroke of fate had made him bring this man up here?

"Nora!" It was her mother calling.

She put her arm through the padre's, and they went forward leisurely.

"Why, father, I thought you weren't coming," said Nora. Her voice was without a tremor.

The padre hadn't the least idea that a volcano might at any moment open up at his side. He smiled benignly.

"Changed my mind," said Harrigan. "Nora, Molly, I want you to meet Mr Courtlandt. I don't know that I ever said anything about it, but his father was one of the best friends I ever had. He was on his way up here, so I came along with him." Then Harrigan paused and looked about him embarrassedly. There were half a dozen unfamiliar faces.

The colonel quickly stepped into the breach, and the introduction of Courtlandt became general. Nora bowed, and became at once engaged in an animated conversation with the Barone, who had just finished his set victoriously.

The padre's benign smile slowly faded.

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Courtlandt's Boy.

Presently the servants brought out the tea-service. The silent dark skinned Sikh, with his fierce curling whiskers, his flashing eyes, the semi-military, semi-oriental garb, topped by an enormous brown turban, claimed Courtlandt's attention, and it may be added that he was glad to have something to look at unembarrassedly. He wanted to catch the Indian's eye, but Rao had no glances to waste; he was concerned with the immediate business of superintending the service.

Courtlandt had never been a man to surrender to impulse. It had been his habit to form a purpose and then to go about the fulfilling of it. During the last four or five months, however, he had swung about like a weathercock in April, the victim of a thousand and one impulses. That morning he would have laughed had any one prophesied his presence here. He had fought against the inclination strongly enough at first, but as hour after hour went by his resolution weakened. His meeting Harrigan had been a stroke of luck. Still, he would have come anyhow.

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of Como," he found himself replying mechanically to Mrs Harrigan. He gave up Rao as hopeless so far as coming to his rescue was concerned. He began, despite his repugnance, to watch Nora.

And all the while Mrs Harrigan was talking and he was replying, and she thought him charming, whereas he had not formed any opinion of her at all, nor later could remember a word of the conversation.

"Tea!" bawled the colonel. The verb had its distinct uses, and one generally applied it to the colonel's outbursts without being depressed by the feeling of inelegance.

There is invariably some slight hesitation in the selection of chairs around a tea table in the open. Nora scored the first point of this singular battle by seizing the padre on one side and her father on the other and pulling them down on the bench. It was adroit in two ways: it put Courtlandt at a safe distance and in nowise offended the younger men, who could find no cause for alarm in the close proximity of her two fathers, the spiritual and the physical. A few moments later Courtlandt saw a smile of malice part her lips, for he found himself between Celeste and the inevitable frump.

"Touched!" he murmured, for he was a thorough sportsman and appreciated a good point even when taken by his opponent.

"I never saw anything like it," whispered Mrs Harrigan into the colonel's ear.

"Saw what?" he asked.

'Mr Courtlandt can't keep his eyes off of Nora."

"I say!" The colonel adjusted his eye-glass, not that he expected to see more clearly by doing so, but because habit had long since turned an affectation into a movement wholly mechanical. 'Well, who can blame him? Gad! if I were only twenty-five or thereabouts."

Mrs. Harrigan did not encourage this regret. The colonel had never been a rich man. On the other hand, this Edward Courtlandt was very rich, he was young, and he had the entree to the best families in Europe, which was greater in her eyes than either youth or riches. Between sips of tea she builded a fine castle in Spain.

Abbott and the Barone carried their cups and cakes over to the bench and sat down on the grass, Turkish-wise. Both simultaneously offered their cakes, and Nora took a lady finger from each. Abbott laughed and the Barone smiled.

"Oh, daddy mine!" sighed Nora drolly.

'Huh?"

'Don't let mother see those shoes."

'What's the matter with 'em? Everybody's wearing the same.'

"Yes. But I don't see how you manage to do it. One shoe string is virgin white and the other is pagan brown.'

"I've got nine pairs of shoes, and yet there's always something the matter," ruefully. "I never noticed when I put them on. Besides, I wasn't coming.'

'That's no defense. But rest easy. I'll be as secret as the grave."

"Now, I for one would never have noticed if you hadn't called my attention," said the padre, stealing a glance at his own immaculate patent leathers.

"Ah, padre, that wife of mine has eyes like a pilot-fish. I'm in for it."

"Borrow one from the colonel before you go home," suggested Abbott.

"That's not half bad," gratefully.

Harrigan began to recount the trials of forgetfulness.

Slyly from the corner of her eye Nora looked at Courtlandt, who was at that moment staring thoughtfully into his tea cup and stirring the contents industriously. His face was a little thinner, but aside from that he had changed scarcely at all; and then, because these two years had left so little mark upon his face, a tinge of unreasonable anger ran over her. "Men have died and worms have eaten them," she thought cynically. Perhaps the air between them was sufficiently charged with electricity to convey the impression across the intervening space, for his eyes came up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch her. She dropped her glance to Abbott, transferred it to the Barone, and finally let it rest on her father's face. Four handsomer men she had never seen.

"You never told me you knew Courtlandt," said Harrigan, speaking to Abbott.

'Just happened that way. We went to school together. When I was little they used to make me wear curls and wide collars. Many's the time Courtlandt walloped the school bullies for mussing me up. I don't see him much these days. Once in a while he walks in. That's all. Always seems to know where his friends are, but none ever knows where he is."

Abbott proceeded to elaborate some of his friend's exploits. Nora heard, as if from afar. Vaguely she caught a glimmer of what the contest was going to be. She could see only a little way, still, she was optimistically confident of the result. She was ready. Indeed, now that the shock of the meeting was past, she found herself not at all averse to a conflict. It would be something to let go the pent-up wrath of two years. Never would she speak to him directly, never would she permit him to be alone with her; never would she miss a chance to twist his heart, to humiliate him, to snub him. From her point of view, whatever game he chose to play would be a losing one. She was genuinely surprised to learn how eager she was for the game to begin so that she might gauge his strength.

'So I have heard," she was dimly conscious of saying.

"Didn't know you knew,' said Abbott.

"Knew what?' rousing herself.

"That Courtlandt nearly lost his life in the eighties."

"In the eighties!" dismayed at her slip.

"Latitudes. Polar expedition.

"Heavens! I was miles away.'

The padre took her hand in his own and began to pat it softly. It was the nearest he dared approach in the way of suggesting caution. He alone of them all knew.



"Will You Forgive Me?"

'Oh, I believe I read something about it in the newspapers.'

"Five years ago.' Abbott set down his tea cup. "He's the bravest man I know. He's rather a friendless man, besides. Terror of money. Thinks every one after him for that. Tries to throw it away, but the income piles up too quickly. See that Indian, passing the cakes? Wouldn't think it, would you, that Courtlandt carried him on his back for five miles! The Indian had fallen afoul a wounded tiger, and the beaters were miles off. I've been watching. They haven't even spoken to each other. Courtlandt's probably forgotten all about the incident, and the Indian would die rather than embarrass his savior before strangers.'

'Your friend, then, is quite a hero?"

What was the matter with Nora's voice? Abbott looked at her wonderingly. The tone was hard and unmusical.

'He couldn't be anything else, being Dick Courtlandt's boy,' volunteered Harrigan, with enthusiasm. 'It runs in the family."

"It seems strange," observed Nora, "that I never heard you mention that you knew a Mr Courtlandt."

'Why, Nora, there's a lot of things nobody mentions unless chance brings them up. Courtlandt—the one I knew—has been dead these sixteen years. If I knew he had had a son, I'd forgotten all about it. The only graveyard isn't on the hillside, there's one under everybody's thatch.'

The padre nodded approvingly.

Nora was not particularly pleased with this phase in the play. Courtlandt would find a valiant champion in her father, who would blunder in when some fine passes were being exchanged. And she could not tell him; she would have cut out her tongue rather. It was true that she held the principal cards in the game, but she could not table them and claim the tricks as in bridge. She must patiently wait for him to lead, and he, as she very well knew, would lead a card at a time, and then only after mature deliberation. From the exhilaration which attended the prospect of battle she passed into a state of depression, which lasted the rest of the afternoon.

"Will you forgive me?' asked Celeste of Courtlandt. Never had she felt more ill at ease. For a full ten minutes he chatted pleasantly, with never the slightest hint regarding the episode in Paris. She could stand it no longer. "Will you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"That night in Paris."

"Do not permit that to bother you in the least. I was never going to recall it.'

"Was it so unpleasant?"

"On the contrary, I was much amused."

"I did not tell you the truth."

"So I have found out."

"I do not believe that it was you," impulsively.

"Thanks. I had nothing to do with Miss Harrigan's imprisonment."

"Do you feel that you could make a confidant of me?"

He smiled. 'My dear Miss Fournier, I have come to the place where I distrust even myself."

'Forgive my curiosity!"

Courtlandt held out his cup to Rao. "I am glad to see you again."

'Ah Sahib!"

The little Frenchwoman was torn with curiosity and repression. She wanted to know what course he

duced this unusual drama which was unfolding before her eyes. To be presented with effects which had no apparent causes was maddening. It was not dissimilar to being taken to the second act of a modern problem play and being forced to leave before the curtain rose upon the third act. She had laid all the traps her intelligent mind could invent, and Nora had calmly walked over them or around. Nora's mind was Celtic, French in its adroitness and Irish in its watchfulness and tenacity. And now she had set her arts of persuasion in motion (aided by a piquant beauty) to lift a corner of the veil from this man's heart. Checkmate!

I should like to help you, she said truthfully.

In what way?"

It was useless, but she continued. She does not know that you went to Flora Desimone's that night.

And yet she sent you to watch me.'

But so many things happened afterward that she evidently forgot.'

That is possible.

I was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh you must believe that it was purely accidental!' She was in a terrible state until morning. What if she had killed you! what if she had killed you!' She seemed to harp upon that phrase."

Courtlandt turned a sober face toward her. She might be sincere and then again she might be playing the first game over again, in a different guise. It would have been embarrassing if the bullet had found its mark. He met her eyes squarely, and she saw that his were totally free from surprise or agitation or interest.

Will you be here long?"

It depends.

'Upon Nora?' persistently.

The weather.

'You are hopeless."

No, on the contrary, I am the most optimistic man in the world."

She looked into this reply very carefully. If he had hopes of winning Nora Harrigan optimistic he certainly must be. Perhaps it was not optimism. Rather might it not be a purpose made of steel, bendable but not breakable reinforced by a knowledge of conditions which she would have given worlds to learn?

'Is she not beautiful?"

I am not a poet.'

Wait a moment,' her eyes widening. 'I believe you know who did commit that outrage."

For the first time he frowned.

"Very well, I promise not to ask any more questions."

'That would be very agreeable to me." Then, as if he realized the rudeness of his reply, he added: "Before I leave I will tell you all you wish to know, upon one condition."

"Tell it!"

"You will say nothing to any one, you will question neither Miss Harrigan nor myself, nor permit yourself to be questioned."

"I agree."

"And now, will you not take me over to your friends?"

'Over there?" aghast.

"Why, yes. We can sit upon the grass. They seem to be having a good time."

What a man! Take him over, into the enemy's camp? Nothing would be more agreeable to her. Who would be the stronger, Nora or this provoking man?

So they crossed over and joined the group. The padre smiled. It was a situation such as he loved to study: a strong man and a strong woman, at war. But nothing happened, not a ripple anywhere to disclose the agitation beneath. The man laughed and the woman laughed, but they spoke not to each other, nor looked once into each other's eyes.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes. The colonel had prevailed upon his dinner guests not to bother about going back to the village to dress, but to dine in the clothes they wore. Finally, none remained but Harrigan, Abbott, the Barone, the padre and Courtlandt. And they talked noisily and agreeably concerning man affairs until Rao gravely announced that dinner was served.

It was only then, during the lull which followed, that light was shed upon the puzzle which had been subconsciously stirring Harrigan's mind: Nora had not once spoken to the son of his old friend.

CHAPTER X.

Everything But the Truth.

"I don't see why the colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

"It's a man party. He's giving it to please himself. And I do not blame him. The women about here treat him abominably. They come at all times of the day and night, use his card room, order his servants about, drink his whisky and smoke his cigarettes, and generally invite themselves to luncheon and tea and dinner. And then, when they are ready to go back to their villas or hotel, take his motor-boat without a thank you. The colonel has about three thousand pounds outside his half-pay, and they are all crazy to marry him because his sister is a countess. As a bachelor he can live like a prince, but as a married man he would have to dig. He told me that if he had been born Adam, he'd have climbed over Eden's walls long before the Angel of the Flaming Sword paddled him out. Says he's always going to be a bachelor, unless I take pity on him," mischievously.

"Has he .?" in horrified tones.

'About three times a visit," Nora admitted, "but I told him that I'd be a daughter, a cousin, or a niece to him, or even a grandchild. The latter presented too many complications, so we compromised on niece."



She Picked Up the Violets.

"I wish I knew when you were serious and when you were fooling."

'I am often as serious when I am fooling as I am foolish when I am serious.'

'Nora, you will have me shrieking in a minute!' despaired the mother. 'Did the colonel really propose to you?"

Only in fun."

Celeste laughed and threw her arm around the mother's waist, less ample than substantial. 'Don't you care! Nora is being pursued by little devils and is venting her spite on us."

There'll be too much Burgundy and tobacco, to say nothing of the awful stories."

'With the good old padre there? Hardly,' said Nora.

Celeste was a French woman. "I confess that I like a good story that isn't vulgar. And none of them look like men who would stoop to vulgarity."

That's about all you know of men," declared Mrs. Harrigan.

I am willing to give them the benefit of a doubt."

Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card room, which is right across from the dining room? Then we can judge for ourselves."

"Nora Harrigan!"

"Molly Harrigan!" mimicked the incorrigible. 'Mother mine, you must learn to recognize a jest."

"Ah, but yours!"

"Fine!" cried Celeste.

As if to put a final period to the discussion, Nora began to hum audibly an aria from Aida.

They engaged a carriage in the village and were driven up to the villa. On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed the stranger, Edward Courtlandt. What a fine looking young man he was, and how adventurous, how well connected, how enormously rich, and what an excellent catch! She and Celeste—the one innocently and the other provocatively—continued the subject to the very doors of the villa. All the while Nora hummed softly.

What do you think of him, Nora?' the mother inquired.

"Think of whom?"

'This Mr Courtlandt."

'Oh, I didn't pay much attention to him,' carelessly. But once alone with Celeste, she seized her by the arm, a little roughly. Celeste, I love you better than any outsider I know. But if you ever discuss that man in my presence again, I shall cease to regard you even as an acquaintance. He has come here for the purpose of annoying me, though he promised the prefect in Paris never to annoy me again.'

'The prefect.'

'Yes. The morning I left Versailles I met him in the private office of the prefect. He had powerful friends who aided him in establishing an alibi. I was only a woman, so I didn't count.

"Nora, if I have meddled in any way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy. You have nearly killed me with your sphinx-like actions. You have never asked me the result of my spying for you that night. Spying is not one of my usual vocations, but I did it gladly for you."

"You gave him my address!" coldly.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desimone. He demanded her address, which I gave him. If ever there was a man in a fine rage, it was he as he left me to go there. If he found out where we lived, the Calabrian assisted him. I spoke to him rather plainly at ten. He said that he had had nothing whatever to do with the abduction, and I believe him. I am positive that he is not the kind of man to go that far and not proceed to the end. And now, will you please tell Celeste to bring my dinner to my room?"

The impulsive Irish heart was not to be resisted. Nora wanted to remain firm, but instead she swept Celeste into her arms. "Celeste, don't be angry! I am very, very unhappy."

If the Irish heart was impulsive, the French one was no less so. Celeste wanted to cry out that she was unhappy, too.

"Don't bother to dress! Just give your hair a pat or two. We'll all three dine on the balcony."

Celeste flew to her room. Nora went over to the casement window and stared at the darkening mountains. When she turned toward the dresser she was astonished to find two bouquets. One was an enormous bunch of violets. The other was of simple marguerites. She picked up the violets. There was a card without a name; but the phrase scribbled across the face of it was sufficient. She flung the violets far down into the grapevines below. The action was without anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference. As for the simple marguerites, she took them up gingerly. The arc these described through the air was even greater than that performed by the violets.

"I'm a silly fool, I suppose," she murmured, turning back into the room again.

It was ten o'clock when the colonel bade his guests good night as they tumbled out of his motor boat. They were in more or less exuberant spirits, for the colonel knew how to do two things particularly well: order a dinner, and avoid the many traps set for him by scheming mammas and eligible widows. Abbott, the Barone and Harrigan, arm in arm, marched on ahead, whistling one tune in three different keys, while Courtlandt set the pace for the padre.

All through the dinner the padre had watched and listened. Pages were generally books to him, and he read in this young man's face many things that pleased him. This was no night rover, a fool over wine and women, a spendthrift. He straightened out the lines and angles in a man's face as a skilled mathematician straightens an intricate geometrical problem. He had arrived at the basic knowledge that men who live mostly out of doors are not volatile and irresponsible, but are more inclined to reserve, to reticence, to a philosophy which is broad and comprehensive and generous. They are generally men who are accomplishing things, and who let other people tell about it. Thus, the padre liked Courtlandt's voice, his engaging smile, his frank unwavering eyes; and he liked the leanness about the jaws, which was indicative of strength of character. In fact, he experienced a singular jubilation as he walked beside this silent man.

"There has been a grave mistake somewhere," he mused aloud, thoughtfully.

"I beg your pardon," said Courtlandt.

"I beg yours. I was thinking aloud. How long have you known the Harrigans?"

'The father and mother I never saw before today."

"Then you have met Miss Harrigan?"

"I have seen her on the stage."

"I have the happiness of being her confessor."

They proceeded quite as far as a hundred yards before Courtlandt volunteered: "That must be interesting."

"She is a good Catholic."

'Ah, yes; I recollect now."

"And you?"

"Oh, I haven't any religion such as requires my presence in churches. Don't misunderstand me! As a boy I was bred in the Episcopal church; but I have traveled so much that I have drifted out of the circle. I find that when I am out in the open, in the heart of some great waste, such as a desert, a sea, the top of a mountain, I can see the greatness of the Omnipotent far more clearly and humbly than within the walls of a cathedral."

'But God imposes obligations upon mankind. We have ceased to look upon the hermit as a holy man, but rather as one devoid of courage. It is not the stone and the stained windows, it is the text of our daily work, that the physical being of the church represents."

"I have not avoided any of my obligations." Courtlandt shifted his stick behind his back. "I was speaking of the church and the open field, as they impressed me."

"You believe in the tenets of Christianity?'

'Surely. A man must pin his faith and hope to something more stable than humanity.'

"I should like to convert you to my way of thinking," simply.

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THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS

Continued from second page.

"Nothing is impossible. Who knows?"

The padre, as they continued onward, offered many openings, but the young man at his side refused to be drawn into any confidence. So the padre gave up, for the futility of his efforts became irksome. His own lips were sealed, so he could not ask point blank the question that clamored at the tip of his tongue.

"So you are Miss Harrigan's confessor?"

"Does it strike you strangely?"

"Merely the coincidence."

"If I were not her confessor I should take the liberty of asking you some questions."

"It is quite possible that I should decline to answer them."

The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this affair in your own way. I wish you well."

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's confessor you doubtless know everything but the truth."

The padre laughed this time. The shops were closed. The open restaurants by the water front held but few idlers. The padre admired the young man's independence. Most men would have hesitated not a second to pour the tale into his ears in hope of material assistance. The padre's admiration was equally proportioned with respect.

"I leave you here," he said. "You will see me frequently at the villa."

"I certainly shall be there frequently. Good night."

Courtlandt quickened his pace which soon brought him alongside the others. They stopped in front of Abbott's pension, and he tried to persuade them to come up for a nightcap.

"Nothing to it, my boy," said Harrigan. "I need no nightcap on top of cognac 48 years old. For me that's a whole suit of pajamas."

"You come, Ted."

"Abbey, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citron table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott lamented.

Laughingly they hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtlandt went his way alone. He slept with the dubious satisfaction that the first day had not gone badly. The wedge had been entered. It remained to be seen if it could be dislodged.

Harrigan was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and chucked Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost none of its ability to blight and scorch.

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother!"

"Me?" cried the bewildered Harrigan.

"Look at those tennis shoes; one



What She Saw Was a Beautiful Uncut Emerald.

white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that dwindling away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred.

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtlandt asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobobdy noticed the shoe strings; and they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. If I want to wear a white string and a black one, I'll do it. Here!" He caught up a book on social usages and threw it out of the window. "Don't ever shove a thing like that under my nose again. If you do, I'll hike back to little old New York and start the gym again."

He rammed one of the colonel's perfectos (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh.

"He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to

ed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat t on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantel, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move hither and thither among the grape arbors. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again. She laid her head upon the railing and conned over the day's events. These were not at all satisfactory to her. Then her thoughts traveled many miles away. Six months of happiness, of romance, of play, and then misery and blackness.

"Nora, are you there?"

"Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?"

"Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?"

"Yes."

"A bunch of daisies?"

"Marguerites," she corrected.

"All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp. Nora's heart tightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music.

The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedchambers, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking off toward the green of the pines and the metal-like luster of the copper beeches.

It was raining, a fine, soft, blurring Alpine rain, and a blue-gray monotone prevailed upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows.

Here they all were. Mrs. Harrigan was deep in the intricate maze of the Amelia Ars of Bologna, which, as the initiated know, is a wonderful lace. By one of the windows sat Nora, winding interminable yards of lace hemming from off the willing if aching digits of the Barone, who was speculating as to what his Neapolitan club friends would say could they see, by some trick of crystal gazing, his present occupation. Celeste was at the piano, playing (pianissimo) snatches from the operas, while Abbott looked on, his elbows propped upon his knees, his chin in his palms, and a quality of ecstatic content in his eyes.

"Play the fourth ballade," urged Abbott.

Celeste was really a great artist. As an interpreter of Chopin she had no rival among women, and only one man was her equal. She had fire, tenderness, passion, strength; she had beyond all these, soul, which is worth more in true expression than the most marvelous technique. She had chosen Chopin for his brilliance, as some will choose Turner in preference to Corot: riots of color, barbaric and tingling. She was as great a genius in her way as Nora was in hers. There was something of the elfin child in her spirit. Whenever she played to Abbott, there was a quality in the expression that awakened a wonderment in Nora's heart.

As Celeste began the andante, Nora signified to the Barone to drop his work. She let her own hands fall. Harrigan gently closed his book, for in that rough kindly soul of his lay a mighty love of music. He himself was without expression of any sort, and somehow music seemed to stir the dim and not quite understandable longing for utterance. Mrs. Harrigan alone went on with her work; she could work and listen at the same time. After the magnificent finale, nothing in the room stirred but her needle.

"Bravo!" cried the Barone, breaking the spell.

"You never played that better," declared Nora.

"That's some!" Harrigan beat his hands together thunderously. "Great stuff; eh, Barone?"

The Barone raised his hands as if to express his utter inability to describe his sensations. His elation was that ascribed to those fortunate mortals whom the gods lifted to Olympus. At his feet lay the lace hemming, hopelessly snarled.

"Father, father!" remonstrated Nora; "you will wake up all the old ladies who are having their siesta."

"Bah! I'll bet a doughnut their ears are glued to their doors. What ho! Somebody's at the portcullis. Probably the padre, come up for tea."

He was at the door instantly. He flung it open heartily. It was characteristic of the man to open everything widely, his heart, his mind, his hate or his affection.

"Come in, come in! Just in time for the matinee concert."

The padre was not alone. Courtlandt followed him in.

"We have been standing in the corridor for ten minutes," affirmed the padre, sending a winning smile around the room. "Mr. Courtlandt was for going down to the bureau and sending up our cards. But I would not hear of such formality. I am a privileged person."

"Sure yes! Molly, ring for tea, and tell 'em to make it hot. How about a little peg, as the colonel says?"

The two men declined.

How easily and nonchalantly the man stood there by the door as Harrigan took his hat! Celeste was aquiver with excitement. She was thoroughly a woman; she wanted something to happen, dramatically, romantically.

But her want was a vain one. Nora hated scenes, and Courtlandt had the advantage of her in his knowledge of this. Celeste remained at the piano, but Nora turned as if to move away.

"No, you must sing. That is what I came up for," insisted the padre. If there was any malice in the churchman, it was of a negative quality. But it was in his Latin blood that drama should appeal to him strongly, and here was an unusual phase in The Great Play. He had urged Courtlandt, much against the latter's will this day, to come up with him, simply that he might set a little scene such as this promised to be and study it from the vantage of the prompter. He knew that the principal theme of all great books, of all great dramas, was antagonism, antagonism between man and woman, though by a thousand other names has it been called. He had often said, in a spirit of raillery, that this antagonism was principally due to the fact that Eve had been constructed (and very well) out of a rib from Adam. Naturally she resented this, that she had not been fashioned independently, and would hold it against man until the true secret of the parable was made clear to her.

Nora saw that opposition would be useless. After all, it would be better to sing. She would not be compelled to look at this man she so despised. At the beginning she had intended to sing badly; but as the music proceeded, she sang as she had not sung in weeks. To fill this man's soul with a hunger for the sound of her voice, to pour into his heart a fresh knowledge of what he had lost forever and forever!

Celeste turned from the keys after the final chords of "Morning Mood."

"Thank you!" said Nora.

"Do not stop," begged Courtlandt.

Nora looked directly into his eyes as she replied: "One's voice can not go on forever, and mine is not at all strong."

There was a knock at the door. The managing director handed Harrigan a card.

"Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friend of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jilli to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his cassock, a sign of perturbation; Courtlandt continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Barone; the Barone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all semblance of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasurably. He was then introduced, and he acknowledged each introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to tinsel in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practising infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"And you remember?" excitedly.

"One lump for mine, please," said Courtlandt, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictine.

Nora made no mistake with either Abbott's cup or the Barone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw Herr Rosen out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Barone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not



The Padre Was Not Alone; Courtlandt Followed Him.

the first by many. Herr Rosen! His presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who saw these strange currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing, why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can no more help loving you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always to turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing.

down her tea cup and b
from La Boheme.

Nora, without relaxing the false smile, suddenly found emptiness in everything.

"Sing!" said Herr Rosen.

"I am too tired. Some other time."

He did not press her. Instead, he whispered in his own tongue: "You are the most adorable woman in the world!"

And Nora turned upon him a pair of eyes blank with astonishment. It was as though she had been asleep and he had rudely awakened her. His infatuation blinded him to the truth; he saw in the look a feminine desire to throw the others off the track as to the sentiment expressed in his whispered words.

The hour passed tolerably well. Herr Rosen then observed the time, rose and excused himself. He took the steps leading abruptly down the terrace to the carriage road. He had come by the other way, the rambling stone stairs which began at the porter's lodge, back of the villa.

"Padre," whospered Courtlandt, "I am going. Do not follow. I shall explain to you when we meet again."

The padre signified that he understood. Harrigan protested vigorously, but smiling and shaking his head, Courtlandt went away.

Nora ran to the window. She could see Herr Rosen striding along, down the winding road, his head in the air. Presently, from behind a cluster of mulberries, the figure of another man came into view. He was going at a dog-trot, his hat settled at an angle that permitted the rain to beat squarely into his face. The next turn in the road shut them both from sight. But Nora did not stir.

Herr Rosen stopped and turned.

"You called?"

"Yes." Courtlandt had caught up with him just as Herr Rosen was about to open the gates. "Just a moment, Herr Rosen," with a hand upon the bars. "I shall not detain you long."

There was studied insolence in the tones and the gestures which accompanied them.

"Be brief, if you please."

"My name is Edward Courtlandt, as doubtless you have heard."

"In a large room it is difficult to remember all the introductions."

"Precisely. That is why I take the liberty of recalling it to you, so that you will not forget it," urbanely.

A pause. Dark patches of water were spreading across their shoulders. Little rivulets ran down Courtlandt's arm, raised as it was against the bars.

"I do not see how it may concern me," replied Herr Rosen finally with an insolence more marked than Courtlandt's.

"In Paris we met one night, at the stage entrance of the Opera. I pushed you aside, not knowing who you were. You had offered your services; the door of Miss Harrigan's mousine."

"It was you?" scowling.

"I apologize for that. Tomorrow morning you will leave Bellaggio for Varenna. Somewhere between nine and ten the first train leaves for Milan."

"Varenna! Milan!"

"Exactly. You speak English as naturally and fluently as if you were born to the tongue. Thus, you will leave for Milan. What becomes of you after that is of no consequence to me. I am making myself clear?"

"Verdampt! Do I believe my ears?" furiously. "Are you telling me to leave Bellaggio tomorrow morning?"

"As directly as I can."

Herr Rosen's face became as red as his name. He was a brave young man, but there was danger of an active kind in the blue eyes boring into his own. If it came to a physical contest, he realized that he would get the worst of it. He put his hand to his throat; his very impotence was choking him.

"Your Highness . . ."

"Highness!" Herr Rosen stepped back.

"Yes. Your Highness will readily see the wisdom of my concern for your hasty departure when I add that I know all about the little house in Versailles, that my knowledge is shared by the chief of the Parisian police and the minister of war. If you annoy Miss Harrigan with your equivocal attentions . . ."

"Gott! This is too much!"

"Wait! I am stronger than you are. Do not make me force you to hear me to the end. You have gone about this intrigue like a blackguard, and that I know Your Highness not to be. The matter is, you are young, you have always had your way, you have not learnt restraint. Your presence here is an insult to Miss Harrigan, and if she was pleasant to you this afternoon it was for my benefit. If you do not go, I shall expose you." Courtlandt opened the gate.

"And if I refuse?"

"Why, in that case, being the American that I am, without any particular reverence for royalty or nobility, as it is known, I promise to thrash you soundly tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, in the dining room, in the bureau, the drawing room, wherever I may happen to find you."

Courtlandt turned on his heel and hurried back to the villa. He did not look over his shoulder. If he had, he might have felt pity for the young man who leaned heavily against the gate, his burning face pressed upon his rain soaked sleeve.

When Courtlandt knocked at the door and was admitted, he apologized. "I came back for my umbrella."

"Umbrella!" exclaimed the padre. "Why, we had no umbrellas. We came up in a carriage which is probably waiting for us this very minute by the porter's lodge."

"Well, I am certainly absent-minded!"

"Absent-minded!" scoffed Abbott. "You never forgot anything in all your life, unless it was to go to bed. You wanted an excuse to come back."

"Any excuse would be a good one in that case. I think we'd better be going, Padre. And by the way, Herr Rosen begged me to present his regrets. He is leaving Bellaggio in the morning."

Nora turned her face once more to the window.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ball at the Villa.

"It is all very petty, my child," said the padre. "Life is made up of bigger things; the little ones should be ignored."

To which Nora replied: "To a woman the little things are everything; they are the daily routine, the expected, the necessary things. What you call the big things in life are accidents. And, oh! I have pride." She



"Your Highness!"

folded her arms across her heaving bosom; for the padre's directness this morning had stirred her deeply.

"Wilfulness is called pride by some; and stubbornness. But you know, as well as I do, that yours is resentment, anger, indignation. Yes, you have pride, but it has not been brought into this affair. Pride is that within which prevents us from doing mean or sordid acts; and you could not do one or the other if you tried. The sentiment in you which should be developed . . ."

"Is mercy?"

"No; justice, the patience to weigh the right or wrong of a thing."

"Padre, I have eyes, eyes; I saw."

He twirled the middle button of his cassock." The eyes see and the ears hear, but these are only witnesses, laying the matter before the court of the last resort, which is the mind. It is there we sift the evidence."

"He had the insufferable insolence to order Herr Rosen to leave," going around the barrier of his well-ordered logic.

"Ah! Now, how could he send away Herr Rosen if that gentleman had really preferred to stay?"

Nora looked confused.

"Shall I tell you? I suspected; so I questioned him last night. Had I been in his place, I should have chastised Herr Rosen instead of bidding him be gone. It was he."

"Positively. The men who guarded you were two actors from one of the theaters. He did not come to Versailles because he was being watched. He was found and sent home the night before your release."

"I'm sorry. But it was so like him."

To Be Continued

MISS' SPRING COAT.

This Smart Model Is Designed in Serviceable Whipcord.



THE WHIPCORD TUNIC

For the maiden who is spending her first season at high school or boarding school, the charming gown [illegible] here will have a strong appeal. It is bright in tint and new in design. The color is tango red, the [illegible] sleeve frills and collar being in fine white embroidery. The wide girdle is of silk. The width of the girdle is noticeable on new gowns. The material used for the gown was whipcord.

Sleeves are of many varieties. Some are set on a very long shoulder line coming well down on the arm; many are of the kimono variety; many recent ones are cut raglan style, and the latter admits of many variations of "set in" forms.

Many of the new sleeves start from the waist line and many are of the [illegible] wing variety.

Modish yokes are to be seen either in the front or the back of the new coats, and the skirts, too, show the same idea in the yoke effect, for many of the tunics are set on the skirt from five inches below the waist line. These skirt tunics are circular in shape, fitting where they are applied to the skirts.

Revolutionizing Dishwashing.

A household expert says that it is not the time spent in washing dishes, but the time spent in drying them, that takes long the period of every dishwashing.

The same expert tells us that it is not sanitary to rub each piece of china with a dish towel of doubtful cleanliness. For many years hotels have been using the steam drying method with dishes, which unfortunately is not yet available to the modern housewife. A good and inexpensive substitute is to be found in a dish drainer, which consists of a twenty inch square galvanized drain pan and a removable wire rack into which the dishes are placed and which allows them to stand upright. The rack is of various sizes—large for plates, smaller for saucers, with "loops" on which to hang each cup.

When the dishes are washed they are to be placed in the drainer and scalded by pouring over them boiling water. They will then dry of themselves and thus save the housekeeper twelve or fifteen minutes' time on every dishwashing.

New Dustless Broom Covers.

Many housewives do not possess the so called "string" long handled mops for hardwood floors and still cling to the old fashioned method of fastening a more or less disreputable duster over the broom when they use it on the floor, or they may use the broom for cleaning walls in the same fashion. For such women the new broom cover would be of especial interest. It is made of heavy unbleached muslin, while the lower part is made of a good firm quality of cotton plush. The bag is shaped to exactly fit the broom, tied with tapes and slips on and off very easily, and tests have proved that it is much more efficient than the use of the ordinary dustless bag or the common one of canton flannel, especially for cleaning wall surfaces.

Violets For the Table.

Of the value of violets for table decoration on certain occasions nothing need be said, but with all their charm they must be used with great discretion, else the effect is likely to be strangely disappointing. It must never be forgotten that the electric light is extremely trying to all purple flowers, so much so that some of the finest and most expensive violets take on a dull, inky appearance when exposed to it and require very special and difficult combinations to make the best of them. On the other hand, with the right choice of colors and forms, most beautiful and artistic results can be obtained by means of the simplest designs.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield county.

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James H. Minds, Vice President.
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Tuesday, April 28, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.
Primary election Tuesday, May 19.
General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.
Saturday, May 2, May Day at the Driving Park.

Good evening! Now who said summer had forgotten to visit this section?

MORE WATCHFUL WAITING.

While nobody wishes to see more blood shed in Mexico and everybody hopes that Huerta will accept the offer of Brazil, Chili and Argentina to mediate with a view to ending hostilities between the United States and Mexico, it is evident thatHuerta will not remove himself from the situation and permit Mexico to carry out her own destiny. Under the circumstances cessation of hostilities or suspenion of preparations for a continuation of the war would seem to be an unwise move on the part of President Wilson.

With Huerta's troops waylaying and arresting Americans and mobs of assassins parading the streets of Mexico City demanding the death of the Gringos, this is no time to practice watchful waiting on the part of the American government. Not until President Wilson captures Huerta and visits upon his head the punishment his crimes against Americans deserve will it be wise for the president to enter into negotiations which cannot result otherwise than to give Huerta more time in which to prepare for war .

The president made a serious blunder in basing his action in Mexico upon the refusal of Huerta to have the American flag saluted. Although Mexico should be made to respect the flag of county, the real casus belli was the assassination of Americans in that country. The lives of American citizens are still in peril, and the president should consider this fact when he comes to view the situation in all its aspects. The rescue of Americans and the punishment of the brutal Huerta must follow the landing of American marines at Vera Cruz.

CLEANUP DAY.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Saturday, the board of health decided to give the citizens several days of grace in which to clean up their premises. It must be understood, however, that the original order for cleaning up the town has not been withdrawn, and those citizens who have not removed filth and other unsightly and unwholesome rubbish from their premises must do this as soon as possible or they will have to pay the borough for having the work done.

It is the desire of the board of health and the other borough authorities to make Clearfield a clean town. This can be satisfactorily done if the citizens will perform their duty in the premises. The law permits the board of health to use every means in its power to keep the town clean, and if the citizens will not aid in the work by cleaning up they will be made to pay the cost of the work after it has been done by the board.

Every school child in Clearfield should enter into the wild flower contest which the Junior Chautauqua and the Woman's club will hold at the Lower Witmer park on Saturday of this week, not only because of the chance they have of winning prizes, but because every child should become familiar with the names and nature of the wild flowers of the county .

Four alleged murderers facing trial next month is an aggregation quite unpleasant to contemplatte, but the taxpayers who will have to pay anywhere from two thousand to three thousand dollars that the prisoners may be convicted or acquitted are beginning to think seriously of making inquiry as to how many undesirable residents there are in this county.

In the meantime, the senate should hasten its deliberations on thePanama canal toll bill.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hay, of Elmira, N .Y., are guests of friends in this place .

Miss Rose DeFerree has returned to her home in Tyrone, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Anna M. Cuneo, Mrs. Cuneo is now entertaining Miss Sigfrid Christopherson, of Punxsutawney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ryan, of Williams St., left on Saturday for New York state to visit friends and relatives .

Miss Katherine Bloom, who has been visiting Miss Marjorie Cole in Clearfield, has returned to her home in DuBois, Miss Cole accompanying her home and remaining in DuBois to visit friends.

Ross Pentz, of DuBois, spentSunday in this place.

James M. Rowles, of Glen Richey, candidate for assembly, was shaking hands with friends in town today..

Squire McCreery, of Kerrmoor, was transacting business in town today.

Dr. M. E. Hurd, of Mahaffey, was a business visitor in town today.

Mitch Davidson, of Mahaffey, was in town today.

C. A. Hile, of Lumber City, was a visitor to Clearfield yesterday.

John R. Pott, of Williamsport, the genial passenger agent, was circulating among friends in town yesterday.

John R .Anderson, of Grass Flat, had business in town yesterday.

Mrs .A. F. Boynton, now in Philadelphia, is expected to arrive at the Dimeling this evening to spend several months. Mrs .Boynton has been residing at Atlantic City through the winter.

George Trumbell, of Morrisdale, candidate for the legislative nomination was interviewing voters in town yesterday.

Dr. B. F. Strunk, of Utahville had business in town yesterday.

L. C. Boyer, of DuBois, was in town yesterday.

James Leonard, of the Knobs, was in town consulting Col. Langsford regarding a vacancy in the colonel's Mexican war regiment.

G. H. Lichtenthaler, Esq., had business at the court house yesterday.

A. H. McCamant, of Tyrone, transacted business at the court house yesterday.

Picked the One Fitting Word.

In the opinion of fastidious judges as well as in that of the public John Bright was the best parliamentary speaker of his day. He had all the physical attributes of a great orator, including a splendid voice. His diction, drawn largely from the English Bible and Milton, was further enriched by a knowledge of all the great English poets, and his most recent biographer, George Macaulay Trevelyan, claims for him the additional distinction of an intuition for the right word that was almost unerring.

In the house of commons at the crisis of the Crimean war Bright daringly said:

"The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."

He carried it off triumphantly, but Cobden afterward said to him:

"If you had said 'flapping' the house would have laughed."

Walking Sticks.

Many ingenious attempts have been made to increase the usefulness of the walking stick. Sticks containing a sword were common enough in less peaceful times, and some were even made to conceal firearms. Henry VIII., for instance, had a stick containing three matchlock pistols, and a clumsy affair it must have been. More recently sticks have been fitted with snuff boxes, scent bottles, watches, compasses, spirit flasks and even telescopes. A decade ago there was a short lived craze for a stick the knob of which unscrewed and formed a pipe.

They All Did.

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."—Everybody's.

ARNOLD SHANKLIN.

Consul General In Mexico City Helping Americans to Get Away.



Photo by American Press Association.

Arnold Shanklin, consul general at Mexico City, is still there. He is looking after the interests of the 800 Americans and is endeavoring to get them to Vera Cruz, where Admiral Badger has established martial law. This picture, which was recently made in the Mexican capital, is the most recent received in the United States.

WILSON APPEALS TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

President Asks Him to End Colorado Strike.

Washington, April 28.—President Wilson has made a personal appeal to John D. Rockefeller to bring about a settlement of the Colorado coal strike and end the violence which has cost a score of lives and large property loss.

To Send Federal Troops.

Trinidad, Colo., April 28.—Citizens here expressed relief when it was learned that President Wilson probably would order federal troops into the strike zone to end the state of war. Conditions here had quieted down since the arrival of the state troops, but the feeling between the militia and the strikers remains at a high pitch.

The strikers have erected a tent colony on the site previously occupied by the state militia, about two miles south of Trinidad, opposite San Rafael hospital, while the military camp now is in the identical place of the old Ludlow tent colony. A number of men with rifles guard the tents.

No reports of violence in the strike zone reached here, and interest centered chiefly in reports from the Freemont county strikers, who engaged in a fight with mine guards. Two hundred soldiers, under General Chase, went into that district.

MOVE MEXICAN PRISONERS.

Five Thousand at Fort Bliss Will Be Taken From Border.

San Antonio, April 28.—Orders were received by Brigadier General Bliss to move the 5,000 Mexicans now held at Fort Bliss, on the border, to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, under guard of two companies of the Twelfth cavalry.

Texas cities have repeatedly protested against holding the Mexicans near the border, claiming that they offered constant temptations to Mexicans to come across the border and release them.

Francis Joseph Better.

Vienna, Austria, April 28.—Emperor Francis Joseph passed another good night, and the official bulletin says the catarrh from which he has been suffering has become easier, and the cough, though still somewhat troublesome, is looser.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Captain Cowan, commander of the First Aero corps, at San Diego, Cal., received orders to dispatch from the government aviation camps to Galveston five government aviators, thirty enlisted men and three army aeroplanes.

Mrs. J. J. Brown of Denver and Newport, who offered her services as a nurse to the government a few days ago and has since accepted the leadership of a regiment of Colorado women, expects to leave Newport for Denver at once.

Secretary of State Bryan announced that the charges against Post Wheeler, secretary of the American embassy at Rome, have been dismissed and that Mr. Wheeler, who had been recalled to answer inquiries on these charges, would be reassigned to the diplomatic service.

Tuesday next is the day set by the Altoona branch, the largest in central Pennsylvania, of the Brotherhood of Federated Railroad Employees for a strike of its members in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad unless meanwhile the railroad company shall accede to its demands for a recognition of the brotherhood and that suspensions be readjusted on a seniority basis.

The Weather.

Unsettled, with probable showers; light variable winds.

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNEYS

Take a tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder Bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters an our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Slats is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

Subscribe for the Progress.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time.

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

FOUND—Old Roman gold pin with initials. Loser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

FOR SALE—Property on Locust street. Inquire of Mrs. J. C. Hollopeter on premises. Apr 21 6t.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

Church Dinner.

The Ladies Aid society will serve a dinner of shad or ham and eggs at the Baptist church on Friday, April 24, from 5 to 7 P. M. Supper, 35 cents. Ice cream and cake extra. Apr. 20 5t.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Automobile agent—Clearfield territory for car selling for about $1200, fully equipped. A high grade car selling at a moderate price. Answer immediately. Address M., Progress office Apr. 17 tf.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

FOUND—Ladies' kid glove. Loser can have same by calling at Progress office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—St. Bernard dog, 4 years old. Good dog for a farmer. A. J. Learish, Woodland, Clearfield, county Pa. Apr 24 W tf.

For Saturday's selling, spot proof Silk Foulards. 36 in. wide. Nine patterns to select from, see window display, regular $1.10 values @ 79c. Apr 24 2t. ROSS & WOODS.

WANTED — Furnished house or suite of furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Modern conveniences required. Address R. F. D., care of Progress office. Apr. 24 3t .

Subscribe for the Progress.



A Residence Awning

Good Material and First Class Workmanship for

$2.35

Complete

Call on or Phone

A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

Get the Best...

Mother's Bread

Has no Superior; Few Equals.

CITY BAKERY

NO. 12 THIRD ST.

Clearfield, Penn'a.

Five Daily Prayers of Islam.

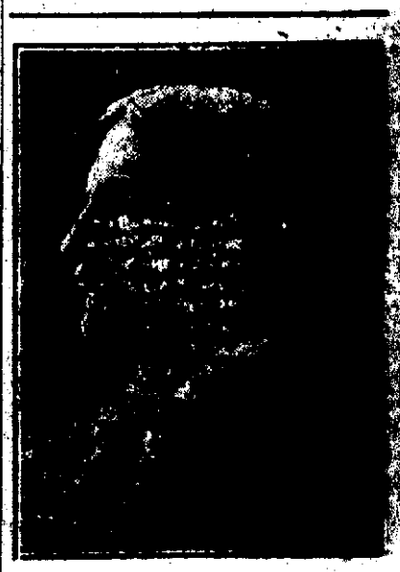
At sunrise the faithful Mussulman is awakened by the loud, mellow cry of the muezzin from his tower:

God is great!
I testify that there is no God but God.
I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God!
Come to prayer!
Come to salvation!
Prayer is better than sleep!
God is most great!
There is no God but God!

As one hears five times each day from the minarets of the mosques of Cairo this summons to prayer, so one beholds the faithful reverently leaving their bodies in their shops or in the public highways, one readily perceives that in Cairo he is near the heart of the Moslem world. These prayers occur at sunrise, midday, 3:30 in the afternoon, at sunset and an hour and a half after sunset. The faithful must attend their prayers with brave outer prostrations to show perfect devotion. —Clayton Cooper's "The Men of Egypt."

Molasses For Shoes.

Shipping Louisiana molasses into New England by the hogshead and sending the same hogshead back south again with shoes were incidents of the shoe trade of Avon years ago. It was back in 1840, when the present town of Avon was East Stoughton, that two brothers were in company manufacturing shoes and as a side line ran a grocery and general store in a spot where now stands the postoffice building. One of the brothers went south and located in New Orleans in the grocery business, leaving his brother here to manufacture shoes and boots, according to E. Dexter Littlefield. The brother who was in the South would ship a hogshead of molasses to his brother in Avon and as soon as the hogshead was empty it would be cleaned and would be filled with boots for the southern trade. This practice was kept up for years, and in this way a good trade was built up for Avon footwear.—Boston Globe.



J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK.

Believes

Penroseism is a MORAL ISSUE

Thousands of right thinking Pennsylvanians agree with Mr. Dimmick and are ready to crush Penroseism and Boss Rule .

DO YOUR PART

By Voting at the PRIMARIES MAY 19

for

J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK

for the

Republican Nomination For U. S. SENATOR



SUGAR BOML
Ice Cream Factory

Pure Ice Cream and Ices

Delivered All Over town

Ask For Prices.

Wholesale and Retail. Market St.

Builds Up

This is the work of *Ayer's Sarsaparilla*. Strength. Power. Reserve. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

HOUSE-CLEANING SALE Of the ELECTRIC Brand HOUSE-DRESSES



Hundreds of the best made House-Dresses have been selected in America's foremost House-Dress factory for this "House-Cleaning" Sale. Here is your opportunity to secure neat, perfect fitting and thoroughly practical House-Dresses at economy prices--and just when you need them most.

Your first thought on seeing them will be "How is it possible at the price." And there is more to Electric Dresses than the low price. You will note the dependable materials and the superior workmanship. These "Electrics" are the smartest creations in House-Dresses ever shown; they are really the last thought of the style artists. They are famous for comfortable and correct fit at the shoulder, bust, hips, and every other point. During house-cleaning time you need House-Dresses. This special event has been staged particularly for you. Come.



The Best Dollar's Worth of Dress You Ever Purchased

THE ROCHESTER

A smart, semi-round neck model with stitched-down collar of plain color cambric; bias folds of dress material ending in wider fold of plain color used as trimming at front of waist. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves are made of dress material, decorated by tabs of solid color cambric. A special feature of this model is the new peplum belt that fits correctly, long or short waisted figures. All sizes can be had in this style—16 and 18 years, also 34 to 46 bust measure. Large assortment of checks, figures stripes, in good percales, at only **$1.00**



THE DETROITER

Here is a model of unusual value. A specially attractive round-neck style with stitched down stole collar of dress material and edged with piping of contrasting color. Loops of cambric and pearl buttons are cambric and pearl buttns are also used as trimming on collar. Three-quarter length sleeves and dainty pointed cuff neatly tailored pocket on waist. At the back of skirt, at top, are clusters of fine tucks. This charming dress is made in splendid quality percale in small figure patterns, also stripes, checks and solid colors. Complete assortment of sizes in all colors and patterns, Price .. **$1.00**



THE CLEARFIELDER.

A classic model, displaying the stylish Poiret collar and turn-back cuff points on the three-quarter length sleeves, corresponding with collar. Piping of contrasting material extends down front of waist and around the waist line. Neatly tailored pocket on the waist. Back of skirt has cluster of fine tucks at top. This desirable model can be had in neat striped and checked percales, with solid color trimmings; also solid color Yale blue percale with figured cambric trimmings. We are showing this model in all sizes: 16 and 18 years, also 36 to 46 bust measure, at only **$1.00**

EVERY ILLUSTRATION.

In this advertisement is an exact reproduction of the original House-Dress and the descriptions are just as you will find garments and assortments to be. In addition to the House-Dresses mentioned here, we have dozens of other fresh and new styles direct from the makers .



MATERNITY DRESS.

A Dress for a purpose and constructed to accomplish that purpose. The outlet for fullness on Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is at the back. The extra fullness is concealed under the back panel in the form of one pleat, and this fullness is let out by simply unbuttoning two pearl buttons on the back tab. The buttons can be moved to any location that suits the wearer. No matter how much adjustment is necessary the lap-over pleats at the back contain enough fullness .

The outlet for altering the length of Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is in the extra deep hem which can be let out at any point desired and thus drape the dress to an even length all the way round . Note that the hem is basted with a chain stitch which can be pulled out quickly in altering the length.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are entirely washable. They contain no metal devices, no elastic bands, no draw strings; therefore, they can be laundered like any other House Dress .

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are designed so that they hang gracefully at all times . They are exactly like ordinary House Dresses in appearance before it becomes necessary to let them out, and when the necessity for using the extra fullness ceases, the dresses again become normal House Dresses. Thus their usefulnes is not over until they are completely worn out.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses can be used to advantage by invalids and Convalescents because they can be let out through the waists and hips, thus making them roomy and comfortable without altering their graceful appearance. Price **$2.25**

THE HANDY DANDY.

A reversible, double-front combination House Dress and Apron, a dress especially desirable for house-cleaning days, because it can be worn as a house dress or slipped on over another to get into when in a hurry, and "Dandy" because it looks so neat and comfortable. Made of a good quality percale, in light and dar patterns, bound around neck, down edges of front, at top of pockets, around arm holes and waist line Slips on like a coat and fastens at the neck and under waist line with loop buttons and four buttons on skirt. Really the "Handiest," "Dandiest" Combination Dress and Apron we have ever seen. Every woman will want one. Priced only **$1.00**

Extraordinary House-Dresses at a Dollar and a Half

THE NEW DELAWARE.

A charming model combining style, neatness and practicability, for which Electric Dresses are famous. Several late style ideas are featured in this model, yet its desirability as a house dress or semi-street dress is unexcelled. Note the loops and buttons on waist, skirt and cuffs; the wide demi-stitched band made of solid color cambon, skirt gives, it the fashionable neck, with stitched down yoke collar. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves. Waist line is finished with the new peplum belt. Seams of the skirt are all double stitched, and tape bound. Your size will be found in our assortment of these $2.50 dresses and you can buy one for **$1.50**





THE CLEVELANDER.

House-cleaning days require house dresses that have maximum of wearing quality. We are showing this sensible and stylish model made of America's best cambric—a cloth unexcelled for long, hard service. Fancy center to side opening of waist in front. Deep pointed yoke collar that is stitched down and outlined with piping. The sleeves are three-quarter length with neat cuffs that are piped. Waist line also is defined with piping. Wide side pleat extends down center at back of skirt; all seams of skirt being double stitched and tape-bound. We have stocked a splendid assortment of colors and patterns in all sizes of this model. In addition to the regular sizes, 16 and 18 and 34 to 46, we have out-sizes 48 to 56 bust measure at $2.00. Regular sizes at only **$1.50**

THE EXTRA-SIZE MODEL

How often we have heard our stout customers remark, "I cannot be fitted with anything ready-to-wear." At last we hae found House Dresses that will fit out-of-proportion women with ease and comfort. Bust measu e sizes 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56. Made of standard quality percales in light and dark patterns. This model has a comfortable round neck, large, roomy armholes, three-quarter length sleeves that are wide enough to allow the arm to bend, and plenty of width in the skirt at hips. Trimming consists of piping which edges the stitched-down stole collar, the pointed cuffs, pointed tab on pocket and defines the slightly raised waist line. A sensible, comfortable and practical house dress designed for stout women priced at only **$1.25**

IMPORTANT TO CITY CUSTOMERS.

You can order any of these House-Dresses by telephone Just give name, size and color wanted. Out-of-town readers of this "ad" can obtain any dress desired by Mail . Order by name, giving size and color desired .

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention.

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses

2 to 14 Years

At 29c Dainty little Russian Dresses with low neck and short sleeves, made of striped percales in assorted colors, trimmed with plain colors.

At 59c Quite inexpensive Wash Dresses for every day wear, made of plain chambray, trimmed with bands of colored plaid gingham, buttons, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At 75c A clever but inexpensive little Dress in striped percales, with plain blue chambray edge, V-shaped neck, three-quarter sleeves.

At 98c A dainty model, having a style distinction not usually found in a Wash-Dress at this price, made of plain chambray, with neck, belt and sleeves trimmed with white pique.

At $1.50 A sensible and stylish model in plain pink poplin, white button-hole stitch, scalloped edge trimmed, wide belt, round neck, short sleeves.

At $2.50 Stylish model, combining neatness and practicability, pretty little plaid gingham Wash-Dresses, colored band trimmings, square neck, short sleeves, assorted colors.

At $3.00 A real snappy design in plain blue chambray, embroidery and insertion trimmed, wide belt, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At $3.25 Here is a Dress of unusual style, made of plain granite cloth, in copen and neil rose, and has neck, sleeves and belt trimmed with black embroidery, fancy pearl buttons.

White and Colored Aprons in Great Assortments

Large shipment of Aprons in every style and size, brings our showing today to the top notch of efficiency. We can truthfully say that never have we shown so many dainty aprons as you'll find here this week.

Bungalo Aprons These popular Aprons are much in demand at this time and the assortment of check gingham, striped and figured percales are all that you could wish. Price 50c and 59c.

Bib Aprons The cover up wed Bib Aprons in gingham and percale, size 34x44. 25c and 50c.

Children's Aprons Dainty little plain colored chambray for the little ones, 2 to 6 years, 25c, 39c and 48c.

Nurses' Aprons Made of white batiste, with drop H. S hem, others are tucked, and some insertion trimmed. Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Maid's Aprons Made of white batiste, plain or bib, in lace or emb. trimmed, 50c, 75c, $1,

Waitress' Aprons Dainty little white Aprons, with plain hem, at 15c.

Plain White Aprons With lace and embroidery trimmed, at 25c to $1.

Market Street A. W. LEONARDSON CO. Clearfield, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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Sir Galahad's Reward

Sacrifice of Kirk Stanley Brought Its Recompense

By JAMES B. ALLEN

Little Mrs. Webb clasped her hands convulsively and watched Kirk Stanley's face Her breath came in gasps, and the lace frill on her breast rose and fell tumultuously

"Can't you make it all right for Wilbur?" she whispered as his hard set lips made no utterance in response to her frenzied plea for her husband's immunity from punishment.

"How can I make it all right for him?" asked Kirk at last.

Emma Webb moved her fair head impatiently. "There must be some way"

"There is only one way," he said slowly, with his dark eyes fixed on her pleading blue ones, "only one way to save Wilbur Webb from the punishment he deserves for using $5,000 of the company's funds."

"And that way is?" she asked breathlessly.

"To assume the blame myself," he said in an even tone, his eyes burning into hers. "As Wilbur's coworker in the cashier's office I was equally tempted by the careless methods of the company Wilbur succumbed to temptation—his craze for cards was his undoing Undoubtedly his intentions were good He meant to replace the money, but he lost instead of winning; they usually do lose! The examiner came, found the evidence against Wilbur and put it up to him Your husband denied it, but that very night he tried the cards again and won—think of it, Emma—he won $5 000 and replaced the money!

"The guilt was still there, and the company discharged Wilbur. Now you ask me to save him from the disgrace that must inevitably follow when some one's tongue is loosened Some one will talk, and the secret will come out. Wilbur's standing in the town will be ruined, and he must go to a new place and begin all over again Why not let him go? If you stand shoulder to shoulder with him Emma Webb, he will rise again, and his love for you will hold him straight in the future He will be a better man for the experience"

Mrs Webb shivered "I could never go to a strange city, Mr Stanley. All my family, all my friends are here. I have spent my life in Linwood; I would not be happy elsewhere."

She hid her face in her hands, for she knew that three years ago she had played false to Kirk Stanley and thrown him over to marry the more showy Wilbur Webb, just home from college and a tour of the world She had married reckless young Webb and now he had brought disgrace upon her She was pleading with her old lover to save her husband from the result of his folly

"Mr Hardwick says that there is only one way that Wilbur can prove



"YOU ASK ME TO SACRIFICE MY HONOR FOR YOUR HUSBAND'S SAKE!"

his innocence and retain his position with the company" said Emma, looking up at last

Kirk Stanley arose and looked down at her

"And that is?"—he asked in a strangled tone

"Is for Wilbur to prove that you did it! Mr Hardwick says Wilbur can't prove it, and he wouldn't believe it if it was proved by anything save your own word"— Mrs Webb stopped and sobbed

"Knowing me to be innocent, you would accept such a sacrifice from me?" he asked in a dull tone

"There is no one to suffer for you Kirk," she said with the unconscious cruelty of the very selfish "Some day you will have your reward for the sacrifice."

The woman watched him with hopeful eyes Once before she had seen Kirk Stanley writhe in the flame of sacrifice, and she had ruined her end But she was not thinking of that now All she was thinking of was that if Kirk would save her husband from disgrace their position in the community would be unassailed, and life would go on in the same pleasant, easy manner it had before, only Wilbur would be more careful in the future He had promised to leave cards alone, and—

Kirk's voice broke in upon the tumult of her thoughts

"You ask me to sacrifice my honor my manhood, for your craven husband's sake, Emma?"

"No, not for his sake—for mine and the baby's" she protested

"You would use that as a lever in my decision" he asked sharply

Again she wept. It was always her weapon when words failed, and she wept gracefully

After awhile she stole a glance at him and murmured:

"Oh, Kirk please!"

"Yes," was his answer as he turned away. "I will write to Mr Hardwick I will go away Remember, if Wilbur yields to temptation again he will have to bear the consequences of his crime and the discovery will prove my innocence in this case Please go now and bear the news to your husband The strain will be over in a day or two I must have time to make preparations"

Three days later Arthur Hardwick president of the Consolidated Gas company, found a brief letter from his chief cashier on his desk He read the letter several times, and a quizzical smile curled his lips at the corners He pressed a button, sent for the discharged cashier, and presently the pale face of Wilbur Webb confronted him

"Good morning, Webb. Stanley has resigned, and you may take his place in the office If you have suffered an injustice at my hands in being accused of the $5,000 shortage please accept my heartfelt apologies This letter from Kirk Stanley declares that he is the guilty one, and he is disappearing from Linwood today. In view of the fact that the money has been replaced the company will not prosecute the case You are not surprised at Stanley's confession?" he rapped out suddenly

Webb's face turned a sickly greenish pallor "I am not surprised that he has confessed" he stammered vaguely, his weak eyes blinking back at the official's hard orbs

"Ah, yes, thank you, Webb! The incident is closed now, and, so far as Stanley is concerned, the knowledge of his own guilt should be punishment enough, eh!"

"Why — er — yes!" gasped Wilbur weakly.

"That will do Send in Miss Smith I wish to dictate." Alone once more the president of the Consolidated Gas company, looked Kirk Stanley's confession in his private safe and smiled a very human sort of smile "Sir Galahad—Don Quixote—old chaps, you're not in it with Kirk Stanley, bless him!"

* * * * * * *

A year later Kirk Stanley was bossing a gang of men in a Canadian lumber camp The sturdy outdoor life had added breadth to his shoulders and had browned face and hands to a deep bronze tint In his rough flannel shirt and corduroys tucked into high boots he tramped to and fro, bringing order out of chaos steadily growing in the favor of his employers and day by day forgetting all the old life from which he had fled to give a fallen comrade another opportunity to arise and make good

When the day's work was over and the axes ceased their ringing clamor and the crash of falling trees was hushed Kirk dropped his air of authority, and with a new glad look in his eyes he would hasten along a winding, leafy path that led to the cabin of John Locksley The cabin was perched on a hill among pines and John Locksley was a student who had left civilization to live in the wilderness and regain shattered health

Kirk Stanley had met him when he first came to the lumber camp and had been grateful when Locksley invited him to share his comfortable little four roomed cabin Six months afterward Locksley's daughter Nellie came from the states to keep house for her father, and, as the girl had made no objection to doing for the quiet young boarder, the three had spent six idyllic months amid the Canadian snows

On this particular evening Kirk was hastening homeward, his eyes eager for the first glimpse of Nellie Locksley He hoped she would be standing in the cabin porch watching for his return He loved to watch her unseen and revel in the sweetness of his love for her and the budding hope that it was returned

But mingled with the sweetness was the bitterness of recollection What could he offer her but a tarnished name? Before he could ask her hand in marriage he must tell her father about his life in Linwood and he must reveal the past to Nellie Whether he regretted his part in sacrificing himself for Wilbur Webb I do not know but it is certain that he was very grave in those latter days of his wooing and he did not whistle joyously as he had been wont to do in his first acquaintance with Locksley's lovely daughter

The sternness of his face relaxed as he glimpsed the girl in the shadow of the porch and a tender smile curved his lips as she vanished at the first sight of him When he entered the cabin Nellie was reading a week old newspaper that had arrived with the mail that day and her father was enjoying the dry paragraphs of some scientific journal

Mail day asked Kirk with the careless indifference of one who never receives any letters

John Locksley laid down his paper and looked over his spectacles at the younger man

"Yes Kirk, you will be surprised to hear that my firm says I may come home and rest for a year We want to be off by the end of next week How would you like to keep the cabin for your headquarters?"

Kirk paled and then his tan and there was an uncomfortable tugging at his heart So he was to lose Nellie as well as honor and everything else!

"Thank you sir I shall be glad to" he said grimly "It will seem the more like home to me because you and Miss Nellie have made it so pleasant for me, but I shall be mighty lonesome"

"Come back into the world Kirk" cried Locksley impulsively You are cut out for better things, and I can give you a chance I'm not the beggar I appear to be in this mountain cabin I have money and influence I can push you along to the front Why should you bury yourself in a lumber camp?"

Kirk looked from father to daughter Nellie was regarding him with shy eagerness, but her eyes would not meet his

His hands gripped the arms of his chair It was time to tell them. The punishment of seeing their kind faces harden against him was almost more than he could bear, but Kirk was not a craven

"I came away I came into the wilderness to lose the past," he said slowly, meeting their glances openly, frankly "I was cashier with the Consoli



"IT IS HARDER TO TELL YOU, SIR, BECAUSE I LOVE NELLIE"

dated Gas company of Linwood, and one day $5000 was missing and I confessed

He paused his head and awaited their denunciation Facile was silence and he spoke again

"It is the harder to tell you, sir, because I love Nellie I cannot offer her a tarnished name—and yet, if you knew the truth you would not blame me"—

John Locksley slipped his hand upon the table and interrupted Kirk's words

"I do know the truth Kirk I have known it for months and I have honored you above all men for your heroic sacrifice' It is a small world and Arthur Hardwick happens to be one of my best friends In writing to him one day I inclosed a snapshot photograph of the lumber camp and he recognized your picture He wrote me and said I see you have my Sir Galahad with you Locksley You cannot do him too much honor for he is expiating the crime of another man Some day, when the time seems proper to you tell her that Wilbur Webb has recovered his manhood and confessed his own guilt Tell him his old place awaits him with certain promotion, for our treasurer is growing old Tell him I never believed his preposterous confession for one minute That's what Hardwick said" cried John Locksley, as he clapped his hand on Kirk's bowed shoulder and left the room

The clock ticked on the shelf and outside a bird sang drowsily in the pine tree Nellie rose and went softly to Kirk She laid down and hid her cheek against his

Kirk's arm went around her and he lifted her face and looked down into her tear brimmed eyes

"Kirk can I make up to you for some of the suffering you have endured?" she whispered

"My dearest" he said "what I did is not worthy this great reward I took the blame because I had no kin who would be ashamed by my disgrace I had lost father mother and sister I came here into the wilderness, and I have found father and wife"

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clears Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stops Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dull Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm"

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open, you will breathe freely, dullness and headache disappear By morning the catarrh, cold in head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone

End such misery now Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat, clears the air passages, stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed, nostril closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

April 28—Last day for filing nominating petitions for party offices in counties

May 1—Before 4 p m last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected

May 19—Primary election—7 a m to 7 p m

June 2—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election

Oct 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election

Nov 3—General election—7 a m to 7 p m

Dec 3—Last day for filing November election expenses

Children's Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Children's Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs W I Swoope, on Thursday afternoon at 2 00 It is earnestly requested that all members make an effort to be present as there is much work to be done

April 27 3t

Hospital Bridge Whist Club.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs George Bigler on Wednesday, April 29, at 2 o'clock sharp Tbles will be provided for other games, if desired Please notify hostess Secretary.

May Flower Contest.

The Woman's club which expected to hold a flower contest on May 2, has decided to give the contest through the latter's May day fete at the Driving park May 2

Reading For Boys.

Our young barbarians are primitive beings Life is to them a picture theater of physical activities Action is all They would rather sail a boat or kick a ball than read a book and when they are cajoled into reading by a flaming wrapper or a color plate it is not for ideas or aesthetic impressions As Stevenson said long ago Eloquence and thought character and conversation were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident like a pig for truffles Not for potatoes or other homely food to the boy the mercly red spells dullness A day of his life at school is simply boring The healthy boy hungers and thirsts for incidents and situations outside his experience, so ardently indeed that he will weave into the sad texture of ordinary things the bright hued threads of romance—Herbert Strang in T P's Weekly, London

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home though, is troublesome An easier way is to get the ready to use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores known at "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" thus avoiding a lot of muss

While wispy, gray faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur no one can tell, because it does it so naturally so evenly You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time, by morning all gray hairs have disappeared After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger

The Woman's Club

Announces the Wild Flower Contest to be held with the Junior Chautauqua, May Fete at the Lower Witmer Park, Saturday, May 2, 1914, at 2 30 P M. A committee will be in charge to receive the baskets.

Prizes will be offered as follows

For Basket Containing the Greatest variety of Wild Flowers,

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

For Basket Most Tastefully Arranged,

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

Contests will be open to all school children in the grades In case of rain or inclement weather contest will be postponed to Saturday, May 9.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Good Advice

Spring is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL

WILLIAM F. POWELL

23 So. Second St.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers — Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances—you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our Vulcanizing Plant can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs—they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.

18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

TRY AN AD IN THE PROGRESS. IT WILL PLEASE YOU.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

FOR THE CHILDREN

Egyptian Eye Game.

Egyptian eye is a very simple yet puzzling game. To play it a screen must be put across one end of the room with holes cut in it about the height and size of a human eye, allowing a little variation in the height to include the tall, short and medium sized. A clotheshorse covered with newspapers makes a good screen for the purpose.

Introduce the game by inquiring of those present if they think they can recognize the eyes of their companions under any and all circumstances. You will find that most people are quite confident that they can do so. Invite half the company to step behind the screen and place one eye at the opening cut for that purpose. Then allow each of the remaining portion of the company to examine the single eye and name its proprietor. It will be found almost impossible to recognize with any degree of certainty the eye of even the dearest friend or nearest relative. Noses and mouths visible by themselves through similar appropriate openings are almost as difficult to identify.

Sir Walter Scott's Friend.

Did you ever hear that Sir Walter Scott, who wrote "The Lady of the Lake" and "Ivanhoe," besides many other beautiful poems and novels which you will read some day, had a child friend named Marjorie Fleming, of whom he was very fond? Marjorie was a dear little girl of seven when the great Sir Walter used to "hap" her up in his plaid and carry her off to his room, there to play with her until the two made the house ring with their laughter. Marjorie taught the great man to "count out" with the rime:

Wonnery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Allby, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky-dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-wan;
Eerie, orie, ourie—
You are out!

It always made Sir Walter laugh when he came to "musky dan," which, he said, made him think of an Irishman all smelling with sweet spices, and Marjorie would get very much vexed at his stupidity.

A Faithful Dog.

The dog is more than any other animal the servant, the companion and the friend of man.

Even after his master's death his love continues. Dogs have been known to refuse to leave their masters' graves.

Some years ago a poor man died in a large city. His dog followed the body to the burial place. Next morning he was found lying on the new made grave. Though driven away several times, he always returned.

Taking pity on the faithful animal, the keeper of the ground gave him food. Afterward a storekeeper who lived near fed him every day.

This lasted for four years, during which every night, even in the coldest weather, the dog lay on his master's grave.

When the dog died he was buried near his master, and the figure of a dog has been placed over a drinking fountain in a street near the grave to tell the story of his faithful love.

Persian Bread.

In Persia the native bread differs little from that used a thousand years ago, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground. Usually it is about the size of a barrel, and many of those now in use have been used for a century. The fire is built on the bottom and is kept burning long enough to heat thoroughly the bottom and walls of the oven. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes and is set out to cool. The dough is made from rice flour and milk, and the bread is sweet and nourishing and may be bought in the native markets for a penny a sheet.

Riddles.

What kind of vice is that which people dislike if they are ever so bad? Ad-vice.

Why is a lazy young dog like an inclined plane? Because it's a slow pup (slope up).

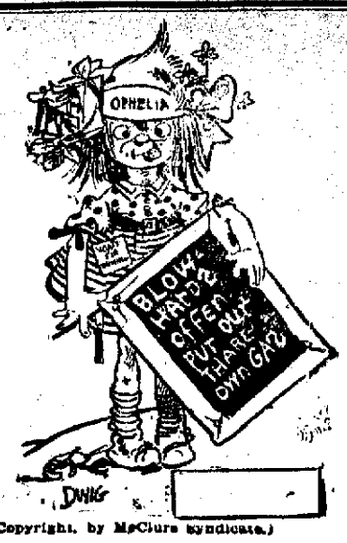
Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he's above doing a wrong action.

When are tailors and house agents both following the same business? When they gather in the rents.

What is the difference between men and women at a tiresome lecture? Men go to close their eyes, women to eye their clothes.

Public Spirited.

"Is your husband a public spirited man?" "Oh, yes. He doesn't care who sees him drink."—Boston Record.



(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

The Brave Barnacle.

There was a little Barnacle
Stuck closely to a ship
As through the raging, roaring waves
The vessel went ker-zip.
"Oh, my," exclaimed the Barnacle,
"This trip will be our last;
Unless through all this tempest
I manage to stick fast!"

The waves dashed o'er them mountain high.
And icy was the air,
But plucky little Barnacle
Kept sticking closely there.
And when at last, all danger past,
The vessel came to land
The happy little Barnacle
Felt very, very grand.

He swelled with pride. "Hooray!" he cried.
"I've conquered wind and wave!
I bravely stuck fast to my post,
Our noble ship to save!
The sailors, too, it's very true,
Showed splendid nerve and pluck,
But I could see they needed me,
So to the ship I stuck!"
—Youth's Companion.

Fame of Tenedos.

Tenedos, which certain powers have taken away from Greece, has become well known by name from having the good luck to get mentioned in the first book of Homer's "Iliad" instead of the last, as well as in the beginning of Vergil's "Aeneid." Ever since Homer's day this fertile islet, lying at the entrance to the Dardanelles, has been considered of great strategic importance. During classical times the laws and civil institutions of Tenedos were celebrated for their wisdom and were discussed with approval in a lost treatise of Aristotle.

CORN CONTEST

The County National Bank of Clearfield, Pennsylvania

For the purpose of encouraging the improvement of farm products and the soil on which they are grown this bank offers for the year 1914, the following prizes, to wit:

For the best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $50.00.

For the second best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $25.00.

For the third best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $15.00.

For the fourth best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $10.00.

The contest is to be open to all residents of Clearfield county within the age named.

Contestants must register with the bank either in person or by letter not later than May 15, 1914. When and as contestants register the rules governing the contest will be made known to them.

The prizes will be awarded by 3 practical farmers, who shall be named as judges by the committee of the bank's directors, which has the matter in charge.

H. B. POWELL,
April 20 1914. President.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel. Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large Gen...

Rain Coats — Men's and Ladies' Specials at ... Boy's Rain Coats, 8 to 12 years. ... Boy's Rain Coats, 12 to 18 years. ... Children's Rain Coats. ...

Ladies' House Dresses — Nice New Line of House Dresses at ... Misses' and Children's Dresses, 98c. ... Middy Blouses. ... 79c.

Kleinerts Dress Shields — New Line Just Received ... Prices. ... Ask to See The Gem Shield at ...

Ladies' Neckwear — New Shipment, the Latest at Popular Prices. ... 25c up.

Salt Fish — Lake Herring. ... 8-lbs 75c, 10-lbs 90c, 15-lbs $1.20 ... Mackerel ... 5c; Larger Size 2 for 25c

Musterole Will Not Blister — For Coughs and Colds in the Chest, Pneumonia, Asthma, Rheumatism, etc., in Jars, 25c and 90c

Turnips, Sweet Potatoes, Pine Apples, Cranberries, Spanish Onions, Texas Onions, Oranges, Bananas, Celery Lettuce, Cocoanuts, Grape Fruit.

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Louis Dammers



PHILADELPHIA
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
Dimeling Hotel Parlors
Wednesday, April 29

Special Office Hours
9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

MY SPECIAL OFFER
$1.00 GLASSES
This Visit Only

I will make you a fine pair of glasses, including Dammers' eye examination, clear crystal lenses, a 12-karat solid gold filled frame and an elegant leather case.

ALL FOR $1.00

Thirty days' trial of glasses allowed. Others charge as high as $3 to $5 for these same glasses.

EYE EXAMINATION

by the Dammers' Scientific method, without drops, without asking questions, without test cards or charts

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer

SPECIAL NOTICE

Invisible Bifocals. Two pair in One. No Lines. No Cement. Last for Years. Regular Price, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00

MY PRICE $5.00

Special ground Lenses at lowest prices.

Monthly Visits to Clearfield

OFFICES—238 Mutual Life Building, 1011 Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROGRESS -:- -:- -:- -:- SUCCESS

POLLACK'S BARGAIN STORE

306 Market St. G. L. NORRIS BLDG. Clearfield, Penn.

We wish to announce to the people of Clearfield and vicinity that this ad is not a special sale advertisement, such as you sometimes see, but to call your attention to the fact that Pollack's Bargain Store the goods are sold at Sale Prices all the time. Every day throughout the week, month and year, is a Bargain Day there. Pollack commenced business here with the express purpose of treating you right. He intends to stay here, his methods of retailing will appeal to every one of his present or expected customers, because any purchase not satisfactory, he will refund your money. What more can you ask.

A visit to his Bargain Store, chock full of New and Up-to-date Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes--for this is a brand new store--will convince the most particular, that it is the place to buy.

We will let you judge for yourself of the Great Saving Event by mentioning some prices--not all of them--space will not permit us to enumerate all our Big Bargains.

Men's Shoes

Regular price		Sale price
$ 2.50	men's black shoes, very dressy	$1.69
3.00	" " "	1.95
4.00	Russia tan shoes latest style	2.69
2.50	men's working shoes	1.79
3.00	" " " extra heavy	1.90

Ladies' Shoes

$ 3.00	Ladies tan shoes	$ 1.95
3.00	" gun metal	1.95
3.00	" patent leather	1.95
3.00	" vici kid, flexible sole	1.95
2.50	" gun metal	1.79
2.00	" very dressy shoe	1.48

Misses' Shoes

$ 2.00	Misses patent leather	$1.39
2.00	" gun metal	1.39
1.75	" dongola	1.25
1.50	" gun metal	1.19
1.50	" patent leather	1.19

Children's Shoes

$ 1.25	Children's dongola	98c
1.25	" gun metal	98c
75c	" patent leather kid top	60c
75c	" tan	60c
75c	" vici kid	55c
75c	" tan	55c

Boys' Shoes

$ 2.00	Boy's black shoes	$ 1.49
2.00	" tan "	1.49

A full assortment of Baby Shoes 8c and 21c a pair, all colors.

A full assortment of Men's working shirts worth 50c for 39c, all sizes.

Men's soft dress shirts worth 50c for 39c.

Men's extra fine dress shirts, $1.25 for85c.

A large assortment of Men's linen collars 9c each.

Men's and Boys' black and tan belts worth 25c for 19c.

Men's suspenders worth 35c for 19; extra heavy, worth 50 for 23c.

Men's red, white and blue Handkerchiefs worth 5c, two for 5c.

Ladies black and tan Hosiery, 8c pair

Children's black and white stockings 8c pair.

Men's working Socks worth 10c pr. for 6c.

Men's dress Socks worth 10c pair for 8c.

Men's extra dressy Socks worth 25c for 13c pair.

Men's Summer Underwear worth $1.00 suit for 78c.

Men's SummerUnderwear worth 75c, as a bargain for 44c suit.

Men's Overalls, Railroaders specials,	69c
Men's Overalls, double knee,	69c
Men's Jackets, all sizes,	69c
Boys' Overalls	22c
Boys' Blouses	22c
Boys' Shirts	25c

A full assortment of Handbags and Valises worth from $1.00 to $3.00. for 79c to $1.98.

When you spend $2.00 be sure to ask for a FREE premium worth 50c.

Are you ready for these Bargains? Read the list over carefully and then follow the crowd for your square deal. Be sure to come and bring your fkiends to

Pollack's Bargain Store,

G. L. Norris Building 306 Market Street Clearfield, Penn.

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - $1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

MAY ISSUE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

Wilson Has Absolute Power to Call on Militia.

REFUGEES IN GREAT DANGER

Reports From Galveston Show That Americans Were Exposed to Many Perils—Refugee Says Mexicans Have Joined Forces In Northern Mexico. Ask Troops For Protection.

Washington, April 28.—If President Wilson issues a call at once for volunteers, as he is expected to do, he will take his action under the terms of the new bill he signed Saturday. The measure gives the president absolute control of the militia organizations of the states which volunteer in times of war. Officers of the regular army highly approve of the measure, which places the volunteers and their officers while they are in the service of the United States on the same footing as the regulars.

The scandal which resulted in the fight to obtain commissions in the state militia following the call for volunteers in the Spanish-American war is indirectly responsible for the enactment of this measure. On that occasion there were scandals in many states over the granting of commissions to officers. The governors then had the power of giving commissions. Under the new act that power is taken from the state executives and vested solely in the president.

Not only does the new act make such a demoralizing situation impossible in the future, but it also breaks down state lines in providing for the mobilization of volunteer troops without regard to such artificial divisions.

Refugees at Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., April 28.—Saved from massacre at the hands of Mexican mobs in Tampico by English, French and German warships, 400 American refugees are here on board the battleship Connecticut, not being permitted to land under the Texas quarantine laws. The refugees are frank and severe in their criticism of the United States government, declaring that every American vessel was ordered to sea at the time that Americans were in the direct need of protection and besieged by mobs whose leaders chose as their motto, "Death to the Americans!"

Rebels and Federals Combine.

San Antonio, April 28.—That federals and rebels in Coahuila state are combining against the Americans is the news brought here by C. A. Robson of the Coahuila Coal company of New York at Palau, Mexico. Robson, who was the last American to leave that section of Coahuila, declares that General Juarda, federal, and General Mongeia, rebel, met at Baratarian last Wednesday. A battle was imminent when Juarda sent a white flag and said the Americans were going to intervene. A brief parley took place and then the forces joined, making a total of about 3,000 men.

Robson, with twelve American ranchers, left Baratarian on the Mexican National railway train, which carried them seventy-five miles. They then left the train and came by automobile to Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, crossed to Eagle Pass and came to San Antonio. Robson left Palau when 900 employees of the company threatened him.

He declares that the railway from Ciudad Porfirio Diaz to Monclovia is open, except for one burned bridge, but nine bridges are burned on the line from Monclovia to Saltillo.

PREPARED TO AID RED CROSS

Committees Representing Various Organizations Met In Capital.

Washington, April 28.—Preparations are being made here by committees representing patriotic, social, civic and business organizations to aid the American Red Cross in its relief work should war between the United States and Mexico come.

Plans for assisting the Red Cross society were adopted at a meeting of the various organizations. Committees were appointed for the collection, transportation and storing of supplies the society would need. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the president, is honorary chairman of the supply committee; Mrs. Garrison, wife of the secretary of war, honorary vice chairman, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy, honorary vice chairman.

KEELEY TREATMENT
successfully used for 34 years.
REMOVES ALL DESIRE FOR DRINK—DRUGS
4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

REBELS OPEN RAILWAY.

Traffic Between Monterey and Matamoras Resumed After Battle.

Brownsville, Tex., April 28.—Operation of the National railroad between Monterey and Matamoras was begun, following the capture of Monterey by the Constitutionalists. Traffic on the road was suspended a year ago.

A train load of refugees from the interior probably will be brought into Brownsville at once.

Queen Eleonore Hesitates.

Sofia, Bulgaria, April 28.—Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria has decided to cancel her proposed visit to the United States in case of war between the United States and Mexico. She had contemplated sailing for America at the end of May.

CRADOCK AND CARDEN.

British Officers, Now In Mexico, Aid Americans In Leaving That Country.



VILLA PLANS ATTACK ON HUERTA TROOPS

Leaves Juarez For Chihuahua to Meet Carranza.

Juarez, April 28.—General Francisco Villa left for the south, but said he would return to Juarez soon. At Chihuahua he is expected to hold an important conference with General Carranza, head of the Constitutionalists, concerning American relations and the mediation plan of the big South American republics. In addition he says he has important duties south in connection with organizing the campaign against the federals, who, after defeats at Monterey, Torreon and San Pedro, have rallied their scattered forces at Saltillo.

General Villa telegraphed to General Pablo Gonzales, whose troops captured Monterey, to treat foreigners with every consideration and to disregard exaggerated reports of strained relations between the rebels and the United States.

These reports, he telegraphed, were set afloat by enemies of the rebel cause in the hope of stirring up enmity and added that there was no danger of a rupture with the northern power.

General Villa said he was heartily in favor of the mediation plan.

"I feel sure of a speedy solution of the complication, and then we can go ahead with our revolution," he declared.

MILITIA GUARD BORDER CITY.

National Guard Strengthened Cavalry at Brownsville.

Brownsville, Tex., April 28.—Within a stone's throw of the Rio Grande a regiment of the Texas national guard and two squadrons of United States cavalry guard the United States border.

The mobilization of a provisional regiment of the state guard, approximating 1,000 men, ordered by Governor C. B. Colquitt last Thursday, was completed. The Dallas battery of artillery has reached this place. A detachment of the hospital corps also has encamped.

MARINES FROM CHICAGO.

Ordered to Philadelphia to Embark For Mexico.

Chicago, April 28.—Two hundred additional marines from the great lakes naval training station at Lake Bluff have been ordered to the Philadelphia navy yard.

One hundred and eighty-two marines left the training station for the Brooklyn and Philadelphia yards for service in Mexican waters. The first detachment of recruits, numbering 191, left last Wednesday.

ADMIRAL WINSLOW.

Fighting Tower of New York, Greatest Fighting Craft In All the World.



Photos by American Press Association.

The new Dreadnought New York, which has been called the greatest fighting craft in the world, is now en route to Mexican waters. The picture shows the fighting tower of the monster and Admiral Winslow, commander of the squadron last ordered to report in Vera Cruz, ready for action. The pictures were made as the vessel steamed away from the Brooklyn navy yard.

Valuations.

"I think the world takes a man at his own valuation."

"I think you're mistaken. The custom house inspectors are as alert as ever."—Town Topics.

Making Sure.

Employer—If that bore Smithers comes in tell him I'm out, and don't be working or he'll know you're lying.—Kansas City Star.

Dress and Beauty.

Dress, next to beauty, is the most deadly weapon in woman's armory and often supplies the want of beauty itself.—Orme Balfour.

The intellect is perfected not by knowledge, but by activity.—Aristotle

SPLENDID PICTURES

And Talented Musicians at the New Opera House.

The Musical DeWitt's at the New opera house are an unusual attraction. They gave their first performances last evening and will be here on Tuesday and Wednesday. The De Witts are really talented instrumentalists, and some of their novelties brought down the house.

Some great pictures were shown last night. The picture entitled "The Danger of the Veldt" was a 3-reel Bison and contained a thrill for every minute, and the wild animals, of which there were a great many, behaved exceptionally well. Another picture was "The Dead Line" showing a realistic fight between settlers and Indians.

Keystone Carpet Cleaning Company

Is prepared to clean your CARPET and RUGS at the shortest possible notice

We have installed our new electric motor which gives the best of satisfaction.

All carpets called for and promptly returned, sweet and clean. Three cents per yard.

E. G. OGDEN, Mgr.
H. & C. Phone, Hillsdale.

Frederick's
WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE

We can show you the most complete line of Pianos on the market. Our stores display a half a hundred makes, among them the.....

Knabe, Chickering, Estey, W. F. Frederick, Strich & Zeidler, Foster, etc., etc.

See Them Before You Buy.

See Our Complete Line of Victrolas and Records

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

Sugar, Coffee and Tea Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above and other groceries. We can sell 100 lbs Granulated Sugar for $4.75
White House Coffee, lb for 25c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 20c
3-lb can for 55c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 30c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Elsenberger, ... Clearfield
Ross & Woods, ... Clearfield
J. S Beahan, ... Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ... Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin, ... Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars, ... Bigler
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile, ... Curwensville
Harry Teats, ... Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Cleto, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ... Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ... Curwensville
Rafferty Bros., ... Grampian
Grampian Supply Co., Grampian
W. E. Derrick, ... Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wrigleswerth, ... Grampian
F. M. Hartsfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles, ... Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro., ... Bigler
Ed. Shaw, ... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Osceola
D. B. Hile, ... Lumber City
F. B. Johnston, ... Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum
DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

Your Gardener

To produce the best results should be supplied with good tools. It matters not how good the seed may be if he does not thoroughly cultivate the soil you are "throwing good money to the birds." We have a line of

Garden Tools

All moderately priced and hard to beat. Shovels, hoes, spading forks, rakes, trowels, weeders, hand plows, barrows, mattocks, watering cans, pruning shears, etc.

And remember too that gardens and chickens do not mix well, i. e,—not well for the garden. So if you expect to get any "garden sass" it would be gaining a strategic point to throw a peaceable blockade around the chickens just now—and we have the material with which to do it—

Poultry Netting

Galvanized after weaving in both one and two inch mesh from one to six feet high. Cambria and Youngstown Poultry Fence, thirty-four to fifty-eight inches high. For the farm, barbed and smooth wire, hog and cattle woven fence.

Orders by telephone receive careful attenton.

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET



Big Special Cut Price ON Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits				Ladie's Coats and Suits			
$ 8.50	Suits, only		$ 5.75	$ 8.00	Coat or Suit		$ 5.98
10.00	"	"	7.25	10.00	"	"	6.75
12.50	"	"	9.00	12.50	"	"	8.50
15.00	"	"	11.00	15.00	"	"	9.98
18.00	"	"	13.25	16.50	"	"	10.75
20.00	"	"	15.00	18.00	"	"	12.75
22.00	"	"	16.50				
25.00	"	"	18.50				

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros. Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

ROBINSON & CO.
CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE

April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50

Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Tuesday, April 28, 1914 | Number 215

HUERTA AGREES TO PEACE PLAN

Dictator Formally Accepts Offer of Mediation

SETTLEMENT NOT EXPECTED

President Wilson Demands That Huerta be Banished—Huerta Asks That United States Troops Withdraw From Mexico and That He be Recognized at President.

Special to the Progress.

Mexico City, April 28—Huerta accepted the mediation proposed this afternoon, with Argentine, Brazil and Chile to act in conjunction with France, England and Spain, the six to select another country as umpire.

Expect No Results.

Washington, April 28—Formal acceptance by Gen. Huerta of the offer of Argentina, Brazil and Chile to use their good offices toward bringing about an amicable settlement of the trouble between the United States and Mexico was cabled to Spanish Ambassador Riano here last night by Foretilo Rojas, foreign minister of the Huerta government.

This did not lessen the feeling expressed in diplomatic circles yesterday, that little would come of the attempts to mediate the differences between th two countries, which European diplomatists here regard as being too wide to admit of settlement by means of a court whose decision is binding upon neither of the principals in the negotiations.

At 2 o'clock yesterday Ambassador Da Gama and Ministers Suarez and Naon ended a protracted conference as to future procedure in the mediation proposals.

Though no announcement was made it was reported that no definite plan for the next move had been determined.

Chance to Get Americans Out.

The administration feels that if it has accomplished nothing else by its acceptance of the mediation proposals the fact that it is getting all Americans out of the country is sufficient to justify its action.

In congress there is hard feeling over the failure of the president to take members of the legislative branch more into his confidence regarding his purposes.

This feeling obtains particularly among members of the senate, who see in the possible success of efforts to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulties the future of the Monroe doctrine somewhat involved. They are inclined to the fear that in some way the ultimate intention of the South American countries in proposing the mediation is to restrict the influence of the United States in the countries profiting by the Monroe doctrine.

This opinion, however, is not universal among senators.

For example, Senator O'Gorman, who called at the White House, was inclined to the belief that good might come of the intercession of the "A B C powers."

The New York senator did not see the president, but talked with Secretary Tumulty.

"I am in favor of anything that will stop the shedding of blood," said Senator O'Gorman. "It seems to me that mutual concessions might well be made by both the United States and Huerta without loss of honor to either."

He would not suggest what these concessions might be.

At the same time the strongest diplomatic combination in the history of this continent was trying to bring order out of chaos in Mexico. Practically all Latin America was united to force an agreement which will restore order south of the Rio Grande.

While officially there has been no suggestion from either side regarding its position, the chasm between the two administrations is best shown by a simple statement of the unofficial conditions known to have been laid down.

President Wilson demands that in any plan of settlement Huerta must go, constitutional government be restored in Mexico and full apology made for outrages against the honor of the United States.

Huerta demands that the United States forces be withdrawn from Mexican territory, that the revolutionists be ignored in any negotiations unless they accept the terms of his general proclamation of amnesty and that he be recognized as the provisional president of Mexico.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Stanley Stovenisky and Marie Turiansky, both of Irvona.

Wladyslaw Goralizik and Lydia Schultz, both of Madera.

STATE GUARDS

Pennsylvania Militia Would be Commanded by Own Officers.

Washington, April 28—Unless all plans fail the Pennsylvania National Guard, in the event that President Wilson issues a call for volunteers, will be taken into the volunteer army as a division. Unofficially, it is announced that the officers of the Pennsylvania guard have such assurances from the War department and they are making their plans accordingly. The independent military organizations of the state, it is said, will be taken into the organization to make up the state's quota.

A meeting was held in Washington Sunday to discuss arrangements for the services of the Pennsylvania guard in the event volunteers are called. Those present were Representative W. J. Hulings, of Oil City, Pa., former brigadier general of the guard Adj. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, Brig. Gen .Charles M. Clement, commander of the Third brigade, Sunbury; Maj. Gen. C. B. Dougherty, of Wilkes Barre, and Brig. Gen. William G. Price, Jr., commander of the First brigade, Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvanians are known to be especially pleased with assurances of war department officials that in the event the guard is needed the present officers will not be superceded by regular army men. Although the new law gives the president the right to appoint officers up to colonel, and he may name the present militia heads or select others, as he sees fit, it is authoritatiely stated that the recommendation of the wer department officials will be accepted.

THE HOSPITAL DEBT

Generous Citizens of Osceola Contribute More Than $170.

The citizens of Osceola recognizing the benefits derived by residents of the county from a well conducted hospital, have contributed $170 toward the liquidation of the standing indebtedness of the Clearfield hospital. The generous contributors are:

Lawshe Baird	$50.00
S. W. McLarren	25.00
Joseph Carter	20.00
Smith Baird	10.00
A. S. Brown	10.00
Paul S. Read	10.00
James M. Dugan	10.00
Arthur W. Baird	10.00
Rev. M. J. Desmond	10.00
Umbria Castle No 285, K.G.E.	5.00
Pomoacan Tribe, I. O. R. M.	5.00
Chas. A. Rickenbaugh	5.00
Total	$170.00

ONE BIG BATTLE

Americans Could Take Mexican Capital in Ninety Days.

Washington, April 28—MexicoCity can be taken by American troops within 90 days after the word to march on the capital now held by President Huerta is given. The war college, it is stated, has completed it final plans for a general movement into Mexico, if war against Huerta is formally declared.

Major General Leonard Wood, who, it is expected will lead the invasion, is confident that Huerta's stronghold can be taken within the time fixed by the war collegee and that only one big battle will have to be fought. The attitude of the college is that if the Washington administration agrees to a quick decisive campaign the loss of life will not be so large as under the forward and backward plan previously pursued.

MONITOR BRINGS REFUGEES.

The Cheyenne Reaches San Diego With Eighty-one Passengers.

San Diego, Cal., April 28.—Carrying eighty-one refugees—men, women and children—the monitor Cheyenne, which hurried to Ensenada on Thursday night to the relief of American residents in answer to a wireless call from Claude Guyant, United States consul, has docked here.

According to the story told by refugees, the earlier reports of rioting and anti-American demonstrations were exaggerated, although at no time did they feel a full measure of safety.

Irresponsible Mexicans, they said, denounced the American government following the occupation of Vera Cruz, but among the better element the policy of "Hands off of Americans" was maintained.

Junior Chautauqua.

There will be a meeting of the Junior Chautauqua club Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock sharp. All the children are requested to be there.

Apr. 28 2t.

LEGAL PROBLEM FOR THE COURT

Question as to Procedure Regarding a Paroled Prisoner

HECTOR STRASBACH'S CASE

He Was Paroled From Western Penitentiary and Violated a Borough Law—Was Arrested and is Held Until Court has Threshed Out the Knotty Problem.

Hector Strasbach was before Judge Bell this morning on a writ of habeas corpus asked for by his attorneys, Chase and Urey .Strasbach was ar- Chase and Urey. Strasach was arsault and battery, and on May 22 of that year was convicted and given a minimum sentence to the Western penitentiary for an indefinite term the maximum being two years and the minimum one year. Sometime ago he was released on parole, having but 28 days to serve. Last Saturday night he got into a fight and Chief of Police McHenry arrested him and placed him in the lockup. His attorneys want to procure his release, hence the application for the writ of habeas corpus.

Record Not Complete.

It was discovered that while an officer of the Western penitentiary was here with the expectation of taking Strasbach back to the pen, the penitentiary authorities had failed to transmit the record of the prisoner's parole and the court was therefore unable to determine whether or not Strasbach is on praole or an escaped prisoner. In order that the proper data may be secured the case was continued until Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, the prisoner being taken to jail as being a more comfortable place than the borough lckup.

A Knotty Question.

Attorney Chase raised a very embarrassing question in the case when he declared that under the law Stasbach could not be held except up on action by the governor. The law of 1909 provides that in such cases the governor shall take the initiative in having a paroled prisoner returned to prison, while the commonwealth, as rperesented by the district attorney's office sought to apprehend and retain Strasbach as any ordinary offender against the law might be held.

The question is a knotty one, and gives food for thought to the attorneys. Of course, Strasbach can be held on the charge of fighting and given a borough sentence, but whether he can be returned to the prison until the governor acts is the problem which will have to be solved next Thursday.

How Many Steps to a Mile?

How many steps do you take to the mile? If you think a moment you will probably reply. "Seventeen hundred and sixty." but that I take leave to doubt.

Should you be an infantryman of the British army your pace will be the longest of any infantryman in the world. The Russian pace is the shortest, being only twenty-seven and a half inches; the French, Italian and Austrian soldiers manage twenty-nine inches; the Germans do thirty-one inches and the British thirty-one and one-half inches. But your own pace, what of it? It depends upon whether you are a "highbrow" or not.

Put a stick across your eyebrows and see how long the piece of string is which reaches from that level to the floor. Half the length of this string is the length of your pace, and that length you will find to be between thirty-one inches and thirty two inches, so that between 2,000 and 2,100 paces are needed to walk a mile.—London Chronicle.

Bowing to the Moon.

Among the natives of Abyssinia there existed and probably still exists a curious pagan custom of bowing to the moon on certain nights at the commencement of the new year.

Selecting a clear space on the ground, free from all rocks and boulders, the elders of the community kneel down, one behind the other, and, as soon as it is midnight, begin a dolorous chant to the moon

They keep this up for half an hour or so, when all rise, and, forming a circle, stand still, their arms motionless by their sides. A young girl now approaches them and walks round the circle, calling out: "You are all right Your shadow is there." Should she pause and say, "Friend, there is no shadow behind you Alas--alas!" then the person she thus addresses is destined to die within the next twelve months

WILL VOTE ON MONDAY NEXT

Miners to Decide Whether or Not to Accept 1912 Scale

PROPOSITION OF OPERATORS

Indications Point to Favorale Action by the Members of the Union, Although Several Questions Will Have to be Threshed Out Later by the Parties Interested

The following circular letter, issued by the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, District No. 2, with headquarters in Clearfield, has been received by the miners:

To the members of local unions of district No. 2, U. M. W. of A.
Greeting:

You are hereby notified that the joint scale committee of the miners and operators have failed to reach an agreement on a scale of wages governing prices in this district for the next two years, and as per the instructions of the DuBois convention that the final proposition sent back to the men for to vote upon; also the operators' proposition that the resolutions submitted by them be submitted back to the are hereby notified and instructed to declare an idle day on Monday, May 4th, 1914, to vote on the proposition submitted by the operators .

Local union secretaries will immediately post notices so that the members will know the date set apart for the taking of this vote This is simply a notice to the local unions so that they may have the opportunity of posting the notices at the earliest possible time in order that their members may have an opportunity to attend the meeting and vote.

The proposition as submitted by the operators will be sent later with the ballots so that the membership may have full information what they are voting on and to assist them in the casting of the votes.

With best wishes, we remain

Fraternally yours,
PATRICK GILDAY, Pres.
JAMES PURCELL, V. Pres.
RICHARD GILBERT, Sec.-Treas.

Operators' Proposition.

The proposition of the operators, submitted to the miners' representatives at the conference in Clearfield last week, embraed the following offer:

We, the scale committee of the Association of Bituminous Coal Operators of Central Pennsylvania, have considered all questions brought forward for discussion by you, the scale committee of District No .2, U. M. W. A., and owing to dull times, lower prices for coal when sold, etc., we have not been able to find that we can grant any concessions of any kind, but have agreed that instead of instisting on a reduction of wages that we will consent to a renewal for two years from April 1, 1914, of the Scale agreement under which we have been working.

Therefore, we hereby formally agree that the following off r, which we made heretofore, shall be referred by the proper officers of DistrictNo. 2, U. M. W. of A., to the men who are members of your organization, through your local unions for a referendum vote. The offer is as follows:

"That the contract made in DuBois, Pa., April 10, 1912, between the Bituminous Operators' association and the United Mine Workers of America be renewed and continued in its entirety for two years from April 1, 1914."

We, the scale committees, agree that this offer be sent to the men for referendum vote precisely as this whole offer is worded, and when a majority of the men have voted for the adoption of this offer then this shall be a contract and shall be final and binding on both the Association of Bituminous Coal Operators and the U. M. W. of A., District No 2, it being definitely understood that this referendum vote shall be taken at once and that the result of the vote be made known in ten days from this date .

The resolution was submitted and received the full support of the operators, the miners refusing to vote. Amendments to the resolutions, offered by Mr Gilday, were lost .

At present it is believed that a majority of the miners will vote in support of the proposition to accept the scale f 1912, although in some parts of the district the miners will vote against the offer because of local conditions, such as the objection to the pushing of cars and the request for an equalization of pay for inside and outside workmen.

MAY DAY FETE

Will be Held by Junior Chautauqua Club Next Saturday.

The Junior Chautauqua invites the public to its May fete, Saturday, May 2, at 2,30 in the lower Witmer park

There will be music by the High school band, May pole dances, Folk dances, songs, games and some field day contests. There will also be a May basket contest, the prizes being awarded by the Woman's club—two prizes, a first of $1 and second of 50 cents, for the two baskets containing the greatest variety of wild flowers; two prizes—a first of $1 and a second of 50 cents for the two most tastefully arranged baskets. Any school child may enter this contest.

In case of inclement weather, the May fete and contest will be postponed till Saturday, May 9 .

THOROUGHLY AROUSED

Progressives in That County Enthusastic for the Good Cause.

A correspondent writing from Indiana to the Progress says:

Indiana county is thoroughly aroused and imbued with Progresive sentiment. A few weeks ago over one hundred men banqueted at the New Indiana house, at Indiana. There were representatives from every nook and corner of the county present and rousing speeches were made by Dr. H. A. Reed, of Homer City; G. A. Stewart, of Arcadia; J. P. Archbold, of Blairsville; Lex Mitchell, of Punxsutawney; Percy F. Smith, of Pittsburgh, and Congressman Kelly, of Braddock. The entire building resounded with applause from 8 until 1 o'clock.

WOODLAND.

Clair Young and Miss ErmPa arks, both of this place, attended the opera on Friday night.

Mrs. Roy Peters is still on the sick list

Elmer Rowles spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Rowles .

Roy Hull is doing some repairing around his residence.

Mrs .Wm . Spence, of Clearfield, visited relatives in this place on Sunday

D E. Young and family motored to Clearfield Saturday evening.

John A. Wisor, who has been ill a few days, has returned to his employment .

Quite a number of people from our town went to Clearfield on .Friday night and enjoyed the opera .

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stewart, of Clearfield were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mullin a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens were Clearfield visitors on Saturday .

Howard Peters of Wallaceton, spent Sunday in Woodland.

Mr .and Mrs. Harry Knepp, of Clearfield, spent Sunday with Mr. Knepp's parents.

Dr. G. E. Mawk is well pleased with the new arrival, and S. S. Swift is proud to be grandpa once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morgan were Clearfield visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Peters, of Wallacetcn, Sundayed in Woodland visiting friends and relatives.

Clark Curry and son Rudolph, of Barrett, were in town Saturday.

John Pattio is keeping batchlers hall since his wife has gone for a visit.

Thomas Sargent had business in Clearfield on Staurday .

Andy Powell, of Woodland, was a business caller n Clearfield on Saturday.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

George Syston to Susan J. Amsworth, land in Decatur township. $900

J. S. McNeil to Harry McNeil, land in Jordan township. $800.

Mary Zefiak to Andrew Kosik, land in Woodward township. $900.

Wm. P. Hopkins to George Minns, Jr., land in Sandy township. $500.

Mary A. Winslow to Frank Winslow, land in Beccaria township. $1.

Moses C. Norris to Henry G. Hile, land in Pike township. $61.

P. T .Davis to Antonia W. Semms, land in Clearfield. $1300.

Amanda J. Wilson to Scott Wilson, land in Sandy township. $1.

Joseph E. Westover to Milton C. Westover, land in Chest township. $1000.

PETITIONS HAVE ALL BEEN FILED

Candidates Who Will be Voted for at Primaries, May 19

TWO DOZEN FOR LEGISLATURE

List of Aspirants for Office in Clearfield County and in Congressional and Senatorial Districts Whose Names Will Appear on Ballots—Seven for Congress and Seven for State Senate.

The state department has completed the official list of nominating petitions filed for the primaries of May 19. With the exception of Jos. E. Clark, of Philadelphia, for superior court judge, the candidates for state offices have all been published. The following is a list of the district representatives in congress, state senators and state representatives in whom Clearfield voters are interested:

State Representatives.

Clearfield—Archer H. Read, D., Lawrence township; G. W. Bell, D., Bells Landing; W. J. Hoover, D., Hyde; James M. R. Rowles, D., Glen Richey; Peter McDermott, D., Hawk Run; Joseph E. Phillips, R., Clearfield; Earle G. Boose, W., DuBois; Edward Lippart, W., Clearfield; Albertus G. Woodward, W., Curwensville; Don Gingery, D. and P., Clearfield; B. M. Hess, D., Grampian; A. McNaul, R., Curwensville; Charles D. Holes, D., Westover; S. T. Matterson, P., Berwindale; Ed. C. Bowman, D., Clearfield; G. H. Planten, P. & W., Westover; Frederick Pepper, R., Hawk Run; Albert V. Brown, D., Clearfield; G. Milton Alcorn, R., DuBois; T. J. Williams, S., Utahville; George Trumble, R., Morrisdale; A.L. Edwards, R., Osceola Mills; Howard Irwin, S., Clearfield; Robert Hudson, S., DuBois.

Congress.

Twenty-first District—Charles H. Rowland, R., Philipsburg; Edward R. Benson, D., Mt. Jewett; W. H. Tobias, D., Clearfield; John Hewitt, D., Bellefonte; S. W. McLaren, Pro., Osceola Mills; Guy B. Mayo, W., Smethport; F. C. Rittenhouse, S., Philipsburg.

State Senate.

Thirty-fourth District—C. C. Hoover, R., DuBois; A. A. Dale, R., Bellefonte; Alonzo S .Moulthrop, W. & P. DuBois; S .J. Miller, R.; Madera; William Cronister, D., Martha; Charles Johnson, S., Philipsburg; W. H. Patterson, D., Clearfield.

TWO LICENSES GRANTED.

Riverside Hotel, Clearfield, and a Wholesale at Hawk Run.

The license application of Tom Bowman, for the Riverside hotel in Clearfield was granted on Monday. There was a strong remonstrance against the granting of this license.

A wholesale license was also granted to John McDowell, of Hawk Run, and there is no reason why anybody in that section should go dry for a year at least.

Injured Boy at Home.

Leland Bates, who has been confined to the Clearfield hospital the last two weeks from injuries received when he was hit by the Pennsylvania train at the corner of Third and Pine streets, returned to his home on Pine street Monday.

Mrs. Ed. Bigler and Mrs. Emily Kerr returned home Tuesday after spending several weeks in Philadelphia and New York city.

David Bailey, of Morrisdale, had business in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Wood Neff and daughter, Pauline, left Tuesday for Williamsport, where they will spend several days with relatives .

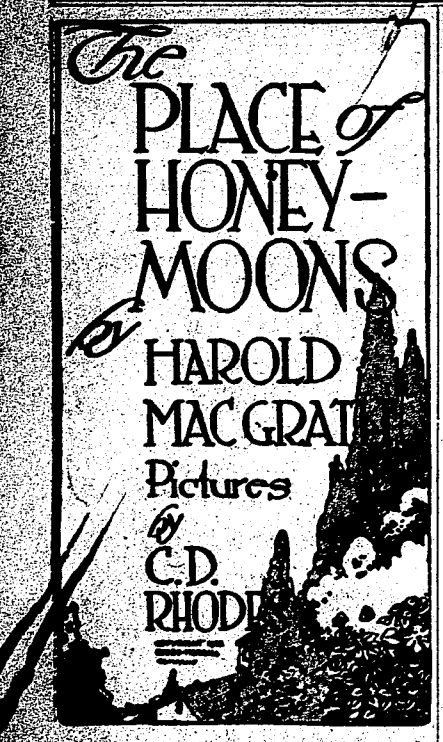
William Schriver attended to business in town yesterday.

Married at Lutheran Parsonage.

Mark Witherow and Miss Dora Hunter, both of New Millport, were married at the Lutheran parsonage, Clearfield, by Rev. Mr. Allenbach, at 1.30 this morning.

Henry Wingert Dead.

Henry Wingert, aged 82 years, died at his residence in Brady township Monday morning. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning at 9.30 o'clock.



The padre laughed quietly. He was very fond of this new-found daughter of his. Her spontaneity, her blooming beauty, her careless observation of convention, her independence, had captivated him. Sometimes he believed that he thoroughly understood her, when all at once he would find himself mentally peering into some dark corner into which the penetrating light of his usually swift deduction could throw no glimmer. She possessed the sins of the butterfly and the latent possibilities of a Judith. She was the most interesting feminine problem he had in his long years encountered. The



She and the Padre Were Sitting on the Lower Step of the Veranda.

mother mildly amused him, for he could discern the character that she was sedulously striving to batten down beneath inane social usages and formalities. Some day she would revert to the original type, and then he would be glad to renew the acquaintance. In rather a shamefaced way (a sensation he could not quite analyze) he loved the father. The pugilist will always embarrass the scholar and excite a negligible envy; for physical perfection is the most envied of all nature's gifts. The padre was short, thick-set, and inclined toward stoutness in the region of the middle button of his cassock. But he was active enough for all purposes.

"I have had many wicked thoughts lately," resumed Nora, turning her gaze away from the tennis players. She and the padre were sitting on the lower steps of the veranda. The others were loitering by the nets.

"The old plaint disturbs you?"

"Yes."

"Can you not cast it out wholly?"

"Hate has many tentacles."

"What produces that condition of mind?" meditatively. "Is it because we have wronged somebody?"

"Or because somebody has wronged us?"

"Or misjudged us, by us has been misjudged?" softly.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nora, springing up.

"What is it?"

"Father is coming up the path!"

"I am glad to see him. But I do not recollect having seen the face of the man with him."

The lithe eagerness went out of Nora's body instantly. Everything seemed to grow cold, as if she had become enveloped in one of those fogs that suddenly blow down menacingly from hidden icebergs. Fortunately the inquiring eyes of the padre were not directed at her. He was here, not a dozen yards away, coming toward her, her father's arm in his! After what had passed he had dared! It was not often that Nora Harrigan was subjected to a touch of vertigo, but at this moment she felt that if she stirred ever so little she must fall. The stock whence she had sprung, however, was aggressive and fearless; and by the time Courtlandt had reached the outer markings of the courts, Nora was physically herself again. The advantage of the meeting would be his. That was indubitable. Any mistake on her part would be playing into his hands. If only she had known!

"Let us go and meet them, padre," she said quietly. With her father, her mother and the others, the inevitable introduction would be shorn of its danger. What Celeste might think was of no great importance; Celeste had been tried and her loyalty proved. Where had her father met him, and what diabolical stroke of fate had made him bring this man up here?

"Nora!" It was her mother calling. She put her arm through the padre's, and they went forward leisurely.

"Why, father, I thought you weren't coming," said Nora. Her voice was without a tremor.

The padre hadn't the least idea that a volcano might at any moment open up at his side. He smiled benignly.

"Changed my mind," said Harrigan. "Nora, Molly, I want you to meet Mr. Courtlandt. I don't know that I ever said anything about it, but his father was one of the best friends I ever had. He was on his way up here, so I came along with him." Then Harrigan paused and looked about him embarrassedly. There were half a dozen unfamiliar faces.

The colonel quickly stepped into the breach, and the introduction of Courtlandt became general. Nora bowed, and became at once engaged in an animated conversation with the Barone, who had just finished his set victoriously.

The padre's benign smile slowly faded.

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Courtlandt's Boy.

Presently the servants brought out the tea-service. The silent dark-skinned Sikh, with his fierce curling whiskers, his flashing eyes, the semi-military, semi-oriental garb, topped by an enormous brown turban, claimed Courtlandt's attention; and it may be added that he was glad to have something to look at unembarrassedly. He wanted to catch the Indian's eye, but Rao had no glances to waste; he was concerned with the immediate business of superintending the service.

Courtlandt had never been a man to surrender to impulse. It had been his habit to form a purpose and then to go about the fulfilling of it. During the last four or five months, however, he had swung about like a weathercock in April, the victim of a thousand and one impulses. That morning he would have laughed had any one prophesied his presence here. He had fought against the inclination strongly enough at first, but as hour after hour went by his resolution weakened. His meeting Harrigan had been a stroke of luck. Still, he would have come anyhow.

"Oh, yes; I am very fond of Como," he found himself replying mechanically to Mrs. Harrigan. He gave up Rao as hopeless so far as coming to his rescue was concerned. He began, despite his repugnance, to watch Nora.

And all the while Mrs. Harrigan was talking and he was replying; and she thought him charming, whereas he had not formed any opinion of her at all, nor later could remember a word of the conversation.

"Tea!" bawled the colonel. The vert had its distinct uses, and one generally applied it to the colonel's outbursts without being depressed by the feeling of inelegance.

There is invariably some slight hesitation in the selection of chairs around a tea table in the open. Nora scored the first point of this singular battle by seizing the padre on one side and her father on the other and pulling them down on the bench. It was adroit in two ways: it put Courtlandt at a safe distance and in nowise offended the younger men, who could find no cause for alarm in the close proximity of her two fathers, the spiritual and the physical. A few moments later Courtlandt saw a smile of malice part her lips, for he found himself between Celeste and the inevitable frump.

"Touched!" he murmured, for he was a thorough sportsman and appreciated a good point even when taken by his opponent.

"I never saw anything like it," whispered Mrs. Harrigan into the colonel's ear.

"Saw what?" he asked.

"Mr. Courtlandt can't keep his eyes off of Nora."

"I say!" The colonel adjusted his eye-glass, not that he expected to see more clearly by doing so, but because habit had long since turned an affectation into a movement wholly mechanical. "Well, who can blame him? Gad! if I were only twenty-five or thereabouts."

Mrs. Harrigan did not encourage this regret. The colonel had never been a rich man. On the other hand, this Edward Courtlandt was very rich; he was young; and he had the entree to the best families in Europe, which was greater in her eyes than either youth or riches. Between sips of tea she builded a fine castle in Spain.

Abbott and the Barone carried their cups and cakes over to the bench and sat down on the grass, Turkish-wise. Both simultaneously offered their cakes, and Nora took a lady finger from each. Abbott laughed and the Barone smiled.

"Oh, daddy mine!" sighed Nora drolly.

"Huh?"

"Don't let mother see those shoes."

"What's the matter with 'em? Everybody's wearing the same."

"Yes. But I don't see how you manage to do it. One shoe string is virgin white and the other is pagan brown."

"I've got nine pairs of shoes, and yet there's always something the matter," ruefully. "I never noticed when I put them on. Besides, I wasn't coming."

"That's no defense. But rest easy. I'll be as secret as the grave."

"Now, I for one would never have noticed if you hadn't called my attention," said the padre, stealing a glance at his own immaculate pateat leathers.

"Ah, padre, that wife of mine has eyes like a pilot-fish. I'm in for it."

"Borrow one from the colonel before you go home," suggested Abbott.

"That's not half bad," gratefully.

Harrigan began to recount the trials of forgetfulness.

Slyly from the corner of her eye Nora looked at Courtlandt, who was at that moment staring thoughtfully into his tea cup and stirring the contents industriously. His face was a little thinner, but aside from that he had changed scarcely at all; and then, because these two years had left so little mark upon his face, a tinge of unreasonable anger ran over her. "Men have died and worms have eaten them," she thought cynically. Perhaps the air between them was sufficiently charged with electricity to convey the impression across the intervening space; for his eyes came up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch her. She dropped her glance to Abbott, transferred it to the Barone, and finally let it rest on her father face. Four handsomer men she had never seen.

"You never told me you knew Courtlandt," said Harrigan, speaking to Abbott.

"Just happened that way. We went to school together. When I was little they used to make me wear curls and wide collars. Many's the time Courtlandt walloped the school bullies for mussing me up. I don't see him much these days. Once in a while he walks in. That's all. Always seems to know where his friends are, but none ever knows where he is."

Abbott proceeded to elaborate some of his friend's exploits. Nora heard, as if from afar. Vaguely she caught a glimmer of what the contest was going to be. She could see only a little way; ;still, she was optimistically confident of the result. She was ready. Indeed, now that the shock of the meeting was past, she found herself not at all averse to a conflict. It would be something to let go the pent-up wrath of two years. Never would she speak to him directly; never would she permit him to be alone with her; never would she miss a chance to twist his heart, to humiliate him, to snub him. From her point of view, whatever game he chose to play would be a losing one. She was genuinely surprised to learn how eager she was for the game to begin so that she might gauge his strength.

"So I have heard," she was dimly conscious of saying.

"Didn't know you knew," said Abbott.

"Knew what?" rousing herself.

"That Courtlandt nearly lost his life in the eighties."

"In the eighties!" dismayed at her slip.

"Latitudes. Polar expedition."

"Heavens! I was miles away."

The padre took her hand in his own and began to pat it softly. It was the



"Will You Forgive Me?"

nearest he dared approach in the way of suggesting caution. He alone of them all knew.

"Oh, I believe I read something about it in the newspapers."

"Five years ago." Abbott set down his tea cup. "He's the bravest man I know. He's rather a friendless man, besides. Horror of money. Thinks every one after him for that. Tries to throw it away; but the income piles up too quickly. See that Indian, passing the cakes? Wouldn't think it, would you, that Courtlandt carried him on his back for five miles! The Indian had fallen afoul a wounded tiger, and the beaters were miles off. I've been watching. They haven't even spoken to each other. Courtlandt's probably forgotten all about the incident, and the Indian would die rather than embarrass his savior before strangers."

"Your friend, then, is quite a hero?"

What was the matter with Nora's voice? Abbott looked at her wonderingly. The tone was hard and unmusical.

"He couldn't be anything else, being Dick Courtlandt's boy," volunteered Harrigan, with enthusiasm. "It runs in the family."

"It seems strange," observed Nora, "that I never heard you mention that you knew a Mr. Courtlandt."

"Why, Nora, there's a lot of things nobody mentions unless chance brings them up. Courtlandt—the one I knew—has been dead these sixteen years. If I knew he had had a son, I'd forgotten all about it. The only graveyard isn't on the hillside; there's one under everybody's thatch."

The padre nodded approvingly.

Nora was not particularly pleased with this phase in the play. Courtlandt would find a valiant champion in her father, who would blunder in when some fine passes were being exchanged. And she could not tell him; she would have cut out her tongue rather. It was true that she held the principal cards in the game, but she could not table them and claim the tricks as in bridge. She must patiently wait for him to lead, and he, as she very well knew, would lead a card at a time, and then only after mature deliberation. From the exhilaration which attended the prospect of battle she passed into a state of depression, which lasted the rest of the afternoon.

"Will you forgive me?" asked Celeste of Courtlandt. Never had she felt more ill at ease. For a full ten minutes he chatted pleasantly, with never the slightest hint regarding the episode in Paris. She could stand it no longer. "Will you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"That night in Paris."

"Do not permit that to bother you in the least. I was never going to recall it."

"Was it so unpleasant?"

"On the contrary, I was much amused."

"I did not tell you the truth."

"So I have found out."

"I do not believe that it was you," impulsively.

"Thanks. I had nothing to do with Miss Harrigan's imprisonment."

"Do you feel that you could make a confidant of me?"

He smiled. "My dear Miss Fournier, I have come to the place where I distrust even myself."

"Forgive my curiosity!"

Courtlandt held out his cup to Rao. "I am glad to see you again."

"Ah, Sahib!"

The little Frenchwoman was torn with curiosity and repression. She wanted to know what causes had produced this unusual drama which was unfolding before her eyes. To be presented with effects which had no apparent causes was maddening. It was not dissimilar to being taken to the second act of a modern problem play and being forced to leave before the curtain rose upon the third act. She had laid all the traps her intelligent mind could invent; and Nora had calmly walked over them or around. Nora's mind was Celtic; French in its adroitness and Irish in its watchfulness and tenacity. And now she had set her arts of persuasion in motion (aided by a piquant beauty) to lift a corner of the veil from this man's heart. Checkmate!

"I should like to help you," she said, truthfully.

"In what way?"

It was useless, but she continued: "She does not know that you went to Flora Desimone's that night."

"And yet she sent you to watch me."

"But so many things happened afterward that she evidently forgot."

"That is possible."

"I was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh, you must believe that it was purely accidental! She was in a terrible state until morning. What if she had killed you, what if she had killed you! She seemed to harp upon that phrase."

Courtlandt turned a sober face toward her. She might be sincere, and then again she might be playing the first game over again, in a different guise. "It would have been embarrassing if the bullet had found its mark." He met her eyes squarely, and she saw that his were totally free from surprise or agitation or interest.

"Will you be here long?"

"It depends."

"Upon Nora?" persistently.

"The weather."

"You are hopeless."

"No; on the contrary, I am the most optimistic man in the world."

She looked into this reply very carefully. If he had hopes of winning Nora Harrigan, optimistic he certainly must be. Perhaps it was not optimism. Rather might it not be a purpose made of steel, bendable but not breakable, reinforced by a knowledge of conditions which she would have given worlds to learn?

"Is she not beautiful?"

"I am not a poet."

"Wait a moment," her eyes widening. "I believe you know who did commit that outrage."

For the first time he frowned.

"Very well; I promise not to ask any more questions."

"That would be very agreeable to me." Then, as if he realized the rudeness of his reply, he added: "Before I leave I will tell you all you wish to know, upon one condition."

"Tell it!"

"You will say nothing to any one, you will question neither Miss Harrigan nor myself, nor permit yourself to be questioned."

"I agree."

"And now, will you not take me over to your friends?"

"Over there?" aghast.

"Why, yes. We can sit upon the grass. They seem to be having a good time."

What a man! Take him over, into the enemy's camp? Nothing would be more agreeable to her. Who would be the stronger, Nora or this provoking man?

So they crossed over and joined the group. The padre smiled. It was a situation such as he loved to study: a strong man and a strong woman, at war. But nothing happened; not a ripple anywhere to disclose the agitation beneath. The man laughed and the woman laughed, but they spoke not to each other, nor looked once into each other's eyes.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes. The colonel had prevailed upon his dinner guests not to bother about going back to the village to dress, but to dine in the clothes they wore. Finally, none remained but Harrigan, Abbott, the Barone, the padre and Courtlandt. And they talked noisily and agreeably concerning man affairs until Rao gravely announced that dinner was served.

It was only then, during the lull which followed, that light was shed upon the puzzle which had been subconsciously stirring Harrigan's mind: Nora had not once spoken to the son of his old friend.

CHAPTER X.

Evcrything But the Truth.

"I don't see why the colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

"It's a man party. He's giving it to please himself. And I do not blame him. The women about here treat him abominably. They come at all times of the day and night, use his card room, order his servants about, drink his whisky and smoke his cigarettes, and generally invite themselves to luncheon and tea and dinner. And then, when they are ready to go back to their villas or hotel, take his motor-boat without a thank you. The colonel has about three thousand pounds outside his half-pay, and they are all crazy to marry him because his sister is a countess. As a bachelor he can live like a prince, but as a married man he would have to dig. He told me that if he had been born Adam, he'd have climbed over Eden's walls long before the Angel of the Flaming Sword paddled him out. Says he's always going to be a bachelor, unless I take pity on him," mischievously.

"Has he . . .?" in horrified tones.

"About three times a visit," Nora admitted; "but I told him that I'd be a daughter, a cousin, or a niece to him, or even a grandchild. The latter presented too many complications, so we compromised on niece."



She Picked Up the Violets.

"I wish I knew when you were serious and when you were fooling."

"I am often as serious when I am fooling as I am foolish when I am serious . . ."

"Nora, you will have me shrieking in a minute!" despaired the mother. "Did the colonel really propose to you?"

"Only in fun."

Celeste laughed and threw her arm around the mother's waist, less ample than substantial. "Don't you care! Nora is being pursued by little devils and is venting her spite on us."

"There'll be too much Burgundy and tobacco, to say nothing of the awful stories."

"With the good old padre there? Hardly," said Nora.

Celeste was a French woman. "I confess that I like a good story that isn't vulgar. And none of them look like men who would stoop to vulgarity."

"That's about all you know of men," declared Mrs. Harrigan.

"I am willing to give them the benefit of a doubt."

"Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card room, which is right across from the dining room? Then we can judge for ourselves."

"Nora Harrigan!"

"Molly Harrigan!" mimicked the incorrigible. "Mother mine, you must learn to recognize a jest."

"Ah, but yours!"

"Fine!" cried Celeste.

As if to put a final period to the discussion, Nora began to hum audibly an aria from Aida.

They engaged a carriage in the village and were driven up to the villa. On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed the stranger, Edward Courtlandt. What a fine looking young man he was, and how adventurous, how well-connected, how enormously rich, and what an excellent catch! She and Celeste—the one innocently and the other provocatively—continued the subject to the very doors of the villa. All the while Nora hummed softly.

"What do you think of him, Nora?" the mother inquired.

"Think of whom?"

"This Mr. Courtlandt."

"Oh, I didn't pay much attention to him," carelessly. But once alone with Celeste, she seized her by the arm, a little roughly. "Celeste, I love you better than any outsider I know. But if you ever discuss that man in my presence again, I shall cease to regard you even as an acquaintance. He has come here for the purpose of annoying me, though he promised the prefect in Paris never to annoy me again."

"The prefect!"

"Yes. The morning I left Versailles I met him in the private office of the prefect. He had powerful friends who aided him in establishing an alibi. I was only a woman, so I didn't count."

"Nora, if I have meddled in any way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy. You have nearly killed me with your sphinx-like actions. You have never asked me the result of my spying for you that night. Spying is not one of my usual vocations, but I did it gladly for you."

"You gave him my address?" coldly.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desimone. He demanded her address, which I gave him. If ever there was a man in a fine rage, it was he as he left me to go there. If he found out where we lived, the Calabrian assisted him. I spoke to him rather plainly at tea. He said that he had had nothing whatever to do with the abduction, and I believe him. I am positive that he is not the kind of man to go that far and not proceed to the end. And now, will you please tell Carlos to bring my dinner to my room?"

The impulsive Irish heart was not to be resisted. Nora wanted to remain firm, but instead she swept Celeste into her arms. "Celeste, don't be angry! I am very, very unhappy."

If the Irish heart was impulsive, the French one was no less so. Celeste wanted to cry out that she was unhappy, too.

"Don't bother to dress! Just give your hair a pat or two. We'll all three dine on the balcony."

Celeste flew to her room. Nora went over to the casement window and stared at the darkening mountains. When she turned toward the dresser she was astonished to find two bouquets. One was an enormous bunch of violets. The other was of simple marguerities. She picked up the violets. There was a card without a name; but the phrase scribbled across the face of it was sufficient. She flung the violets far down into the grapevines below. The action was without anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference. As for the simple marguerites, she took them up gingerly. The arc these described through the air was even greater than that performed by the violets.

"I'm a silly fool, I suppose," she murmured, turning back into the room again.

It was ten o'clock when the colonel bade his guests good night as they tumbled out of his motor boat. They were in more or less exuberant spirits, for the colonel knew how to do two things particularly well: order a dinner, and avoid the many traps set for him by scheming mammas and eligible widows. Abbott, the Barone and Harrigan, arm in arm, marched on ahead, whistling one tune in three different keys, while Courtlandt set the pace for the padre.

All through the dinner the padre had watched and listened. Faces were generally books to him, and he read in this young man's face many things that pleased him. This was no night rover, a fool over wine and women, a spendthrift. He straightened out the lines and angles in a man's face as a skilled mathematician elucidates an intricate geometrical problem. He had arrived at the basic knowledge that men who live mostly out of doors are not volatile and irresponsible, but are more inclined to reserve, to reticence, to a philosophy which is broad and comprehensive and generous. They are generally men who are accomplishing things, and who let other people tell about it. Thus, the padre liked Courtlandt's voice, his engaging smile, his frank unwavering eyes; and he liked the leanness about the jaws, which was indicative of strength of character. In fact, he experienced a singular jubilation as he walked beside this silent man.

"There has been a grave mistake somewhere," he mused aloud, thoughtfully.

"I beg your pardon," said Courtlandt.

"I beg yours. I was thinking aloud. How long have you known the Harrigans?"

"The father and mother I never saw before today."

"Then you have met Miss Harrigan?"

"I have seen her on the stage."

"I have the happiness of being her confessor."

They proceeded quite as far as a hundred yards before Courtlandt volunteered: "That must be interesting."

"She is a good Catholic."

"Ah, yes; I recollect now."

"And you?"

"Oh, I haven't any religion such as requires my presence in churches. Don't misunderstand me! As a boy I was bred in the Episcopal church; but I have traveled so much that I have drifted out of the circle. I find that when I am out in the open, in the heart of some great waste, such as a desert, a sea, the top of a mountain, I can see the greatness of the Omnipotent far more clearly and humbly than within the walls of a cathedral."

"But God imposes obligations upon mankind. We have ceased to look upon the hermit as a holy man, but rather as one devoid of courage. It is not the stone and the stained windows; it is the text of our daily work, that the physical being of the church represents."

"I have not avoided any of my obligations." Courtlandt shifted his stick behind his back. "I was speaking of the church and the open field, as they impressed me."

"You believe in the tenets of Christianity?"

"Surely! A man must pin his faith and hope to something more stable than humanity."

"I should like to convert you to my way of thinking," simply.

Continued on Third Page.

THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS

Continued from second page.

"Nothing is impossible. Who knows?"

The padre, as they continued onward, offered many openings, but the young man at his side refused to be drawn into any confidence. So the padre gave up, for the futility of his efforts became irksome. His own lips were sealed, so he could not ask point blank the question that clamored at the tip of his tongue.

"So you are Miss Harrigan's confessor?"

"Does it strike you strangely?"

"Merely the coincidence."

"If I were not her confessor I should take the liberty of asking you some questions."

"It is quite possible that I should decline to answer them."

The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this affair in your own way. I wish you well."

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's confessor you doubtless know everything but the truth."

The padre laughed this time. The shops were closed. The open restaurants by the water front held but few idlers. The padre admired the young man's independence. Most men would have hesitated not a second to pour the tale into his ears in hope of material assistance. The padre's admiration was equally proportioned with respect.

"I leave you here," he said. "You will see me frequently at the villa."

"I certainly shall be there frequently. Good night."

Courtlandt quickened his pace which soon brought him alongside the others. They stopped in front of Abbott's pension, and he tried to persuade them to come up for a nightcap.

"Nothing to it, my boy," said Harrigan. "I need no nightcap on top of coguac 48 years old. For me that's a whole suit of pajamas."

"You come, Ted."

"Abbey, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citrun table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott lamented.

Laughingly they hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtlandt went his way alone. He slept with the dubious satisfaction that the first day had not gone badly. The wedge had been entered. It remained to be seen if it could be dislodged.

Harrigan was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and chucked Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost none of its ability to blight and scorch.

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother!"

"Me?" cried the bewildered Harrigan. "Look at those tennis shoes; one



What She Saw Was a Beautiful Uncut Emerald.

white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that dwindling away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred.

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtlandt asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobobdy noticed the shoe strings; and they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. If I want to wear a white string and a black one, I'll do it. Here!" He caught up a book on social usages and threw it out of the window. "Don't ever shove a thing like that under my nose again. If you do, I'll hike back to little old New York and start the gym again."

He rammed one of the colonel's perfectos (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh.

"He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to ed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat t on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantel, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move hither and thither among the grape arbors. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again. She laid her head upon the railing and conned over the day's events. These were not at all satisfactory to her. Then her thoughts traveled many miles away. Six months of happiness, of romance, of play, and then misery and blackness.

"Nora, are you there?"

"Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?"

"Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?"

"Yes."

"A bunch of daisies?"

"Marguerites," she corrected.

"All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp. Nora's heart tightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music.

The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedchambers, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking off toward the green of the pines and the metal-like luster of the copper beeches.

It was raining, a fine, soft, blurring Alpine rain, and a blue-gray monotone prevailed upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows.

Here they all were. Mrs. Harrigan was deep in the intricate maze of the Amelia Ars of Bologna, which, as the initiated know, is a wonderful lace. By one of the windows sat Nora, winding interminable yards of lace hemming from off the willing if aching digits of the Barone, who was speculating as to what his Neapolitan club friends would say could they see, by some trick of crystal gazing, his present occupation. Celeste was at the piano, playing (pianissimo) snatches from the operas, while Abbott looked on, his elbows propped upon his knees, his chin in his palms, and a quality of ecstatic content in his eyes.

"Play the fourth ballade," urged Abbott.

Celeste was really a great artist. As an interpreter of Chopin she had no rival among women, and only one man was her equal. She had fire, tenderness, passion, strength; she had beyond all these, soul, which is worth more in true expression than the most marvelous technique. She had chosen Chopin for his brilliance, as some will choose Turner in preference to Corot: riots of color, barbaric and tingling. She was as great a genius in her way as Nora was in hers. There was something of the elfin child in her spirit. Whenever she played to Abbott, there was a quality in the expression that awakened a wonderment in Nora's heart.

As Celeste began the andante, Nora signified to the Barone to drop his work. She let her own hands fall. Harrigan gently closed his book, for in that rough kindly soul of his lay a mighty love of music. He himself was without expression of any sort, and somehow music seemed to stir the dim and not quite understandable longing for utterance. Mrs. Harrigan alone went on with her work; she could work and listen at the same time. After the magnificent finale, nothing in the room stirred but her needle.

"Bravo!" cried the Barone, breaking the spell.

"You never played that better," declared Nora.

"That's some!" Harrigan beat his hands together thunderously. "Great stuff; eh, Barone?"

The Barone raised his hands as if to express his utter inability to describe his sensations. His elation was that ascribed to those fortunate mortals whom the gods lifted to Olympus. At his feet lay the lace hemming, hopelessly snarled.

"Father, father!" remonstrated Nora; "you will wake up all the old ladies who are having their siesta."

"Bah! I'll bet a doughnut their ears are glued to their doors. What ho! Somebody's at the portcullis. Probably the padre, come up for tea."

He was at the door instantly. He flung it open heartily. It was characteristic of the man to open everything widely, his heart, his mind, his hate or his affection.

"Come in, come in! Just in time for the matinee concert."

The padre was not alone. Courtlandt followed him in.

"We have been standing in the corridor for ten minutes," affirmed the padre, sending a winning smile around the room. "Mr. Courtlandt was for going down to the bureau and sending up our cards. But I would not hear of such formality. I am a privileged person."

"Sure yes! Molly, ring for tea, and tell 'em to make it hot. How about a little peg, as the colonel says?"

The two men declined.

How easily and nonchalantly the man stood there by the door as Harrigan took his hat! Celeste was aquiver with excitement. She was thoroughly a woman; she wanted something to happen, dramatically, romantically.

But her want was a vain one. Nora hated scenes, and Courtlandt had the advantage of her in his knowledge of this. Celeste remained at the piano, but Nora turned as if to move away.

"No, you must sing. That is what I came up for," insisted the padre. If there was any malice in the churchman, it was of a negative quality. But it was in his Latin blood that drama should appeal to him strongly, and here was an unusual phase in The Great Play. He had urged Courtlandt, much against the latter's will this day, to come up with him, simply that he might set a little scene such as this promised to be and study it from the vantage of the prompter. He knew that the principal theme of all great books, of all great dramas, was antagonism, antagonism between man and woman, though by a thousand other names has it been called. He had often said, in a spirit of raillery, that this antagonism was principally due to the fact that Eve had been constructed (and very well) out of a rib from Adam. Naturally she resented this, that she had not been fashioned independently, and would hold it against man until the true secret of the parable was made clear to her.

Nora saw that opposition would be useless. After all, it would be better to sing. She would not be compelled to look at this man she so despised. At the beginning she had intended to sing badly; but as the music proceeded, she sang as she had not sung in weeks. To fill this man's soul with a hunger for the sound of her voice, to pour into his heart a fresh knowledge of what he had lost forever and forever!

Celeste turned from the keys after the final chords of "Morning Mood."

"Thank you!" said Nora.

"Do not stop," begged Courtlandt.

Nora looked directly into his eyes as she replied: "One's voice can not go on forever, and mine is not at all strong."

There was a knock at the door. The managing director handed Harrigan a card.

"Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friend of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jilli to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his cassock, a sign of perturbation; Courtlandt continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Barone; the Barone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all semblance of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasurably. He was then introduced, and he acknowledged each introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to tinsel in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practising infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"And you remember?" excitedly.

"One lump for mine, please," said Courtlandt, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictine.

Nora made no mistake, with either Abbott's cup or the Barone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw Herr Rosen out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Barone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not



The Padre Was Not Alone; Courtlandt Followed Him.

the first by many. Herr Rosen! His presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who saw these strange currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing, why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can no more help loving you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always the turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing. [illegible] down her tea cup and be[illegible] from La Boheme.

Nora, without relaxing the false smile, suddenly found emptiness in everything.

"Sing!" said Herr Rosen.

"I am too tired. Some other time."

He did not press her. Instead, he whispered in his own tongue: "You are the most adorable woman in the world!"

And Nora turned upon him a pair of eyes blank with astonishment. It was as though she had been asleep and he had rudely awakened her. His infatuation blinded him to the truth; he saw in the look a feminine desire to throw the others off the track as to the sentiment expressed in his whispered words.

The hour passed tolerably well. Herr Rosen then observed the time, rose and excused himself. He took the steps leading abruptly down the terrace to the carriage road. He had come by the other way, the rambling stone stairs which began at the porter's lodge, back of the villa.

"Padre," whospered Courtlandt, "I am going. Do not follow. I shall explain to you when we meet again."

The padre signified that he understood. Harrigan protested vigorously, but smiling and shaking his head, Courtlandt went away.

Nora ran to the window. She could see Herr Rosen striding along, down the winding road, his head in the air. Presently, from behind a cluster of mulberries, the figure of another man came into view. He was going at a dog-trot, his hat settled at an angle that permitted the rain to beat squarely into his face. The next turn in the road shut them both from sight. But Nora did not stir.

Herr Rosen stopped and turned.

"You called?"

"Yes." Courtlandt had caught up with him just as Herr Rosen was about to open the gates. "Just a moment, Herr Rosen," with a hand upon the bars. "I shall not detain you long."

There was studied insolence in the tones and the gestures which accompanied them.

"Be brief, if you please."

"My name is Edward Courtlandt, as doubtless you have heard."

"In a large room it is difficult to remember all the introductions."

"Precisely. That is why I take the liberty of recalling it to you, so that you will not forget it," urbanely.

A pause. Dark patches of water were spreading across their shoulders. Little rivulets ran down Courtlandt's arm, raised as it was against the bars.

"I do not see how it may concern me," replied Herr Rosen finally with an insolence more marked than Courtlandt's.

"In Paris we met one night, at the stage entrance of the Opera. I pushed you aside, not knowing who you were. You had offered your services; the door of Miss Harrigan's limousine."

"It was you?" scowling.

"I apologize for that. Tomorrow morning you will leave Bellaggio for Varenna. Somewhere between nine and ten the first train leaves for Milan."

"Varenna! Milan!"

"Exactly. You speak English as naturally and fluently as if you were born to the tongue. Thus, you will leave for Milan. What becomes of you after that is of no consequence to me. I am making myself clear?"

"Verdampt! Do I believe my ears?" furiously. "Are you telling me to leave Bellaggio tomorrow morning?"

"As directly as I can."

Herr Rosen's face became as red as his name. He was a brave young man, but there was danger of an active kind in the blue eyes boring into his own. If it came to a physical contest, he realized that he would get the worst of it. He put his hand to his throat; his very impotence was choking him.

"Your Highness . . ."

"Highness!" Herr Rosen stepped back.

"Yes. Your Highness will readily see the wisdom of my concern for your hasty departure when I add that I know all about the little house in Versailles, that my knowledge is shared by the chief of the Parisian police and the minister of war. If you annoy Miss Harrigan with your equivocal attentions . . ."

"Gott! This is too much!"

"Wait! I am stronger than you are. Do not make me force you to hear me to the end. You have gone about this intrigue like a blackguard, and that I know Your Highness not to be. The matter is, you are young, you have always had your way, you have not learnt restraint. Your presence here is an insult to Miss Harrigan, and if she was pleasant to you this afternoon it was for my benefit. If you do not go, I shall expose you." Courtlandt opened the gate.

"And if I refuse?"

"Why, in that case, being the American that I am, without any particular reverence for royalty or nobility, as it is known, I promise to thrash you soundly tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, in the dining room, in the bureau, the drawing room, wherever I may happen to find you."

Courtlandt turned on his heel and hurried back to the villa. He did not look over his shoulder. If he had, he might have felt pity for the young man who leaned heavily against the gate, his burning face pressed upon his rain soaked sleeve.

When Courtlandt knocked at the door and was admitted, he apologized. "I came back for my umbrella."

"Umbrella!" exclaimed the padre. "Why, we had no umbrellas. We came up in a carriage which is probably waiting for us this very minute by the porter's lodge."

"Well, I am certainly absent-minded!"

"Absent-minded!" scoffed Abbott. "You never forgot anything in all your life, unless it was to go to bed. You wanted an excuse to come back."

"Any excuse would be a good one in that case. I think we'd better be going, Padre. And by the way, Herr Rosen begged me to present his regrets. He is leaving Bellaggio in the morning."

Nora turned her face once more to the window.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ball at the Villa.

"It is all very petty, my child," said the padre. "Life is made up of bigger things; the little ones should be ignored."

To which Nora replied: "To a woman the little things are everything; they are the daily routine, the expected, the necessary things. What you call the big things in life are accidents. And, oh! I have pride." She



"Your Highness!"

folded her arms across her heaving bosom; for the padre's directness this morning had stirred her deeply.

"Wilfulness is called pride by some; and stubbornness. But you know, as well as I do, that yours is resentment, anger, indignation. Yes, you have pride, but it has not been brought into this affair. Pride is that within which prevents us from doing mean or sordid acts; and you could not do one or the other if you tried. The sentiment in you which should be developed . . ."

"Is mercy?"

"No; justice, the patience to weigh the right or wrong of a thing."

"Padre, I have eyes, eyes; I saw."

He twirled the middle button of his cassock." The eyes see and the ears hear, but these are only witnesses, laying the matter before the court of the last resort, which is the mind. It is there we sift the evidence."

"He had the insufferable insolence to order Herr Rosen to leave," going around the barrier of his well-ordered logic.

"Ah! Now, how could he send away Herr Rosen if that gentleman had really preferred to stay?"

Nora looked confused.

"Shall I tell you? I suspected; so I questioned him last night. Had I been in his place, I should have chastised Herr Rosen instead of bidding him be gone. It was he."

"Positively. The men who guarded you were two actors from one of the theaters. He did not come to Versailles because he was being watched. He was found and sent home the night before your release."

"I'm sorry. But it was so like him."

To Be Continued

MISS' SPRING GOWN.

This Smart Model Is Designed in Serviceable Whipcord.



RED WHIPCORD DRESS

For the maiden who is spending her first season at high school or boarding school, the charming gown illustrated here will have a strong appeal. It is bright in tint and new in design. The color is tango red, the chemisette, sleeve frills and collar being in fine white embroidery. The wide girdle is of silk. The width of the girdle is noticeable on new gowns. The material used for the gown was whipcord.

Sleeves are of many varieties. Some are set on a very long shoulder line coming well down on the arm; some are of the kimono variety; more recent ones are cut raglan style, and the latter admits of many variations of "set in" forms.

Many of the new sleeves start from the waist line and many are of the bat wing variety.

Modish yokes are to be seen either in the front or the back of the new coats, and the skirts, too, show the same idea in the yoke effect, for many of the tunics are set on the skirt four or five inches below the waist line. These skirt tunics are circular in shape, fitting where they are applied to the skirts.

Revolutionizing Dishwashing.

A household expert says that it is not the time spent in washing dishes, but the time spent in drying them, that makes long the period of every dishwashing.

The same expert tells us that it is not sanitary to rub each piece of china with a dish towel of doubtful cleanliness. For many years hotels have been using the steam drying method with dishes, which unfortunately is not yet available to the modern housewife. A good and inexpensive substitute is to be found in a dish drainer, which consists of a twenty inch square galvanized drain pan and a removable wire rack into which the dishes are placed and which allows them to stand upright. The rack is of various sizes—large for plates, smaller for saucers, with "loops" on which to hang each cup.

When the dishes are washed they are to be placed in the drainer and scalded by pouring over them boiling water. They will then dry of themselves and thus save the housekeeper twelve or fifteen minutes' time on every dishwashing.

New Dustless Broom Covers.

Many housewives do not possess the so called "string" long handled mops for hardwood floors and still cling to the old fashioned method of fastening a more or less disreputable duster over the broom when they use it on the floor, or they may use the broom for cleaning walls in the same fashion. For such women the new broom cover would be of especial interest. It is made of heavy unbleached muslin, while the lower part is made of a good firm quality of cotton plush. The bag is shaped to exactly fit the broom, tied with tapes and slips on and off very easily, and tests have proved that it is much more efficient than the use of the ordinary dustless bag or the common one of canton flannel, especially for cleaning wall surfaces.

Violets For the Table.

Of the value of violets for table decoration on certain occasions nothing need be said, but with all their charm they must be used with great discretion, else the effect is likely to be strangely disappointing. It must never be forgotten that the electric light is extremely trying to all purple flowers, so much so that some of the finest and most expensive violets take on a dull, inky appearance when exposed to it and require very special and difficult combinations to make the best of them. On the other hand, with the right choice of colors and forms, most beautiful and artistic results can be obtained by means of the simplest designs.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield county.

OFFICERS:

Robert H. Sommerville, President.
James H. Minds, Vice President.
E. W. Hess, Treasurer.
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John W. Barratt.
E. W. Hess.
Harry A. Reed.

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Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the Second class.

Tuesday, April 28, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.

Primary election Tuesday, May 19.

General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Saturday, May 2, May Day at the Driving Park.

Good evening! Now who said summer had forgotten to visit this section?

MORE WATCHFUL WAITING.

While nobody wishes to see more blood shed in Mexico and everybody hopes that Huerta will accept the offer of Brazil, Chili and Argentina to mediate with a view to ending hostilities between the United States and Mexico, it is evident thatHuerta will not remove himself from the situation and permit Mexico to carry out her own destiny. Under the circumstances cessation of hostilities or suspenion of preparations for a continuation of the war would seem to be an unwise move on the part of President Wilson.

With Huerta's troops waylaying and arresting Americans and mobs of assassins parading the streets of Mexico City demanding the death of the Gringos, this is no time to practice watchful waiting on the part of the American government. Not until President Wilson captures Huerta and visits upon his head the punishment his crimes against Americans deserve will it be wise for the president to enter into negotiations which cannot result otherwise than to give Huerta more time in which to prepare for war.

The president made a serious blunder in basing his action in Mexico upon the refusal of Huerta to have the American flag saluted. Although Mexico should be made to respect the flag of county, the real casus belli was the assassination of Americans in that country. The lives of American citizens are still in peril, and the president should consider this fact when he comes to view the situation in all its aspects. The rescue of Americans and the punishment of the brutal Huerta mus follow the landing of American marines at Vera Cruz.

CLEANUP DAY.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Saturday, the board of health decided to give the citizens several days of grace in which to clean up their premises. It must be understood, however, that the original order for cleaning up the town has not been withdrawn, and those citizens who have not removed filth and other unsightly and unwholesome rubbish from their premises must do this as soon as possible or they will have to pay the borough for having the work done.

It is the desire of the board of health and the other borough authorities to make Clearfield a clean town. This can be satisfactorily done if the citizens will perform their duty in the premises. The law permits the board of health to use every means in its power to keep the town clean, and if the citizens will not aid in the work by cleaning up they will be made to pay the cost of the work after it has been done by the board.

Every school child in Clearfield should enter into the wild flower contest which the Junior Chautauqua and the Woman's club will hold at the Lower Witmer park on Saturday of this week, not only because of the chance they have of winning prizes, but because every child should become familiar with the names and nature of the wild flowers of the county.

Four alleged murderers facing trial next month is an aggregation quite unpleasant to contemplatte, but the taxpayers who will have to pay anywhere from two thousand to three thousand dollars that the prisoners may be convicted or acquitted are beginning to think seriously of making inquiry as to how many undesirable residents there are in this county.

In the meantime, the senate should hasten its deliberations on thePanama canal toll bill.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hay, of Elmira, N .Y., are guests of friends in this place .

Miss Rose DeFerree has returned to her home in Tyrone, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Anna M. Cuneo, Mrs. Cuneo is now entertaining Miss Sigfrid Christopherson, of Punxsutawney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ryan, of Williams St., left on Saturday for New York state to visit friends and relatives .

Miss Katherine Bloom, who has been visiting Miss Marjorie Cole in Clearfield, has returned to her home in DuBois, Miss Cole accompanying her home and remaining in DuBois to visit friends.

Ross Pentz, of DuBois, spentSunday in this place.

James M. Rowles, of Glen Richey, candidate for assembly, was shaking hands with friends in town today..

Squire McCreery, of Kerrmoor, was transacting business in town today.

Dr. M. E. Hurd, of Mahaffey, was a business visitor in town today.

Mitch Davidson, of Mahaffey, was in town today.

C. A. Hile, of Lumber City, was a visitor to Clearfield yesterday.

John R. Pott, of Williamsport, the genial passenger agent, was circulating among friends in town yesterday.

John R Anderson, of Grass Flat, had business in town yesterday.

Mrs .A. F. Boynton, now in Philadelphia, is expected to arrive at the Dimeling this evening to spend several months. Mrs .Boynton has been residing at Atlantic City through the winter.

George Trumbell, of Morrisdale, candidate for the legislative nomination was interviewing voters in town yesterday.

Dr. B. F. Strunk, of Utahville had business in town yesterday.

L C. Boyer, of DuBois, was in town y sterday.

James Leonard, of the Knobs, was in town consulting Col. Langsford regarding a vacancy in the colonel's Mexican war regiment.

G. H. Lichtenthaler, Esq., had business at the court house yesterday.

A. H. McCamant, of Tyrone, transacted business at the court house yesterday.

Picked the One Fitting Word.

In the opinion of fastidious judges as well as in that of the public John Bright was the best parliamentary speaker of his day. He had all the physical attributes of a great orator, including a splendid voice. His diction, drawn largely from the English Bible and Milton, was further enriched by a knowledge of all the great English poets, and his most recent biographer, George Macaulay Trevelyan, claims for him the additional distinction of an intuition for the right word that was almost unerring.

In the house of commons at the crisis of the Crimean war Bright daringly said:

"The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."

He carried it off triumphantly, but Cobden afterward said to him:

"If you had said 'flapping' the house would have laughed."

Walking Sticks.

Many ingenious attempts have been made to increase the usefulness of the walking stick. Sticks containing a sword were common enough in less peaceful times, and some were even made to conceal firearms. Henry VIII., for instance, had a stick containing three matchlock pistols, and a clumsy affair it must have been. More recently sticks have been fitted with snuff boxes, scent bottles, watches, compasses, spirit flasks and even telescopes. A decade ago there was a short lived craze for a stick the knob of which unscrewed and formed a pipe.

They All Did.

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."—Everybody's.

ARNOLD SHANKLIN.

Consul General In Mexico City Helping Americans to Get Away.



Photo by American Press Association.

Arnold Shanklin, consul general at Mexico City, is still there. He is looking after the interests of the 800 Americans and is endeavoring to get them to Vera Cruz, where Admiral Badger has established martial law. This picture, which was recently made in the Mexican capital, is the most recent received in the United States.

WILSON APPEALS TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

President Asks Him to End Colorado Strike.

Washington, April 28.—President Wilson has made a personal appeal to John D. Rockefeller to bring about a settlement of the Colorado coal strike and end the violence which has cost a score of lives and large property loss.

To Send Federal Troops.

Trinidad, Colo., April 28.—Citizens here expressed relief when it was learned that President Wilson probably would order federal troops into the strike zone to end the state of war. Conditions here had quieted down since the arrival of the state troops, but the feeling between the militia and the strikers remains at a high pitch.

The strikers have erected a tent colony on the site previously occupied by the state militia, about two miles south of Trinidad, opposite San Rafael hospital, while the military camp now is in the identical place of the old Ludlow tent colony. A number of men with rifles guard the tents.

No reports of violence in the strike zone reached here, and interest centered chiefly in reports from the Freemont county strikers, who engaged in a fight with mine guards. Two hundred soldiers, under General Chase, went into that district.

MOVE MEXICAN PRISONERS.

Five Thousand at Fort Bliss Will Be Taken From Border.

San Antonio, April 28.—Orders were received by Brigadier General Bliss to move the 5,000 Mexicans now held at Fort Bliss, on the border, to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, under guard of two companies of the Twelfth cavalry.

Texas cities have repeatedly protested against holding the Mexicans near the border, claiming that they offered constant temptations to Mexicans to come across the border and release them.

Francis Joseph Better.

Vienna, Austria, April 28.—Emperor Francis Joseph passed another good night, and the official bulletin says the catarrh from which he has been suffering has become easier, and the cough, though still somewhat troublesome, is looser.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Captain Cowan, commander of the First Aero corps, at San Diego, Cal., received orders to dispatch from the government aviation camps to Galveston five government aviators, thirty enlisted men and three army aeroplanes.

Mrs. J. J. Brown of Denver and Newport, who offered her services as a nurse to the government a few days ago and has since accepted the leadership of a regiment of Colorado women, expects to leave Newport for Denver at once.

Secretary of State Bryan announced that the charges against Post Wheeler, secretary of the American embassy at Rome, have been dismissed and that Mr. Wheeler, who had been recalled to answer inquiries on these charges, would be reassigned to the diplomatic service.

Tuesday next is the day set by the Altoona branch, the largest in central Pennsylvania, of the Brotherhood of Federated Railroad Employees for a strike of its members in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad unless meanwhile the railroad company shall accede to its demands for a recognition of the brotherhood and that suspensions be readjusted on a seniority basis.

The Weather.

Unsettled, with probable showers; light variable winds.

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNEYS

Take a tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder Bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters an our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Slats is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

Subscribe for the Progress.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time.

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

FOUND—Old Roman gold pin with initials. Loser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

FOR SALE—Property on Locust street. Inquire of Mrs. J. C. Hollopeter on premises. Apr 21 6t.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

Church Dinner.

The Ladies Aid society will serve a dinner of shad or ham and eggs at the Baptist church on Friday, April 24, from 5 to 7 P. M. Supper, 35 cents. Ice cream and cake extra. Apr. 20 5t.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Eithe sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Automobile agent—Clearfield territory for car selling for about $1200, fully equipped. A high grade car selling at a moderate price. Answer immediately. Address M., Progress office Apr. 17 tf.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

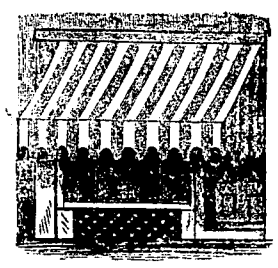
FOUND—Ladies' kid glove. Loser can have same by calling at Progress office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—St. Bernard dog, 4 years old. Good dog for a farmer. A. J. Learish, Woodland, Clearfield, county Pa. Apr 24 W tf.

For Saturday's selling, spot proof Silk Foulards. 36 in. wide. Nine patterns to select from, see window display, regular $1.10 values @ 79c. Apr 24 2t. ROSS & WOODS.

WANTED — Furnished house or suite of furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Modern conveniences required. Address R. F. D., care of Progress office. Apr. 24 3t .

Subscribe for the Progress.



A Residence Awning

Good Material and First Class Workmanship for

$2.35

Complete

Call on or Phone

A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

Get the Best...

Mother's Bread

Has no Superior; Few Equals.

CITY BAKERY

NO. 12 THIRD ST.

Clearfield, Penn'a.

Five Daily Calls to Prayer.

At sunrise the light sleepers are awakened by the long, mellow cry of the muezzin from his tower:

God is great!
I testify that there is no God but God!
I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God!
Come to prayer!
Come to salvation!
Prayer is better than sleep!
God is most great
There is no God but God!

As one hears five times each day from the minarets of the mosques of Cairo this summons to prayer, as one beholds the faithful reverently bowing their bodies in their shops or in the public highways, one readily perceives that in Cairo he is near the heart of the Moslem world. These prayers occur at sunrise, midday, 3:30 in the afternoon, at sunset and an hour and a half after sunset. The faithful must attend their prayers with bows and prostrations to show perfect devotion. —Clayton Cooper's "The Man of Egypt."

Molasses For Shoes.

Shipping Louisiana molasses into New England by the hogshead and sending the same hogshead back south again with shoes were incidents of the shoe trade of Avon years ago. It was back in 1840, when the present town of Avon was East Stoughton, that two brothers were in company manufacturing shoes and as a side line ran a grocery and general store in a spot where now stands the postoffice building. One of the brothers went south and located in New Orleans in the grocery business, leaving his brother here to manufacture shoes and boots, according to E. Dexter Littlefield. The brother who was in the South would ship a hogshead of molasses to his brother in Avon and as soon as the hogshead was empty it would be cleaned and would be filled with boots for the southern trade. This practice was kept up for years, and in this way a good trade was built up for Avon footwear.—Boston Globe.



J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK

Believes

Penroseism is a MORAL ISSUE

Thousands of right thinking Pennsylvanians agree with Mr. Dimmick and are ready to crush Penroseism and Boss Rule .

DO YOUR PART

By Voting at the

PRIMARIES MAY 19

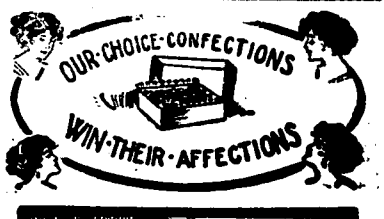
for

J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK

for the

Republican Nomination

For U. S. SENATOR





SUGAR BOML
Ice Cream Factory

Pure Ice Cream and Ices

Delivered All Over town
Ask For Prices.
Wholesale and Retail. Market St.

Builds Up

This is the work of *Ayer's Sarsaparilla.* Strength. Power. Reserve. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

HOUSE-CLEANING SALE Of the ELECTRIC Brand HOUSE-DRESSES



Hundreds of the best made House-Dresses have been selected in America's foremost House-Dress factory for this "House-Cleaning" Sale. Here is your opportunity to secure neat, perfect fitting and thoroughly practical House-Dresses at economy prices--and just when you need them most.

Your first thought on seeing them will be "How is it possible at the price." And there is more to Electric Dresses than the low price. You will note the dependable materials and the superior workmanship. These "Electrics" are the smartest creations in House-Dresses ever shown; they are really the last thought of the style artists. They are famous for comfortable and correct fit at the shoulder, bust, hips, and every other point. During house-cleaning time you need House-Dresses. This special event has been staged particularly for you. Come.



The Best Dollar's Worth of Dress You Ever Purchased



THE DETROITER

Here is a model of unusual value. A specially attractive round-neck style with stitched down stole collar of dress material and edged with piping of contrasting color. Loops of cambric and pearl buttons are cambric and pearl buttns are also used as trimming on collar Three-quarter length sleeves and dainty pointed cuff neatly tailored pocket on waist At the back of skirt, at top, are clusters of fine tucks. This charming dress is made in splendid quality percale in small figure patterns, also stripes, checks and solid colors Complete assortment of sizes in all colors and patterns, Price .. **$1.00**

THE ROCHESTER

A smart, semi-round neck model with stitched-down collar of plain color cambric; bias folds of dress material ending in wider fold of plain color used as trimming at front of waist. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves are made of dress material, decorated by tabs of solid color cambric. A special feature of this model is the new peplum belt that fits correctly, long or short-waisted figures. All sizes can be had in this style—16 and 18 years, also 34 to 46 bust measure. Large assortment of checks, figures stripes, in good percales, at only **$1.00**

EVERY ILLUSTRATION.

In this advertisement is an exact reproduction of the original House-Dress and the descriptions are just as you will find garments and assortments to be. In addition to the House-Dresses mentioned here, we have dozens of other fresh and new styles direct from the makers .



THE CLEARFIELDER.

A classic model, displaying the stylish Poiret collar and turn-back cuff points on the three-quarter length sleeves, corresponding with collar. Piping of contrasting material extends down front of waist and around the waist line. Neatly tailored pocket on the waist. Back of skirt has cluster of fine tucks at top. This desirable model can be had in neat striped and checked percales, with solid color trimmings; also solid color Yale blue percale with figured cambric trimmings. We are showing this model in all sizes: 16 and 18 years, also 36 to 46 bust measure, at only **$1.00**



MATERNITY DRESS.

A Dress for a purpose and constructed to accomplish that purpose.

The outlet for fullness on Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is at the back. The extra fullness is concealed under the back panel in the form of one pleat, and this fullness is let out by simply unbuttoning wo pearl buttons on the back tab. The buttons can be moved to any location that suits the wearer. No matter how much adjustment is necessary the lap-over pleats at the back contain enough fullness .

The outlet for altering the length of Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is in the extra deep hem which can be let out at any point desired and thus drape the dress to an even length all the way round . Note that the hem is basted with a chain stitch which can be pulled out quickly in altering the length.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are entirely washable. They contain no metal devices, no elastic bands, no draw strings; therefore, they can be laundered like any other House Dress .

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are designed so that they hang gracefully at all times . They are exactly like ordinary House Dresses in appearance before it becomes necessary to let them out, and when the necessity for using the extra fullness ceases, the dresses again become normal House Dresses. Thus their usefulnes is not over until they are completely worn out.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses can be used to advantage by invalids and Convalescents because they can be let out through the waists and hips, thus making them roomy and comfortable without altering their graceful appearance. Price **$2.25**

THE HANDY DANDY.

A reversible, double-front combination House Dress and Apron, a dress especially desirable for house-cleaning days, because it can be worn as a house dress or slipped on over another to get into when in a hurry, and "Dandy" because it looks so neat and comfortable. Made of a good quality percale, in light and dar patterns, bound around neck, down edges of front, at top of pockets, around arm holes and waist line Slips on like a coat and fastens at the neck and under waist line with loop buttons and four buttons on skirt. Really the "Handiest," "Dandiest" Combination Dress and Apron we have ever seen. Every woman will want one. Priced only **$1.00**

Extraordinary House-Dresses at a Dollar and a Half

THE NEW DELAWARE.

A charming model combining style, neatness and practicability, for which Electric Dresses are famous. Several late style ideas are featured in this model, yet its desirability as a house dress or semi-street dress is unexcelled. Note the loops and buttons on waist, skirt and cuffs; the wide demi-stitched band made of solid color cam-on,skirt gives,it.the fashionable neck, with stitched down yoke collar. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves. Waist line is finished with the new peplum belt. Seams of the skirt are all double stitched,and tape bound. Your size will be found in our assortment of thes $2.50 dresses and you can buy one for **$1.50**





THE CLEVELANDER.

House-cleaning days require house dresses that have maximum of wearing quality. We are showing this sensible and stylish model made of America's best cambric—a cloth unexcelled for long, hard service. Fancy center to side opening of waist in front. Deep pointed yoke collar that is stitched down and outlined with piping. The sleeves are three-quarter length with neat cuffs that are piped. Waist line also is defined with piping. Wide side pleat extends down center at back of skirt; all seams of skirt being double stitched and tape-bound. We have stocked a splendid assortment of colors and patterns in all sizes of this model. In addition to the regular sizes, 16 and 18 and 34 to 46, we have out-sizes 48 to 56 bust measure at $2.00. Regular sizes at only **$1.50**

THE EXTRA-SIZE MODEL

How often we have heard our stout customers remark, "I cannot be fitted with anything ready-to-wear." At last we hae found House Dresses that will fit out-of-proportion women with ease and comfort. Bust measu e sizes 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56. Made of standard quality percales in light and dark patterns. This model has a comfortable round neck, large, roomy armholes, three-quarter length sleeves that are wide enough to allow the arm to bend, and plenty of width in the skirt at hips. Trimming consists of piping which edges the stitched-down stole collar, the pointed cuffs, pointed tab on pocket and defines the slightly raised waist line. A sensible, comfortable and practical house dress designed for stout women priced at only **$1.25**

IMPORTANT TO CITY CUSTOMERS.

You can order any of these House-Dresses by telephone Just give name, size and color wanted. Out-of-town readers of this "ad" can obtain any dress desired by Mail . Order by name, giving size and color desired .

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention.

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses

2 to 14 Years

At 29c Dainty little Russian Dresses with low neck and short sleeves, made of striped percales in assorted colors, trimmed with plain colors.

At 59c Quite inexpensive Wash Dresses for every day wear, made of plain chambray, trimmed with bands of colored plaid gingham, buttons, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At 75c A clever but inexpensive little Dress in striped percales, with plain blue chambray edge, V-shaped neck, three-quarter sleeves.

At 98c A dainty model, having a style distinction not usually found in a Wash-Dress at this price, made of plain chambray, with neck, belt and sleeves trimmed with white pique.

At $1.50 A sensible and stylish model in plain pink poplin, white button-hole stitch, scalloped edge trimmed, wide belt, round neek, short sleeves.

At $2.50 Stylish model, combining neatness and practicability, pretty little plaid gingham Wash-Dresses, colored band trimmings, square neck, short sleeves, assorted colors.

At $3.00 A real snappy design in plain blue chambray, embroidery and insertion trimmed, wide belt, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At $3.25 Here is a Dress of unusual style, made of plain granite cloth, in copen and neil rose, and has neck, sleeves and belt trimmed with black embroidery, fancy pearl buttons.

White and Colored Aprons in Great Assortments

Large shipment of Aprons in every style and size, brings our showing today to the top notch of efficiency. We can truthfully say that never have we shown so many dainty aprons as you'll find here this week.

Bungalo Aprons These popular Aprons are much in demand at this time and the assortment of check gingham, striped and figured percales are all that you could wish. Price 50c and 59c.

Bib Aprons The cover up wed Bib Aprons in gingham and percale, size 34x44. 25c and 50c.

Children's Aprons Dainty little plain colored chambray for the little ones, 2 to 6 years, 25c, 39c and 48c.

Nurses' Aprons Made of white batiste, with drop H. S hem, others are tucked, and some insertion trimmed. Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Maid's Aprons Made of white batiste, plain or bib, in lace or emb. trimmed, 50c, 75c, $1,

Waitress' Aprons Dainty little white Aprons, with plain hem, at 15c.

Plain White Aprons With lace and embroidery trimmed, at 25c to $1.

Market Street A. W. LEONARDSON CO. Clearfield, Pa.

Sir Galahad's Reward

Sacrifice of Kirk Stanley Brought Its Recompense

By JAMES B. ALLEN

Little Mrs. Webb clasped her hands convulsively and watched Kirk Stanley's face. Her breath came in gasps, and the lace frill on her breast rose and fell tumultuously.

"Can't you make it all right for Wilbur?" she whispered as his hard set lips made no utterance in response to her frenzied plea for her husband's immunity from punishment.

"How can I make it all right for him?" asked Kirk at last.

Emma Webb moved her fair head impatiently. "There must be some way."

"There is only one way," he said slowly, with his dark eyes fixed on her pleading blue ones, "only one way to save Wilbur Webb from the punishment he deserves for using $5,000 of the company's funds."

"And that way is?" she asked breathlessly.

"To assume the blame myself," he said in an even tone, his eyes burning into hers. "As Wilbur's coworker in the cashier's office I was equally tempted by the careless methods of the company. Wilbur succumbed to temptation—his craze for cards was his undoing. Undoubtedly his intentions were good. He meant to replace the money, but he lost instead of winning; they usually do lose! The examiner came, found the evidence against Wilbur and put it up to him. Your husband denied it, but that very night he tried the cards again and won—think of it, Emma—he won $5,000, and replaced the money!

"The guilt was still there, and the company discharged Wilbur. Now you ask me to save him from the disgrace that must inevitably follow when some one's tongue is loosened. Some one will talk, and the secret will come out. Wilbur's standing in the town will be ruined, and he must go to a new place and begin all over again. Why not let him go? If you stand shoulder to shoulder with him, Emma Webb, he will rise again, and his love for you will hold him straight in the future. He will be a better man for the experience."

Mrs. Webb shivered. "I could never go to a strange city, Mr. Stanley. All my family, all my friends are here. I have spent my life in Linwood; I would not be happy elsewhere."

She hid her face in her hands, for she knew that three years ago she had played false to Kirk Stanley and thrown him over to marry the more showy Wilbur Webb, just home from college and a tour of the world. She had married reckless young Webb, and now he had brought disgrace upon her. She was pleading with her old lover to save her husband from the result of his folly.

"Mr. Hardwick says that there is only one way that Wilbur can prove



"YOU ASK ME TO SACRIFICE MY HONOR FOR YOUR HUSBAND'S SAKE?"

his innocence and retain his position with the company," said Emma, looking up at last.

Kirk Stanley arose and looked down at her.

"And that is?"—he asked in a strangled tone.

"Is for Wilbur to prove that you did it! Mr. Hardwick says Wilbur can't prove it, and he wouldn't believe it if it was proved by anything save your own word"— Mrs. Webb stopped and sobbed.

"Knowing me to be innocent, you would accept such a sacrifice from me?" he asked in a dull tone.

"There is no one to suffer for you, Kirk," she said, with the unconscious cruelty of the very selfish. "Some day you will have your reward for the sacrifice."

The woman watched him with hopeful eyes. Once before she had seen Kirk Stanley writhe in the flame of sacrifice, and she had gained her end. But she was not thinking of that now. All she was thinking of was that if Kirk would save her husband from disgrace their position in the community would be unassailed, and life would go on in the same pleasant, easy manner it had before, only Wilbur would be more careful in the future. He had promised to leave cards alone, and—

Kirk's voice broke in upon the tumult of her thoughts.

"You ask me to sacrifice my honor, my manhood, for your craven husband's sake, Emma?"

"No, not for his sake—for mine and the baby's," she protested.

"You would use that as a lever in my decision?" he asked sharply.

Again she wept. It was always her weapon when words failed, and she wept gracefully.

After awhile she stole a glance at him and murmured:

"Oh, Kirk, please!"

"Yes," was his answer as he turned away. "I will write to Mr. Hardwick. I will go away. Remember, if Wilbur yields to temptation again he will have to bear the consequences of his crime, and the discovery will prove my innocence in this case. Please go now, and bear the news to your husband. The strain will be over in a day or two. I must have time to make preparations."

Three days later Arthur Hardwick, president of the Consolidated Gas company, found a brief letter from his chief cashier on his desk. He read the letter several times, and a quizzical smile curled his lips at the corners. He pressed a button, sent for the discharged cashier, and presently the pale face of Wilbur Webb confronted him.

"Good morning, Webb. Stanley has resigned, and you may take his place in the office. If you have suffered an injustice at my hands in being accused of the $5,000 shortage please accept my heartfelt apologies. This letter from Kirk Stanley declares that he is the guilty one, and he is disappearing from Linwood today. In view of the fact that the money has been replaced the company will not prosecute the case. You are not surprised at Stanley's confession?" he rapped out suddenly.

Webb's face turned a sickly greenish pallor. "I am not surprised that he has confessed," he stammered vaguely, his weak eyes blinking back at the official's hard orbs.

"Ah, yes, thank you, Webb! The incident is closed now, and, so far as Stanley is concerned, the knowledge of his own guilt should be punishment enough, eh?"

"Why—er—yes!" gasped Wilbur weakly.

"That will do. Send in Miss Smith. I wish to dictate." Alone once more, the president of the Consolidated Gas company, locked Kirk Stanley's confession in his private safe and smiled a very human sort of smile. "Sir Galahad—Don Quixote—old chaps, you're not in it with Kirk Stanley, bless him!"

* * * * * * *

A year later Kirk Stanley was bossing a gang of men in a Canadian lumber camp. The sturdy outdoor life had added breadth to his shoulders and had browned face and hands to a deep bronze tint. In his rough flannel shirt and corduroys tucked into high boots he tramped to and fro, bringing order out of chaos, steadily growing in the favor of his employers and day by day forgetting all the old life from which he had fled to give a fallen comrade another opportunity to arise and make good.

When the day's work was over and the axes ceased their ringing clamor and the crash of falling trees was hushed, Kirk dropped his air of authority, and with a new glad look in his eyes he would hasten along a winding, leafy path that led to the cabin of John Locksley. The cabin was perched on a hill among pines, and John Locksley was a student who had left civilization to live in the wilderness and regain shattered health.

Kirk Stanley had met him when he first came to the lumber camp and had been grateful when Locksley invited him to share his comfortable little four roomed cabin. Six months afterward Locksley's daughter, Nellie, came from the states to keep house for her father, and, as the girl had made no objection to doing for the quiet young boarder, the three had spent six idyllic months amid the Canadian snows.

On this particular evening Kirk was hastening homeward, his eyes eager for the first glimpse of Nellie Locksley. He hoped she would be standing in the cabin porch watching for his return. He loved to watch her unseen and revel in the sweetness of his love for her and the budding hope that it was returned.

But mingled with the sweetness was the bitterness of recollection. What could he offer her but a tarnished name? Before he could ask her hand in marriage he must tell her father about his life in Linwood and he must reveal the past to Nellie. Whether he regretted his part in sacrificing himself for Wilbur Webb I do not know, but it is certain that he was very grave in those latter days of his wooing, and he did not whistle joyously as he had been wont to do in his first acquaintance with Locksley's lovely daughter.

The sternness of his face relaxed as he glimpsed the girl in the shadow of the porch, and a tender smile curved his lips as she vanished at the first sight of him. When he entered the cabin Nellie was reading a week old newspaper that had arrived with the mail that day, and her father was enjoying the dry paragraphs of some scientific journal.

"Mail day?" asked Kirk, with the careless indifference of one who never receives any letters.

John Locksley laid down his paper and looked over his spectacles at the younger man.

"Yes, Kirk; you will be surprised to hear that my physician says I may come home and try it for a year. We want to be off by the end of next week. How would you like to keep the cabin for your headquarters?"

Kirk paled under his tan, and there was an uncomfortable tugging at his heart. So he was to lose Nellie as well as honor and everything else!

"Thank you, sir, I shall be glad to," he said grimly. "It will seem the more like home to me because you and Miss Nellie have made it so pleasant for me, but I shall be mighty lonesome."

"Come back into the world, Kirk!" cried Locksley impulsively. "You are cut out for better things, and I can give you a chance. I'm not the beggar I appear to be in this mountain cabin. I have money and influence. I can push you along to the front. Why should you bury yourself in a lumber camp?"

Kirk looked from father to daughter. Nellie was regarding him with shy eagerness, but her eyes would not meet his.

His hands gripped the arms of his chair. It was time to tell them. The punishment of seeing their kind faces harden against him was almost more than he could bear, but Kirk was not a craven.

"I came away. I came into the wilderness to lose the past," he said slowly, meeting their glances openly, frankly. "I was cashier with the Consoli-



"IT IS HARDER TO TELL YOU, SIR, BECAUSE I LOVE NELLIE."

dated Gas company of Linwood, and one day $5,830 was missing, and I confessed."

He bowed his head and awaited their denunciation. There was silence, and he spoke again:

"It is the harder to tell you, sir, because I love Nellie. I cannot offer her a tarnished name—and yet, if you knew the truth you would not blame me."—

John Locksley slapped his hand upon the table and interrupted Kirk's words.

"I do know the truth, Kirk! I have known it for months, and I have honored you above all men for your heroic sacrifice! It is a small world and Arthur Hardwick happens to be one of my best friends. In writing to him one day I inclosed a snapshot photograph of the lumber camp, and he recognized your picture. He wrote me and said: 'I see you have my Sir Galahad with you, Locksley. You cannot do him too much honor, for he is expiating the crime of another man. Some day, when the time seems proper to you, tell him that Wilbur Webb has recovered his manhood and confessed his own guilt; tell him his old place awaits him with certain promotion, for our treasurer is growing old. Tell him I never believed his preposterous confession for one minute.' That's what Hardwick said," ended John Locksley, as he clapped his hand on Kirk's bowed shoulder and left the room.

The clock ticked on the shelf and outside a bird sang a lullaby in the pine tree. Nellie arose and went softly to Kirk. She knelt down and laid her cheek against his.

Kirk's arm went around her, and he lifted her face and looked down into her tear brimmed eyes.

"Kirk, can I make up to you for some of the suffering you have endured?" she whispered.

"My dearest," he said, "what I did is not worthy this great reward. I took the blame because I had no kin who would be ashamed by my disgrace. I had lost father, mother and sisters. I came here into the wilderness, and I have found a father and a wife!"

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clears Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stops Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dul Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyay, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head o catarrhal sore thoat will be gone.

End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils: penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostril closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarr will surely disappear.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

April 28—Last day for filing nominating petitions for party offices in counties.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

Children's Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Children's Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs. W. I. Swoope, on Thursday afternoon at 2.00. It is earnestly requested that all members make an effort to be present as there is much work to be done.

April 27 3t .

Hospital Bridge Whist Club.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs. George Bigler on Wednesday, April 29, at 2 o'clock sharp. Tbles will be provided for other games, if desired. Please notify hostess. Secretary.

May Flower Contest.

The Woman's club which expected to hold a flower contest on May 2, has decided to give the contest through the latter's May day fete at the Driving park May 2.

Reading For Boys.

Our young barbarians are primitive beings. Life is to them a picture theater of physical activities. Action is all. They would rather sail a boat or kick a ball than read a book, and when they are cajoled into reading by a flaming wrapper or a color plate it is not for ideas or aesthetic impressions. As Stevenson said long ago, "Eloquence and thought, character and conversation were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles." Not for potatoes or other homely food; to the boy the merely real spells dullness: "A day of my life at school" is simply boring. The healthy boy hungers and thirsts for incidents and situations outside his experience, so ardently indeed that he will weave into the sad texture of ordinary things the bright hued threads of romance.—Herbert Strang in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready to use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known at "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of muss

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

The Woman's Club

Announces the Wild Flower Contest to be held with the Junior Chautauqua, May Fete at the Lower Witmer Park, Saturday, May 2, 1914, at 2:30 P. M. A committee will be in charge to receive the baskets.

Prizes will be offered as fol ows:

For Basket Containing the Greatest variety of Wild Flowers,

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

For Basket Most Tastefully Arranged.

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

Contests will be open to all school children in the grades. In case of rain or inclement weather contest will be postponed to Saturday, May 9.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL

WILLIAM F. POWELL

23 So. Second St.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers

Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully---we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances---you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs---they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.

18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

TRY AN AD IN THE PROGRESS. IT WILL PLEASE YOU.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Egyptian Eye Game.

Egyptian eye is a very simple yet puzzling game. To play it a screen must be put across one end of the room with holes cut in it about the height and size of a human eye, allowing a little variation in the height to include the tall, short and medium sized. A clotheshorse covered with newspapers makes a good screen for the purpose.

Introduce the game by inquiring of those present if they think they can recognize the eyes of their companions under any and all circumstances. You will find that most people are quite confident that they can do so. Invite half the company to step behind the screen and place one eye at the opening cut for that purpose. Then allow each of the remaining portion of the company to examine the single eye and name its proprietor. It will be found almost impossible to recognize with any degree of certainty the eye of even the dearest friend or nearest relative. Noses and mouths visible by themselves through similar appropriate openings are almost as difficult to identify.

Sir Walter Scott's Friend.

Did you ever hear that Sir Walter Scott, who wrote "The Lady of the Lake" and "Ivanhoe," besides many other beautiful poems and novels which you will read some day, had a child friend named Marjorie Fleming, of whom he was very fond? Marjorie was a dear little girl of seven when the great Sir Walter used to "hap" her up in his plaid and carry her off to his room, there to play with her until the two made the house ring with their laughter. Marjorie taught the great man to "count out" with the rime:

Wonnery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Aliby, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky dan;
Tweedle-up, twoddle-um, twenty-wan;
Eerie, orie, ourie—
You are out!

It always made Sir Walter laugh when he came to "musky dan," which, he said, made him think of an Irishman all smelling with sweet spices, and Marjorie would get very much vexed at his stupidity.

A Faithful Dog.

The dog is more than any other animal the servant, the companion and the friend of man.

Even after his master's death his love continues. Dogs have been known to refuse to leave their masters' graves.

Some years ago a poor man died in a large city. His dog followed the body to the burial place. Next morning he was found lying on the new made grave. Though driven away several times, he always returned.

Taking pity on the faithful animal, the keeper of the ground gave him food. Afterward a storekeeper who lived near fed him every day.

This lasted for four years, during which every night, even in the coldest weather, the dog lay on his master's grave.

When the dog died he was buried near his master, and the figure of a dog has been placed over a drinking fountain in a street near the grave to tell the story of his faithful love.

Persian Bread.

In Persia the native bread differs little from that used a thousand years ago, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground. Usually it is about the size of a barrel, and many of those now in use have been used for a century. The fire is built on the bottom and is kept burning long enough to heat thoroughly the bottom and walls of the oven. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes and is set out to cool. The dough is made from rice flour and milk, and the bread is sweet and nourishing and may be bought in the native markets for a penny a sheet.

Riddles.

What kind of vice is that which people dislike if they are ever so bad? Ad-vice.

Why is a lazy young dog like an inclined plane? Because it's a slow pup (slope up).

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he's above doing a wrong action.

When are tailors and house agents both following the same business? When they gather in the rents.

What is the difference between men and women at a tiresome lecture? Men go to close their eyes, women to eye their clothes.

Public Spirited.

"Is your husband a public spirited man?" "Oh, yes. He doesn't care who sees him drink."—Boston Record.



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The Brave Barnacle.

There was a little Barnacle
Stuck closely to a ship
As through the raging, roaring waves
The vessel went ker-zip.
"Oh, my," exclaimed the Barnacle,
"This trip will be our last;
Unless through all this tempest
I manage to stick fast!"

The waves dashed o'er them mountain high,
And icy was the air,
But plucky little Barnacle
Kekt sticking closely there.
And when at last, all danger past,
The vessel came to land
The happy little Barnacle
Felt very, very grand.

He swelled with pride. "Hooray!" he cried.
"I've conquered wind and wave!
I bravely stuck fast to my post,
Our noble ship to save!
The sailors, too, it's very true,
Showed splendid nerve and pluck,
But I could see they needed me,
So to the ship I stuck!"
—Youth's Companion.

Fame of Tenedos.

Tenedos, which certain powers have taken away from Greece, has become well known by name from having the good luck to get mentioned in the first book of Homer's "Iliad" instead of the last, as well as in the beginning of Vergil's "Aeneid." Ever since Homer's day this fertile islet, lying at the entrance to the Dardanelles, has been considered of great strategic importance. During classical times the laws and civil institutions of Tenedos were celebrated for their wisdom and were discussed with approval in a lost treatise of Aristotle.

CORN CONTEST

The County National Bank of Clearfield, Pennsylvania

For the purpose of encouraging the improvement of farm products and the soil on which they are grown this bank offers for the year 1914, the following prizes, to wit:

For the best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $50.00.

For the second best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $25.00.

For the third best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more tha twenty years of age, $15.00.

For the fourth best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more tha twenty years of age, $10.00.

The contest is to be open to all residents of Clearfield county within the age named.

Contestants must register with the bank either in person or by letter not later than May 15, 1914. When and as contestants register the rules governing the contest will be made known to them.

The prizes will be awarded by 3 practical farmers, who shall be named as judges by the committee of the bank's directors, which has the matter in charge.

H. B. POWELL,
April 20 1914. President.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel. Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large General Store

Rain Coats — Men's and Ladies' Specials at ... $3.00
Boy's Rain Coats, 8 to 12 years, ... 2.50
Boy's Rain Coats, 12 to 18 years, ... 3.00
Children's Rain Coats, ... 2.00

Ladies' House Dresses — Nice New Line of House Dresses at $1.00
Misses' and Children's Dresses, 50c, 98c, $1
Middy Blouses, ... 79c, $1

Kleinerts Dress Shields — New Line Just Received
Prices, ... 10c to 50c
Ask to See The Gem Shield at ... 50c

Ladies' Neckwear — New Shipment, the Latest at Popular Prices, ... 25c up

Salt Fish — Lake Herring, ... 8-lbs 75c, 10-lbs 90c, 15-lbs $1.20
Mackerel ... 5c; Larger Size 2 for 25c

Musterole Will Not Blister — For Coughs and Colds in the Chest, Pneumonia, Asthma, Rheumatism, etc., in Jars ... 25c and 50c

Turnips, Sweet Potatoes, Pine Apples, Cranberries, Spanish Onions, Texas Onions, Oranges, Bananas, Celery Lettuce, Cocoanuts, Grape Fruit,

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after yau start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit---come today.

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$1.00 GLASSES
This Visit Only

I will make you a fine pair of glasses, including Dammers' eye examination, clear crystal lenses, a 12-karat solid gold filled frame and an elegant leather case.

ALL FOR $1.00

Thirty days' trial of glasses allowed. Others charge as high as $3 to $5 for these same glasses.

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Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer

SPECIAL NOTICE

Invisible Bifocals. Two pair in One. No Lines. No Cement. Last for Years. Regular Price, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00

MY PRICE $5.00

Special ground Lenses at lowest prices.

Monthly Visits to Clearfield

OFFICES—238 Mutual Life Building, 1011 Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROGRESS -:- -:- -:- -:- SUCCESS

POLLACK'S BARGAIN STORE

306 Market St. G. L. NORRIS BLDG. Clearfield, Penn.

We wish to announce to the people of Clearfield and vicinity that this ad is not a special sale advertisement, such as you sometimes see, but to call your attention to the fact that Pollack's Bargain Store the goods are sold at Sale Prices all the time. Every day throughout the week, month and year, is a Bargain Day there. Pollack commenced business here with the express purpose of treating you right. He intends to stay here, his methods of retailing will appeal to every one of his present or expected customers, because any purchase not satisfactory, he will refund your money. What more can you ask.

A visit to his Bargain Store, chock full of New and Up-to-date Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes--for this is a brand new store--will convince the most particular, that it is the place to buy.

We will let you judge for yourself of the Great Saving Event by mentioning some prices--not all of them--space will not permit us to enumerate all our Big Bargains.

Men's Shoes

Regular price			Sale price
$ 2.50	men's black shoes, very dressy		$1.69
3.00	" " "		1.95
4.00	Russia tan shoes latest style		2.69
2.50	men's working shoes		1.79
3.00	" " "	extra heavy	1.90

Ladies' Shoes

$ 3.00	Ladies tan shoes		$ 1.95
3.00	"	gun metal	1.95
3.00	"	patent leather	1.95
3.00	"	vici kid, flexible sole	1.95
2.50	"	gun metal	1.79
2.00	"	very dressy shoe	1.48

Misses' Shoes

$ 2.00	Misses patent leather		$1.39
2.00	"	gun metal	1.39
1.75	"	dongola	1.25
1.50	"	gun metal	1.19
1.50	"	patent leather	1.19

Children's Shoes

$ 1.25	Children's dongola		98c
1.25	"	gun metal	98c
75c	"	patent leather kid top	60c
75c	"	tan	60c
75c	"	vici kid	55c
75c	"	tan	55c

Boys' Shoes

$ 2.00	Boy's black shoes		$ 1.49
2.00	"	tan	1.49

A full assortment of Baby Shoes 8c and 21c a pair, all colors.

A full assortment of Men's working shirts worth 50c for 39c, all sizes.

Men's soft dress shirts worth 50c for 39c.

Men's extra fine dress shirts, $1.25 for 85c.

A large assortment of Men's linen collars 9c each.

Men's and Boys' black and tan belts worth 25c for 19c.

Men's suspenders worth 35c for 19; extra heavy, worth 50 for 23c.

Men's red, white and blue Handkerchiefs worth 5c, two for 5c.

Ladies black and tan Hosiery, 8c pair

Children's black and white stockings 8c pair.

Men's working Socks worth 10c pr. for 6c.

Men's dress Socks worth 10c pair for 8c.

Men's extra dressy Socks worth 25c for 13c pair.

Men's Summer Underwear worth $1.00 suit for 78c.

Men's SummerUnderwear worth 75c, as a bargain for 44c suit.

Men's Overalls, Railroaders specials,	69c
Men's Overalls, double knee,	69c
Men's Jackets, all sizes,	69c
Boys' Overalls	22c
Boys' Blouses	22c
Boys' Shirts	25c

A full assortment of Handbags and Valises worth from $1.00 to $3.00. for 79c to $1.98.

When you spend $2.00 be sure to ask for a FREE premium worth 50c.

Are you ready for these Bargains? Read the list over carefully and then follow the crowd for your square deal. Be sure to come and bring your fkiends to

Pollack's Bargain Store,

G. L. Norris Building 306 Market Street Clearfield, Penn.

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
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A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularaly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - -	$225,000,00
Saved from Earnings, - - -	865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - -	$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

MAY ISSUE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

Wilson Has Absolute Power to Call on Militia.

REFUGEES IN GREAT DANGER

Reports From Galveston Show That Americans Were Exposed to Many Perils—Refugee Says Mexicans Have Joined Forces In Northern Mexico, Ask Troops For Protection.

Washington, April 28.—If President Wilson issues a call at once for volunteers, as he is expected to do, he will take his action under the terms of the new bill he signed Saturday. The measure gives the president absolute control of the militia organizations of the states which volunteer in times of war. Officers of the regular army highly approve of the measure, which places the volunteers and their officers while they are in the service of the United States on the same footing as the regulars.

The scandal which resulted in the fight to obtain commissions in the state militia following the call for volunteers in the Spanish-American war is indirectly responsible for the enactment of this measure. On that occasion there were scandals in many states over the granting of commissions to officers. The governors then had the power of giving commissions. Under the new act that power is taken from the state executives and vested solely in the president.

Not only does the new act make such a demoralizing situation impossible in the future, but it also breaks down state lines in providing for the mobilization of volunteer troops without regard to such artificial divisions.

Refugees at Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., April 28.—Saved from massacre at the hands of Mexican mobs in Tampico by English, French and German warships, 490 American refugees are here on board the battleship Connecticut, not being permitted to land under the Texas quarantine laws. The refugees are frank and severe in their criticism of the United States government, declaring that every American vessel was ordered to sea at the time that Americans were in the direct need of protection and besieged by mobs whose leaders chose as their motto, "Death to the Americans!"

Rebels and Federals Combine.

San Antonio, April 28.—That federals and rebels in Coahuila state are combining against the Americans is the news brought here by C. A. Robson of the Coahuila Coal company of New York at Palan, Mexico. Robson, who was the last American to leave that section of Coahuila, declares that General Juarda, federal, and General Mongela, rebel, met at Baratarian last Wednesday. A battle was imminent when Juarda sent a white flag and said the Americans were going to intervene. A brief parley took place and then the forces joined, making a total of about 3,000 men.

Robson, with twelve American ranchers, left Baratarian on the Mexican National railway train, which carried them seventy-five miles. They then left the train and came by automobile to Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, crossed to Eagle Pass and came to San Antonio. Robson left Palan when 900 employees of the company threatened him.

He declares that the railway from Ciudad Porfirio Diaz to Monclovia is open, except for one burned bridge, but nine bridges are burned on the line from Monclovia to Saltillo.

PREPARED TO AID RED CROSS

Committees Representing Various Organizations Met In Capital.

Washington, April 28.—Preparations are being made here by committees representing patriotic, social, civic and business organizations to aid the American Red Cross in its relief work should war between the United States and Mexico come.

Plans for assisting the Red Cross society were adopted at a meeting of the various organizations. Committees were appointed for the collection, transportation and storing of supplies the society would need. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the president, is honorary chairman of the supply committee; Mrs. Garrison, wife of the secretary of war, honorary vice chairman, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy, honorary vice chairman.

REBELS OPEN RAILWAY.

Traffic Between Monterey and Matamoras Resumed After Battle.

Brownsville, Tex., April 28.—Operation of the National railroad between Monterey and Matamoras was begun, following the capture of Monterey by the Constitutionalists. Traffic on the road was suspended a year ago.

A train load of refugees from the interior probably will be brought into Brownsville at once.

Queen Eleonore Hesitates.

Sofia, Bulgaria, April 28.—Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria has decided to cancel her proposed visit to the United States in case of war between the United States and Mexico. She had contemplated sailing for America at the end of May.

CRADOCK AND CARDEN.

British Officers, Now In Mexico, Aid Americans In Leaving That Country.



VILLA PLANS ATTACK ON HUERTA TROOPS

Leaves Jaurez For Chihuahua to Meet Carranza.

Juarez, April 28.—General Francisco Villa left for the south, but said he would return to Juarez soon. At Chihuahua he is expected to hold an important conference with General Carranza, head of the Constitutionalists, concerning American relations and the mediation plan of the big South American republics. In addition he says he has important duties south in connection with organizing the campaign against the federals, who, after defeats at Monterey, Torreon and San Pedro, have rallied their scattered forces at Saltillo.

General Villa telegraphed to General Pablo Gonzales, whose troops captured Monterey, to treat foreigners with every consideration and to disregard exaggerated reports of strained relations between the rebels and the United States.

These reports, he telegraphed, were set afloat by enemies of the rebel cause in the hope of stirring up enmity and added that there was no danger of a rupture with the northern power.

General Villa said he was heartily in favor of the mediation plan.

"I feel sure of a speedy solution of the complication, and then we can go ahead with our revolution," he declared.

MILITIA GUARD BORDER CITY.

National Guard Strengthened Cavalry at Brownsville.

Brownsville, Tex., April 28.—Within a stone's throw of the Rio Grande a regiment of the Texas national guard and two squadrons of United States cavalry guard the United States border.

The mobilization of a provisional regiment of the state guard, approximating 1,000 men, ordered by Governor C. B. Colquitt last Thursday, was completed. The Dallas battery of artillery has reached this place. A detachment of the hospital corps also has encamped.

MARINES FROM CHICAGO.

Ordered to Philadelphia to Embark For Mexico.

Chicago, April 28.—Two hundred additional marines from the great lakes naval training station at Lake Bluff have been ordered to the Philadelphia navy yard.

One hundred and eighty-two marines left the training station for the Brooklyn and Philadelphia yards for service in Mexican waters. The first detachment of recruits, numbering 191, left last Wednesday.

ADMIRAL WINSLOW.

Fighting Tower of New York, Greatest Fighting Craft In All the World.



Photos by American Press Association.

The new Dreadnought New York, which has been called the greatest fighting craft in the world, is now en route to Mexican waters. The picture shows the fighting tower of the monster and Admiral Winslow, commander of the squadron last ordered to report in Vera Cruz, ready for action. The pictures were made as the vessel steamed away from the Brooklyn navy yard.

Valuations.

"I think the world takes a man at his own valuation."

"I think you're mistaken. The custom house inspectors are as alert as ever."—Town Topics.

Making Sure.

Employer—If that bore Smithers comes in tell him I'm out, and don't be working or he'll know you're lying.—Kansas City Star.

Dress and Beauty.

Dress, next to beauty, is the most deadly weapon in woman's armory and often supplies the want of beauty itself.—Orme Balfour.

The intellect is perfected not by knowledge, but by activity.—Aristotle

SPLENDID PICTURES

And Talented Musicians at the New Opera House.

The Musical DeWitt's at the New opera house are an unusual attraction. They gave their first performances last evening and will be here on Tuesday and Wednesday. The De Witts are really talented instrumentalists, and some of their novelties brought down the house.

Some great pictures were shown last night. The picture entitled "The Danger of the Veldt" was a 3-reel Bison and contained a thrill for every minute, and the wild animals, of which there were a great many, behaved exceptionally well. Another picture was "The Dead Line" showing a realistic fight between settlers and Indians.

Keystone Carpet Cleaning Company

Is prepared to clean your CARPET and RUGS at the shortest possible notice

We have installed our new electric motor which gives the best of satisfaction.

All carpets called for and promptly returned, sweet and clean. Three cents per yard.

E. G. OGDEN, Mgr.
H. & C. Phone, Hillsdale.

Frederick's
WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE

We can show you the most complete line of Pianos on the market. Our stores display a half a hundred makes, among them the.....

Knabe, Chickering, Estey, W. F. Frederick, Strich & Zeidler, Foster, etc., etc.

See Them Before You Buy.

See Our Complete Line of **Victrolas and Records**

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

Sugar, Coffee and Butter Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell
100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.60
White House Coffee, lb for 35c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 30c
3-lb can for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 35c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Ellenberger, ...Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.. ....Clearfield
J. S Beahan.....Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ...Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,....Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars,.....Hyde
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile,.....Curwensville
Harry Teats, ...Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ...Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ...Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,.....Grampian
Grampian Supply Co..Grampian
W. E. Derrick,. .... .Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth, ..Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles, ...Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,. .Bigler
Ed. Shaw,. ..... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Olanta
D. B. Hile, ... Lumber City
F. B. Johnston, ... Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum
DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

Your Gardener

To produce the best results should be supplied with good tools. It matters not how good the seed may be if he does not thoroughly cultivate the soil you are "throwing good money to the birds." We have a line of

Garden Tools

All moderately priced and hard to beat. Shovels, hoes, spading forks, rakes, trowels, weeders, hand plows, barrows, mattocks, watering cans, pruning shears, etc.

And remember too that gardens and chickens do not mix well, i. e,—not well for the garden. So if you expect to get any "garden sass" it would be gaining a strategic point to throw a peaceable blockade around the chickens just now—and we have the material with which to do it—

Poultry Netting

Galvanized after weaving in both one and two inch mesh from one to six feet high. Cambria and Youngstown Poultry Fence, thirty-four to fifty-eight inches high. For the farm, barbed and smooth wire, hog and cattle woven fence.

Orders by telephone receive careful attenton.

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET



Big Special Cut Price ON Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits			Ladie's Coats and Suits		
$ 8.50 Suits, only		$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit		$ 5.98
10.00	" "	7.25	10.00	" "	6.75
12.50	" "	9.00	12.50	" "	8.50
15.00	" "	11.00	15.00	" "	9.95
18.00	" "	13.25	16.50	" "	10.75
20.00	" "	15.00	18.00	" "	12.75
22.00	" "	16.50			
25.00	" "	18.50			

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros. Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

ROBINSON & CO.

CLEARFIELD — CURWENSVILLE



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50

Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a.

KEELEY TREATMENT

successfully used for 34 years.
REMOVES ALL DESIRE FOR DRINK OR DRUGS
4246 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII — Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Tuesday, April 28, 1914 — Number 216

HUERTA AGREES TO PEACE PLAN

Dictator Formally Accepts Offer of Mediation

SETTLEMENT NOT EXPECTED

President Wilson Demands That Huerta be Banished---Huerta Asks That United States Troops Withdraw From Mexico and That He be Recognized at President.

Special to the Progress.

Mexico City, April 28—Huerta accepted the mediation proposed this afternoon, with Argentine, Brazil and Chile to act in conjunction with France, England and Spain, the six to select another country as umpire.

Expect No Results.

Washington, April 28—Formal acceptance by Gen. Huerta of the offer of Argentina, Brazil and Chile to use their good offices toward bringing about an amicable settlement of the trouble between the United States and Mexico was cabled to Spanish Ambassador Riano here last night by Portillo Rojas, foreign minister of the Huerta government.

This did not lessen the feeling expressed in diplomatic circles yesterday, that little would come of the attempts to mediate the differences between th two countries, which European diplomatists here regard as being too wide to admit of settlement by means of a court whose decision is binding upon neither of the principals in the negotiations.

At 2 o'clock yesterday Ambassador Da Gama and Ministers Suarez and Naon ended a protracted conference as to future procedure in the mediation proposals.

Though no announcement was made it was reported that no definite plan for the next move had been determined.

Chance to Get Americans Out.

The administration feels that if it has accomplished nothing else by its acceptance of the mediation proposals the fact that it is getting all Americans out of the country is sufficient to justify its action.

In congress there is hard feeling over the failure of the president to take members of the legislative branch more into his confidence regarding his purposes.

This feeling obtains particularly among members of the senate, who see in the possible success of efforts to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulties the future of the Monroe doctrine somewhat involved. They are inclined to the fear that in some way the ultimate intention of the South American countries in proposing the mediation is to restrict the influence of the United States in the countries profiting by the Monroe doctrine.

This opinion, however, is not universal among senators.

For example, Senator O'Gorman, who called at the White House, was inclined to the belief that good might come of the intercession of the "A B C powers."

The New York senator did not see the president, but talked with Secretary Tumulty.

"I am in favor of anything that will stop the shedding of blood," said Senator O'Gorman. "It seems to me that mutual concessions might well be made by both the United States and Huerta without loss of honor to either."

He would not suggest what these concessions might be.

At the same time the strongest diplomatic combination in the history of this continent was trying to bring order out of chaos in Mexico. Practically all Latin America was united to force an agreement which will restore order south of the Rio Grande.

While officially there has been no suggestion from either side regarding its position, the chasm between the two administrations is best shown by a simple statement of the unofficial conditions known to have been laid down.

President Wilson demands that in any plan of settlement Huerta must go, constitutional government be restored in Mexico and full apology made for outrages against the honor of the United States.

Huerta demands that the United States forces be withdrawn from Mexican territory, that the revolutionists be ignored in any negotiations unless they accept the terms of his general proclamation of amnesty and that he be recognized as the provisional president of Mexico.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Stanley Stovenisky and Marie Turiansky, both of Irvona.

Wladyslaw Goralizik and Lydia Schultz, both of Madera.

STATE GUARDS

Pennsylvania Militia Would be Commanded by Own Officers.

Washington, April 28---Unless all plans fail the Pennsylvania National Guard, in the event that President Wilson issues a call for volunteers, will be taken into the volunteer army as a division. Unofficially, it is announced that the officers of the Pennsylvania guard have such assurances from the War department and they are making their plans accordingly. The independent military organizations of the state, it is said, will be taken into the organization to make up the state's quota.

A meeting was held in Washingto Sunday to discuss arrangements for the services of the Pennsylvania guard in the event volunteers are called. Those present were Representative W. J. Hulings, of Oil City, Pa., former brigadier general of the guard Adj. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart, Brig. Gen. Charles M. Clement, commander of the Third brigade, Sunbury; Maj. Gen. C. B. Dougherty, of Wilkes Barre, and Brig. Gen. William G. Price, Jr., commander of the First brigade, Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvanians are known to be especially pleased with assurances of war department officials that in the event the guard is needed the present officers will not be superceded by regular army men. Although the new law gives the president the right to appoint officers up to colonel, and he may name the present militia heads or select others, as he sees fit, it is authoritatiely stated that the recommendation of the wer department officials will be accepted.

THE HOSPITAL DEBT

Generous Citizens of Osceola Contribute More Than $170.

The citizens of Osceola recognizing the benefits derived by residents of the county from a well conducted hospital, have contributed $170 toward the liquidation of the standing indebtedness of the Clearfield hospital. The generous contributors are:

Lawshe Baird	$50.00
S. W. McLarren	25.00
Joseph Carter	20.00
Smith Baird	10.00
A. S. Brown	10.00
Paul S. Read	10.00
James M. Dugan	10.00
Arthur W. Baird	10.00
Rev. M. J. Desmond	10.00
Umbria Castle No 285, K.G.E.	5.00
Pomoacan Tribe, I. O. R. M.	5.00
Chas. A. Rickenbaugh	5.00
Total	$170.00

ONE BIG BATTLE

Americans Could Take Mexican Capital in Ninety Days.

Washington, April 28—MexicoCity can be taken by American troops within 90 days after the word to march on the capital now held by President Huerta is given. The war college, it is stated, has completed it final plans for a general movement into Mexico, if war against Huerta is formally declared.

Major General Leonard Wood, who, it is expected will lead the invasion, is confident that Huerta's stronghold can be taken within the time fixed by the war collegee and that only one big battle will have to be fought. The attitude of the college is that if the Washington administration agrees to a quick decisive campaign the loss of life will not be so large as under the forward and backward plan previously pursued.

MONITOR BRINGS REFUGEES.

The Cheyenne Reaches San Diego With Eighty-one Passengers.

San Diego, Cal., April 28.—Carrying eighty-one refugees—men, women and children—the monitor Cheyenne, which hurried to Ensenada on Thursday night to the relief of American residents in answer to a wireless call from Claude Guyant, United States consul, has docked here.

According to the story told by refugees, the earlier reports of rioting and anti-American demonstrations were exaggerated, although at no time did they feel a full measure of safety.

Irresponsible Mexicans, they said, denounced the American government following the occupation of Vera Cruz, but among the better element the policy of "Hands off of Americans" was maintained.

Junior Chautauqua.

There will be a meeting of the Junior Chautauqua club Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock sharp. All the children are requested to be there.

Apr. 28 2t.

LEGAL PROBLEM FOR THE COURT

Question as to Procedure Regarding a Paroled Prisoner

HECTOR STRASBACH'S CASE

He Was Paroled From Western Penitentiary and Violated a Borough Law—Was Arrested and is HeldUntil Court has Threshed Out the Knotty Problem.

Hector Strasbach was before Judge Bell this morning on a writ of habeas corpus asked for by his attorneys, Chase and Urey .Strasbach was arrested by Chase and Urey. Strasach was arsault and battery, and on May 22 of that year was convicted and given a minimum sentence to the Western penitentiary for an indefinite term the maximum being two years and the minimum one year. Sometime ago he was released on parole, having but 28 days to serve. Last Saturday night he got into a fight and Chief of Police McHenry arrested him and placed him in the lockup. His attorneys want to procure his release, hence the application for the writ of habeas corpus.

Record Not Complete.

It was discovered that while an officer of the Western penitentiary was here with the expectation of taking Strasbach back to the pen, the penitentiary authorities had failed to transamit the record of the prisoner's parole and the court was therefore unable to determine whether or not Strasbach is on prnole or an escaped prisoner. In order that the proper data may be secured the case was continued until Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, the prisoner being taken to jail as being a more comfortable place than the borough lckup.

A Knotty Question.

Attorney Chase raised a very embarrassing question in the case when he declared that under the law Stasbach could not be held except up on action by the governor. The law of 1909 provides that in such cases the governor shall take the initiative in having a paroled prisoner returned to prison, while the commonwealth, as rperesemted by the district attorney's office sought to apprehend and retain Strasbach as any ordinary offender against the law might be held.

The question is a knotty one, and gives food for thought to the attorneys. Of course, Strasbach can be held on the charge of fighting and given a borough sentence, but whether he can be returned to the prison until the governor acts is the problem which will have to be solved next Thursday.

How Many Steps to a Mile?

How many steps do you take to the mile? If you think a moment you will probably reply, "Seventeen hundred and sixty," but that I take leave to doubt.

Should you be an infantryman of the British army your pace will be the longest of any infantryman in the world. The Russian pace is the shortest, being only twenty-seven and a half inches; the French, Italian and Austrian soldiers manage twenty-nine inches; the Germans do thirty-one inches and the British thirty-one and one-half inches. But your own pace, what of it? It depends upon whether you are a "highbrow" or not.

Put a stick across your eyebrows and see how long the piece of string is which reaches from that level to the floor. Half the length of this string is the length of your pace, and that length you will find to be between thirty-one inches and thirty two inches, so that between 2,000 and 2,100 paces are needed to walk a mile.—London Chronicle.

Bowing to the Moon.

Among the natives of Abyssinia there existed and probably still exists a curious pagan custom of bowing to the moon on certain nights at the commencement of the new year.

Selecting a clear space on the ground, free from all rocks and boulders, the elders of the community kneel down, one behind the other, and, as soon as it is midnight, begin a dolorous chant to the moon

They keep this up for half an hour or so, when all rise, and, forming a circle, stand still, their arms motionless by their sides. A young girl now approaches them and walks round the circle, calling out: "You are all right Your shadow is there." Should she pause and say, "Friend, there is no shadow behind you Alas alas!" then the person she thus addresses is destined to die within the next twelve months.

WILL VOTE ON MONDAY NEXT

Miners to Decide Whether or Not to Accept 1912 Scale

PROPOSITION OF OPERATORS

Indications Point to Favorale Action by the Members of the Union, Although Several Questions Will Have to be Threshed Out Later by the Parties Interested

The following circular letter, issued by the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, District No. 2, with headquarters in Clearfield, has been received by the miners:

To the members of local unions of district No. 2, U. M. W. of A.

Greeting:

You are hereby notified that the joint scale committee of the miners and operators have failed to reach an agreement on a scale of wages governing prices in this district for the next two years, and as per the instructions of the DuBois convention that the final proposition sent back to the men for to vote upon; also the operators' proposition that the resolutions submitted by them be submitted back to the are hereby notified and instructed to declare an idle day on Monday, May 4th, 1914, to vote on the proposition submitted by the operators.

Local union secretaries will immediately post notices so that the members will know the date set apart for the taking of this vote This is simply a notice to the local unions so that they may have the opportunity of posting the notices at the earliest possible time in order that their members may have an opportunity to attend the meeting and vote.

The proposition as submitted by the operators will be sent later with the ballots so that the membership may have full information what they are voting on and to assist them in the casting of the votes.

With best wishes, we remain

Fraternally yours,

PATRICK GILDAY, Pres.
JAMES PURCELL, V. Pres.
RICHARD GILBERT, Sec.-Treas.

Operators' Proposition.

The proposition of the operators, submitted to the miners' representatives at the conference in Clearfield last week, embraced the following offer:

We, the scale committee of the Association of Bituminous Coal Operators of Central Pennsylvania, have considered all questions brought forward for discussion by you, the scale committee of District No .2, U. M. W. A., and owing to dull times, lower prices for coal when sold, etc., we have not been able to find that we can grant any concessions of any kind, but have agreed that instead of insisting on a reduction of wages that we will consent to a renewal for two years from April 1, 1914, of the Scale agreement under which we have been working.

Therefore, we hereby formally agree that the following off r, which we made heretofore, shall be referred by the proper officers of DistrictNo. 2, U. M. W. of A., to the men who are members of your organization, through your local unions for a referendum vote. The offer is as follows:

"That the contract made in DuBois, Pa., April 10, 1912, between the Bituminous Operators' association and the United Mine Workers of America be renewed and continued in its entirety for two years from April 1, 1914."

We, the scale committees, agree that this offer be sent to the men for referendum vote precisely as this whole offer is worded, and when a majority of the men have voted for the adoption of this offer then this shall be a contract and shall be final and binding on both the Association of Bituminous Coal Operators and the U. M. W. of A., District No 2. it being definitely understood that this referendum vote shall be taken at once and that the result of the vote be made known in ten days from this date.

The resolution was submitted and received the full support of the operators, the miners refusing to vote. Amendments to the resolutions, offered by Mr Gilday, were lost.

At present it is believed that a majority of the miners will vote in support of the proposition to accept the scale f 1912, although in some parts of the district the miners will vote against the offer because of local conditions, such as the objection to the pushing of cars and the request for an equalization of pay for inside and outside workmen.

MAY DAY FETE

Will be Held by Junior Chautauqua Club Next Saturday.

The Junior Chautauqua invites the public to its May fete, Saturday, May 2, at 2,30 in the lower Witmer park

There will be music by the High school band, May pole dances, Folk dances, songs, games and some field day contests. There will also be a May basket contest, the prizes being awarded by the Woman's club—two prizes, a first of $1 and second of 50 cents, for the two baskets containing the greatest variety of wild flowers; two prizes—a first of $1 and a second of 50 cents for the two most tastefully arranged baskets. Any schooi child may enter this contest.

In case of inclement weather, the May fete and contest will be postponed till Saturday, May 9.

THOROUGHLY AROUSED

Progressives in That County Enthusastic for the Good Cause.

A correspondent writing from Indiana to the Progress says:

Indiana county is thoroughly aroused and imbued with Progressive sentiment. A few weeks ago over one hundred men banqueted at the New Indiana house, at Indiana. There were representatives from every nook and corner of the county present and rousing speeches were made by Dr. H. A. Reed, of Homer City; G. A. Stewart, of Arcadia; J. P. Archbold, of Blairsville; Lex Mitchell, of Punxsutawney; Percy F. Smith, of Pittsburgh, and Congressman Kelly, of Braddock. The entire building resounded with applause from 8 until 1 o'clock.

WOODLAND.

Clair Young and Miss ErmPa arks, both of this place, attended the opera on Friday night.

Mrs. Roy Peters is still on the sick list

Elmer Rowles spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Rowles.

Roy Hull is doing some repairing around his residence.

Mrs .Wm . Spence, of Clearfield, visited relatives in this place on Sunday

D E. Young and family motored to Clearfield Saturday evening.

John A. Wisor, who has been ill a few days, has returned to his employment.

Quite a number of people from our town went to Clearfield on Friday night and enjoyed the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stewart, of Clearfield were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mullin a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens were Clearfield visitors on Saturday.

Howard Peters of Wallaceton, spent Sunday in Woodland.

Mr .and Mrs. Harry Knepp, of Clearfield, spent Sunday with Mr. Knepp's parents.

Dr. G. E. Mawk is well pleased with the new arrival, and S. S. Swift is proud to be grandpa once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morgan were Clearfield visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Peters, of Wallaceton, Sundayed in Woodland visiting friends and relatives.

Clark Curry and son Rudolph, of Barrett, were in town Saturday.

John Pattio is keeping batchlers hall since his wife has gone for a visit.

Thomas Sargent had business in Clearfield on Staurday.

Andy Powell, of Woodland, was a business caller in Clearfield on Saturday.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

George Syston to Susan J. Amsworth, land in Decatur township. $900

J. S. McNeil to Harry McNeil, land in Jordan township. $800.

Mary Zeflak to Andrew Kesik, land in Woodward township. $900.

Wm. P. Hopkins to George Minns, Jr., land in Sandy township. $500.

Mary A. Winslow to Frank Winslow, land in Beccaria township. $1.

Moses C. Norris to Henry G. Hile, land in Pike township. $61.

P. T .Davis to Antonia W. Semms, land in Clearfield. $1300.

Amanda J. Wilson to Scott Wilson, land in Sandy township. $1.

Joseph E. Westover to Milton C. Westover, land in Chest township. $1000.

PETITIONS HAVE ALL BEEN FILED

Candidates Who Will be Voted for at Primaries, May 19.

TWO DOZEN FOR LEGISLATURE

List of Aspirants for Office in Clearfield County and in Congressional and Senatorial Districts Whose Names Will Appear on Ballots—Seven for Congress and Seven for State Senate.

The state department has completed the official list of candidates petitions filed for the primaries of May 19. With the exception of John E. Clark, of Philadelphia, for supreme court judge, the candidates for state offices have all been published. The following is a list of the district representatives in congress, state senators and state representatives in whom Clearfield voters are interested:

State Representatives.

Clearfield—Archer H. Reed, D., Lawrence township; G. W. Hall, D., Curwensville; W. J. Hoover, R., Kylertown; James M. R. Rowles, D., Glen Hope; Peter McDermott, D., Hawk Run; Joseph E. Phillips, R., Clearfield; Earle G. Boone, W., DuBois; Edward Lippart, W., Clearfield; Albertus G. Woodward, W., Curwensville; Don Gingery, D. and P., Clearfield; B. M. Hess, D., Grampian; A. Ellis Neal, R., Curwensville; Charles B. Holes, D., Westover; S. T. Bloom, son, P., Berwindale; Ed. C. Bumgardner, D., Clearfield; G. H. Flanton, P. & W., Westover; Frederick Pepper, R., Hawk Run; Albert V. Brown, R., Clearfield; G. Milton Aleorn, R., DuBois; T. J. Williams, S., Ulmerville; George Trumble, R., Morrisdale; Ard Edwards, R., Osceola Mills; Howard Irwin, S., Clearfield; Robert Hudson, S., DuBois.

Congress.

Twenty-first District—Charles E. Rowland, R., Philipsburg; Edward R. Beason, D., Mt. Jewett; W. H. Tobias, D., Clearfield; John Hewitt, D., Bellefonte; S. W. McLaren, Prog., Osceola Mills; Guy B. Hayes, W., Smethport; F. C. Rittenhouse, S., Philipsburg.

State Senate.

Thirty-fourth District—C. C. Hoover, R., DuBois; A. A. Dale, R., Bellefonte; Alonzo S .Mouthrop, W. & P. DuBois; S J. Miller, R., Madera; William Cronister, D., Martha; Charles Johnson, S., Philipsburg; W. H. Patterson, D., Clearfield.

TWO LICENSES GRANTED

Riverside Hotel, Clearfield, and a Wholesale at Hawk Run.

The license application of Tom Bowman, for the Riverside hotel in Clearfield was granted on Monday. There was a strong remonstrance against the granting of this license.

A wholesale license was also granted to John McDowell, of Hawk Run, and there is no reason why anybody in that section should go dry for a year at least.

Injured Boy at Home.

Leland Bates, who has been confined to the Clearfield hospital the last two weeks from injuries received when he was hit by the Pennsylvania train at the corner of Third and Pine streets, returned to his home on Pine street Monday.

Mrs. Ed. Bigler and Mrs. Emily Kerr returned home Tuesday after spending several weeks in Philadelphia and New York city.

David Bailey, of Morrisdale, had business in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Wood Neff and daughter, Pauline, left Tuesday for Williamsport, where they will spend several days with relatives.

William Schriver attended to business in town yesterday.

Married at Lutheran Parsonage.

Mark Witherow and Miss Dora Hunter, both of New Millport, were married at the Lutheran parsonage, Clearfield, by Rev. Mr. Allenbach, at 1.30 this morning.

Henry Wingert Dead.

Henry Wingert, aged 53 years, died at his residence in Brady township Monday morning. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning at 9.30 o'clock.

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The padre laughed quietly. He was very fond of this new-found daughter of his. Her spontaneity, her blooming beauty, her careless observation of convention, her independence, had captivated him. Sometimes he believed that he thoroughly understood her, when all at once he would find himself mentally peering into some dark corner into which the penetrating light of his usually swift deduction could throw no glimmer. She possessed the grace of the butterfly and the latent possibilities of a Judith. She was the most interesting feminine problem he had in his long years encountered. The mother mildly amused him, for he could discern the character that she was sedulously striving to batten down beneath inane social usages and formalities. Some day she would revert to the original type, and then he would be glad to renew the acquaintance in rather a shamefaced way (a sensation he could not quite analyze) he loved the father. The pugilist will always embarrass the scholar and excite a negligible envy, for physical perfection is the most envied of all nature's gifts. The padre was short, thick-set, and inclined toward stoutness in the region of the middle button of his cassock. But he was active enough for all purposes.



She and the Padre Were Sitting on the Lower Step of the Veranda.

"I have had many wicked thoughts lately," resumed Nora, turning her gaze away from the tennis players. She and the padre were sitting on the lower steps of the veranda. The others were loitering by the nets.

"The old plaint disturbs you?"

"Yes."

"Can you not cast it out wholly?"

"Hate has many tentacles."

"What produces that condition of mind?" meditatively. "Is it because we have wronged somebody?"

"Or because somebody has wronged us?"

"Or misjudged us, by us has been misjudged?" softly.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nora, springing up.

"What is it?"

"Father is coming up the path!"

"I am glad to see him. But I do not recollect having seen the face of the man with him."

The lithe eagerness went out of Nora's body instantly. Everything seemed to grow cold, as if she had become enveloped in one of those fogs that suddenly blow down menacingly from hidden icebergs. Fortunately the inquiring eyes of the padre were not directed at her. He was here, not a dozen yards away, coming toward her, her father's arm in his! After what had passed he had dared! It was not often that Nora Harrigan was subjected to a touch of vertigo, but at this moment she felt that if she stirred ever so little she must fall. The stock whence she had sprung, however, was aggressive and fearless, and by the time Courtlandt had reached the outer markings of the courts, Nora was physically herself again. The advantage of the meeting would be his. That was indubitable. Any mistake on her part would be playing into his hands. If only she had known!

"Let us go and meet them, padre," she said quietly. With her father, her mother and the others, the inevitable introduction would be shorn of its danger. What Celeste might think was of no great importance; Celeste had been tried and her loyalty proved. Where had her father met him, and what diabolical stroke of fate had made him bring this man up here?

"Nora!" It was her mother calling.

She put her arm through the padre's, and they went forward leisurely.

"Why, father, I thought you weren't coming," said Nora. Her voice was without a tremor.

The padre hadn't the least idea that a volcano might at any moment open up at his side. He smiled benignly.

"Changed my mind," said Harrigan. "Nora, Molly, I want you to meet Mr Courtlandt. I don't know that I ever said anything about it, but his father was one of the best friends I ever had. He was on his way up here, so I came along with him." Then Harrigan paused and looked about him embarrassedly. There were half a dozen unfamiliar faces.

The colonel quickly stepped into the breach, and the introduction of Courtlandt became general. Nora bowed, and became at once engaged in an animated conversation with the Barone, who had just finished his set victoriously.

The padre's benign smile slowly faded.

CHAPTER IX.

Dick Courtlandt's Boy.

Presently the servants brought out the tea-service. The silent dark skinned Sikh, with his fierce curling whiskers, his flashing eyes, the semi-military, semi-oriental garb, topped by an enormous brown turban, claimed Courtlandt's attention, and it may be added that he was glad to have something to look at unembarrassedly. He wanted to catch the Indian's eye, but Rao had no glances to waste; he was concerned with the immediate business of superintending the service.

Courtlandt had never been a man to surrender to impulse. It had been his habit to form a purpose and then to go about the fulfilling of it. During the last four or five months, however, he had swung about like a weathercock in April, the victim of a thousand and one impulses. That morning he would have laughed had any one prophesied his presence here. He had fought against the inclination strongly enough at first, but as hour after hour went by his resolution weakened. His meeting Harrigan had been a stroke of luck. Still, he would have come anyhow.

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of Como," he found himself replying mechanically to Mrs Harrigan. He gave up Rao as hopeless so far as coming to his rescue was concerned. He began, despite his repugnance, to watch Nora.

And all the while Mrs Harrigan was talking and he was replying, and she thought him charming, whereas he had not formed any opinion of her at all, nor later could remember a word of the conversation.

"Tea!" bawled the colonel. The verb had its distinct uses, and one generally applied it to the colonel's outbursts without being depressed by the feeling of inelegance.

There is invariably some slight hesitation in the selection of chairs around a tea table in the open. Nora scored the first point of this singular battle by seizing the padre on one side and her father on the other and pulling them down on the bench. It was adroit in two ways: it put Courtlandt at a safe distance and in nowise offended the younger men, who could find no cause for alarm in the close proximity of her two fathers, the spiritual and the physical. A few moments later Courtlandt saw a smile of malice part her lips, for he found himself between Celeste and the inevitable frump.

"Touched!" he murmured, for he was a thorough sportsman and appreciated a good point even when taken by his opponent.

"I never saw anything like it," whispered Mrs Harrigan into the colonel's ear.

"Saw what?" he asked.

'Mr Courtlandt can't keep his eyes off of Nora."

"I say!" The colonel adjusted his eye-glass, not that he expected to see more clearly by doing so, but because habit had long since turned an affectation into a movement wholly mechanical. 'Well, who can blame him? Gad! if I were only twenty-five or thereabouts."

Mrs. Harrigan did not encourage this regret. The colonel had never been a rich man. On the other hand, this Edward Courtlandt was very rich, he was young, and he had the entree to the best families in Europe, which was greater in her eyes than either youth or riches. Between sips of tea she builded a fine castle in Spain.

Abbott and the Barone carried their cups and cakes over to the bench and sat down on the grass, Turkish-wise. Both simultaneously offered their cakes, and Nora took a lady finger from each. Abbott laughed and the Barone smiled.

"Oh, daddy mine!" sighed Nora drolly.

'Huh?"

'Don't let mother see those shoes."

'What's the matter with 'em? Everybody's wearing the same.'

"Yes. But I don't see how you manage to do it. One shoe string is virgin white and the other is pagan brown.'

"I've got nine pairs of shoes, and yet there's always something the matter," ruefully. "I never noticed when I put them on. Besides, I wasn't coming.'

'That's no defense. But rest easy. I'll be as secret as the grave."

"Now, I for one would never have noticed if you hadn't called my attention," said the padre, stealing a glance at his own immaculate patent leathers.

"Ah, padre, that wife of mine has eyes like a pilot-fish. I'm in for it."

"Borrow one from the colonel before you go home," suggested Abbott.

"That's not half bad," gratefully.

Harrigan began to recount the trials of forgetfulness.

Slyly from the corner of her eye Nora looked at Courtlandt, who was at that moment staring thoughtfully into his tea cup and stirring the contents industriously. His face was a little thinner, but aside from that he had changed scarcely at all; and then, because these two years had left so little mark upon his face, a tinge of unreasonable anger ran over her. "Men have died and worms have eaten them," she thought cynically. Perhaps the air between them was sufficiently charged with electricity to convey the impression across the intervening space, for his eyes came up quickly, but not quickly enough to catch her. She dropped her glance to Abbott, transferred it to the Barone, and finally let it rest on her father's face. Four handsomer men she had never seen.

"You never told me you knew Courtlandt," said Harrigan, speaking to Abbott.

'Just happened that way. We went to school together. When I was little they used to make me wear curls and wide collars. Many's the time Courtlandt walloped the school bullies for mussing me up. I don't see him much these days. Once in a while he walks in. That's all. Always seems to know where his friends are, but none ever knows where he is."

Abbott proceeded to elaborate some of his friend's exploits. Nora heard, as if from afar. Vaguely she caught a glimmer of what the contest was going to be. She could see only a little way, still, she was optimistically confident of the result. She was ready. Indeed, now that the shock of the meeting was past, she found herself not at all averse to a conflict. It would be something to let go the pent-up wrath of two years. Never would she speak to him directly, never would she permit him to be alone with her; never would she miss a chance to twist his heart, to humiliate him, to snub him. From her point of view, whatever game he chose to play would be a losing one. She was genuinely surprised to learn how eager she was for the game to begin so that she might gauge his strength.

'So I have heard," she was dimly conscious of saying.

"Didn't know you knew,' said Abbott.

"Knew what?' rousing herself.

"That Courtlandt nearly lost his life in the eighties."

"In the eighties!" dismayed at her slip.

"Latitudes. Polar expedition.

"Heavens! I was miles away.'

The padre took her hand in his own and began to pat it softly. It was the nearest he dared approach in the way of suggesting caution. He alone of them all knew.



"Will You Forgive Me?"

'Oh, I believe I read something about it in the newspapers.'

"Five years ago.' Abbott set down his tea cup. "He's the bravest man I know. He's rather a friendless man, besides. Terror of money. Thinks every one after him for that. Tries to throw it away, but the income piles up too quickly. See that Indian, passing the cakes? Wouldn't think it, would you, that Courtlandt carried him on his back for five miles! The Indian had fallen afoul a wounded tiger, and the beaters were miles off. I've been watching. They haven't even spoken to each other. Courtlandt's probably forgotten all about the incident, and the Indian would die rather than embarrass his savior before strangers.'

'Your friend, then, is quite a hero?"

What was the matter with Nora's voice? Abbott looked at her wonderingly. The tone was hard and unmusical.

'He couldn't be anything else, being Dick Courtlandt's boy,' volunteered Harrigan, with enthusiasm. 'It runs in the family."

"It seems strange," observed Nora, "that I never heard you mention that you knew a Mr Courtlandt."

'Why, Nora, there's a lot of things nobody mentions unless chance brings them up. Courtlandt—the one I knew—has been dead these sixteen years. If I knew he had had a son, I'd forgotten all about it. The only graveyard isn't on the hillside, there's one under everybody's thatch.'

The padre nodded approvingly.

Nora was not particularly pleased with this phase in the play. Courtlandt would find a valiant champion in her father, who would blunder in when some fine passes were being exchanged. And she could not tell him; she would have cut out her tongue rather. It was true that she held the principal cards in the game, but she could not table them and claim the tricks as in bridge. She must patiently wait for him to lead, and he, as she very well knew, would lead a card at a time, and then only after mature deliberation. From the exhilaration which attended the prospect of battle she passed into a state of depression, which lasted the rest of the afternoon.

"Will you forgive me?' asked Celeste of Courtlandt. Never had she felt more ill at ease. For a full ten minutes he chatted pleasantly, with never the slightest hint regarding the episode in Paris. She could stand it no longer. "Will you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"That night in Paris."

"Do not permit that to bother you in the least. I was never going to recall it.'

"Was it so unpleasant?"

"On the contrary, I was much amused."

"I did not tell you the truth."

"So I have found out."

"I do not believe that it was you," impulsively.

"Thanks. I had nothing to do with Miss Harrigan's imprisonment."

"Do you feel that you could make a confidant of me?"

He smiled. 'My dear Miss Fournier, I have come to the place where I distrust even myself."

'Forgive my curiosity!"

Courtlandt held out his cup to Rao. "I am glad to see you again."

'Ah Sahib!"

The little Frenchwoman was torn with curiosity and repression. She wanted to know what course he

duced this unusual drama which was unfolding before her eyes. To be presented with effects which had no apparent causes was maddening. It was not dissimilar to being taken to the second act of a modern problem play and being forced to leave before the curtain rose upon the third act. She had laid all the traps her intelligent mind could invent, and Nora had calmly walked over them or around. Nora's mind was Celtic, French in its adroitness and Irish in its watchfulness and tenacity. And now she had set her arts of persuasion in motion (aided by a piquant beauty) to lift a corner of the veil from this man's heart. Checkmate!

I should like to help you, she said truthfully.

In what way?"

It was useless, but she continued. She does not know that you went to Flora Desimone's that night.

And yet she sent you to watch me.'

But so many things happened afterward that she evidently forgot.'

That is possible.

I was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh you must believe that it was purely accidental!' She was in a terrible state until morning. What if she had killed you! what if she had killed you!' She seemed to harp upon that phrase."

Courtlandt turned a sober face toward her. She might be sincere and then again she might be playing the first game over again, in a different guise. It would have been embarrassing if the bullet had found its mark. He met her eyes squarely, and she saw that his were totally free from surprise or agitation or interest.

Will you be here long?"

It depends.

'Upon Nora?' persistently.

The weather.

'You are hopeless."

No, on the contrary, I am the most optimistic man in the world."

She looked into this reply very carefully. If he had hopes of winning Nora Harrigan optimistic he certainly must be. Perhaps it was not optimism. Rather might it not be a purpose made of steel, bendable but not breakable reinforced by a knowledge of conditions which she would have given worlds to learn?

'Is she not beautiful?"

I am not a poet.'

Wait a moment,' her eyes widening. 'I believe you know who did commit that outrage."

For the first time he frowned.

"Very well, I promise not to ask any more questions."

'That would be very agreeable to me." Then, as if he realized the rudeness of his reply, he added: "Before I leave I will tell you all you wish to know, upon one condition."

"Tell it!"

"You will say nothing to any one, you will question neither Miss Harrigan nor myself, nor permit yourself to be questioned."

"I agree."

"And now, will you not take me over to your friends?"

'Over there?" aghast.

"Why, yes. We can sit upon the grass. They seem to be having a good time."

What a man! Take him over, into the enemy's camp? Nothing would be more agreeable to her. Who would be the stronger, Nora or this provoking man?

So they crossed over and joined the group. The padre smiled. It was a situation such as he loved to study: a strong man and a strong woman, at war. But nothing happened, not a ripple anywhere to disclose the agitation beneath. The man laughed and the woman laughed, but they spoke not to each other, nor looked once into each other's eyes.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes. The colonel had prevailed upon his dinner guests not to bother about going back to the village to dress, but to dine in the clothes they wore. Finally, none remained but Harrigan, Abbott, the Barone, the padre and Courtlandt. And they talked noisily and agreeably concerning man affairs until Rao gravely announced that dinner was served.

It was only then, during the lull which followed, that light was shed upon the puzzle which had been subconsciously stirring Harrigan's mind: Nora had not once spoken to the son of his old friend.

CHAPTER X.

Everything But the Truth.

"I don't see why the colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

"It's a man party. He's giving it to please himself. And I do not blame him. The women about here treat him abominably. They come at all times of the day and night, use his card room, order his servants about, drink his whisky and smoke his cigarettes, and generally invite themselves to luncheon and tea and dinner. And then, when they are ready to go back to their villas or hotel, take his motor-boat without a thank you. The colonel has about three thousand pounds outside his half-pay, and they are all crazy to marry him because his sister is a countess. As a bachelor he can live like a prince, but as a married man he would have to dig. He told me that if he had been born Adam, he'd have climbed over Eden's walls long before the Angel of the Flaming Sword paddled him out. Says he's always going to be a bachelor, unless I take pity on him," mischievously.

"Has he .?" in horrified tones.

'About three times a visit," Nora admitted, "but I told him that I'd be a daughter, a cousin, or a niece to him, or even a grandchild. The latter presented too many complications, so we compromised on niece."



She Picked Up the Violets.

"I wish I knew when you were serious and when you were fooling."

'I am often as serious when I am fooling as I am foolish when I am serious.'

'Nora, you will have me shrieking in a minute!' despaired the mother. 'Did the colonel really propose to you?"

Only in fun."

Celeste laughed and threw her arm around the mother's waist, less ample than substantial. 'Don't you care! Nora is being pursued by little devils and is venting her spite on us."

There'll be too much Burgundy and tobacco, to say nothing of the awful stories."

'With the good old padre there? Hardly,' said Nora.

Celeste was a French woman. "I confess that I like a good story that isn't vulgar. And none of them look like men who would stoop to vulgarity."

That's about all you know of men," declared Mrs. Harrigan.

I am willing to give them the benefit of a doubt."

Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card room, which is right across from the dining room? Then we can judge for ourselves."

"Nora Harrigan!"

"Molly Harrigan!" mimicked the incorrigible. 'Mother mine, you must learn to recognize a jest."

"Ah, but yours!"

"Fine!" cried Celeste.

As if to put a final period to the discussion, Nora began to hum audibly an aria from Aida.

They engaged a carriage in the village and were driven up to the villa. On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed the stranger, Edward Courtlandt. What a fine looking young man he was, and how adventurous, how well connected, how enormously rich, and what an excellent catch! She and Celeste—the one innocently and the other provocatively—continued the subject to the very doors of the villa. All the while Nora hummed softly.

What do you think of him, Nora?' the mother inquired.

"Think of whom?"

'This Mr Courtlandt."

'Oh, I didn't pay much attention to him,' carelessly. But once alone with Celeste, she seized her by the arm, a little roughly. Celeste, I love you better than any outsider I know. But if you ever discuss that man in my presence again, I shall cease to regard you even as an acquaintance. He has come here for the purpose of annoying me, though he promised the prefect in Paris never to annoy me again.'

'The prefect.'

'Yes. The morning I left Versailles I met him in the private office of the prefect. He had powerful friends who aided him in establishing an alibi. I was only a woman, so I didn't count.

"Nora, if I have meddled in any way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy. You have nearly killed me with your sphinx-like actions. You have never asked me the result of my spying for you that night. Spying is not one of my usual vocations, but I did it gladly for you."

"You gave him my address!" coldly.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desimone. He demanded her address, which I gave him. If ever there was a man in a fine rage, it was he as he left me to go there. If he found out where we lived, the Calabrian assisted him. I spoke to him rather plainly at ten. He said that he had had nothing whatever to do with the abduction, and I believe him. I am positive that he is not the kind of man to go that far and not proceed to the end. And now, will you please tell Celeste to bring my dinner to my room?"

The impulsive Irish heart was not to be resisted. Nora wanted to remain firm, but instead she swept Celeste into her arms. "Celeste, don't be angry! I am very, very unhappy."

If the Irish heart was impulsive, the French one was no less so. Celeste wanted to cry out that she was unhappy, too.

"Don't bother to dress! Just give your hair a pat or two. We'll all three dine on the balcony."

Celeste flew to her room. Nora went over to the casement window and stared at the darkening mountains. When she turned toward the dresser she was astonished to find two bouquets. One was an enormous bunch of violets. The other was of simple marguerites. She picked up the violets. There was a card without a name; but the phrase scribbled across the face of it was sufficient. She flung the violets far down into the grapevines below. The action was without anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference. As for the simple marguerites, she took them up gingerly. The arc these described through the air was even greater than that performed by the violets.

"I'm a silly fool, I suppose," she murmured, turning back into the room again.

It was ten o'clock when the colonel bade his guests good night as they tumbled out of his motor boat. They were in more or less exuberant spirits, for the colonel knew how to do two things particularly well: order a dinner, and avoid the many traps set for him by scheming mammas and eligible widows. Abbott, the Barone and Harrigan, arm in arm, marched on ahead, whistling one tune in three different keys, while Courtlandt set the pace for the padre.

All through the dinner the padre had watched and listened. Pages were generally books to him, and he read in this young man's face many things that pleased him. This was no night rover, a fool over wine and women, a spendthrift. He straightened out the lines and angles in a man's face as a skilled mathematician straightens an intricate geometrical problem. He had arrived at the basic knowledge that men who live mostly out of doors are not volatile and irresponsible, but are more inclined to reserve, to reticence, to a philosophy which is broad and comprehensive and generous. They are generally men who are accomplishing things, and who let other people tell about it. Thus, the padre liked Courtlandt's voice, his engaging smile, his frank unwavering eyes; and he liked the leanness about the jaws, which was indicative of strength of character. In fact, he experienced a singular jubilation as he walked beside this silent man.

"There has been a grave mistake somewhere," he mused aloud, thoughtfully.

"I beg your pardon," said Courtlandt.

"I beg yours. I was thinking aloud. How long have you known the Harrigans?"

'The father and mother I never saw before today."

"Then you have met Miss Harrigan?"

"I have seen her on the stage."

"I have the happiness of being her confessor."

They proceeded quite as far as a hundred yards before Courtlandt volunteered: "That must be interesting."

"She is a good Catholic."

'Ah, yes; I recollect now."

"And you?"

"Oh, I haven't any religion such as requires my presence in churches. Don't misunderstand me! As a boy I was bred in the Episcopal church; but I have traveled so much that I have drifted out of the circle. I find that when I am out in the open, in the heart of some great waste, such as a desert, a sea, the top of a mountain, I can see the greatness of the Omnipotent far more clearly and humbly than within the walls of a cathedral."

'But God imposes obligations upon mankind. We have ceased to look upon the hermit as a holy man, but rather as one devoid of courage. It is not the stone and the stained windows, it is the text of our daily work, that the physical being of the church represents."

"I have not avoided any of my obligations." Courtlandt shifted his stick behind his back. "I was speaking of the church and the open field, as they impressed me."

"You believe in the tenets of Christianity?'

'Surely. A man must pin his faith and hope to something more stable than humanity.'

"I should like to convert you to my way of thinking," simply.

Continued on Third Page.

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THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS

Continued from second page.

"Nothing is impossible. Who knows?"

The padre, as they continued onward, offered many openings, but the young man at his side refused to be drawn into any confidence. So the padre gave up, for the futility of his efforts became irksome. His own lips were sealed, so he could not ask point blank the question that clamored at the tip of his tongue.

"So you are Miss Harrigan's confessor?"

"Does it strike you strangely?"

"Merely the coincidence."

"If I were not her confessor I should take the liberty of asking you some questions."

"It is quite possible that I should decline to answer them."

The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this affair in your own way. I wish you well."

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's confessor you doubtless know everything but the truth."

The padre laughed this time. The shops were closed. The open restaurants by the water front held but few idlers. The padre admired the young man's independence. Most men would have hesitated not a second to pour the tale into his ears in hope of material assistance. The padre's admiration was equally proportioned with respect.

"I leave you here," he said. "You will see me frequently at the villa."

"I certainly shall be there frequently. Good night."

Courtlandt quickened his pace which soon brought him alongside the others. They stopped in front of Abbott's pension, and he tried to persuade them to come up for a nightcap.

"Nothing to it, my boy," said Harrigan. "I need no nightcap on top of cognac 48 years old. For me that's a whole suit of pajamas."

"You come, Ted."

"Abbey, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citron table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott lamented.

Laughingly they hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtlandt went his way alone. He slept with the dubious satisfaction that the first day had not gone badly. The wedge had been entered. It remained to be seen if it could be dislodged.

Harrigan was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and chucked Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost none of its ability to blight and scorch.

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother!"

"Me?" cried the bewildered Harrigan.

"Look at those tennis shoes; one



What She Saw Was a Beautiful Uncut Emerald.

white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that dwindling away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred.

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtlandt asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobobdy noticed the shoe strings; and they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. If I want to wear a white string and a black one, I'll do it. Here!" He caught up a book on social usages and threw it out of the window. "Don't ever shove a thing like that under my nose again. If you do, I'll hike back to little old New York and start the gym again."

He rammed one of the colonel's perfectos (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh.

"He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to

ed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat t on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantel, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move hither and thither among the grape arbors. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again. She laid her head upon the railing and conned over the day's events. These were not at all satisfactory to her. Then her thoughts traveled many miles away. Six months of happiness, of romance, of play, and then misery and blackness.

"Nora, are you there?"

"Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?"

"Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?"

"Yes."

"A bunch of daisies?"

"Marguerites," she corrected.

"All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp. Nora's heart tightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music.

The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedchambers, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking off toward the green of the pines and the metal-like luster of the copper beeches.

It was raining, a fine, soft, blurring Alpine rain, and a blue-gray monotone prevailed upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows.

Here they all were. Mrs. Harrigan was deep in the intricate maze of the Amelia Ars of Bologna, which, as the initiated know, is a wonderful lace. By one of the windows sat Nora, winding interminable yards of lace hemming from off the willing if aching digits of the Barone, who was speculating as to what his Neapolitan club friends would say could they see, by some trick of crystal gazing, his present occupation. Celeste was at the piano, playing (pianissimo) snatches from the operas, while Abbott looked on, his elbows propped upon his knees, his chin in his palms, and a quality of ecstatic content in his eyes.

"Play the fourth ballade," urged Abbott.

Celeste was really a great artist. As an interpreter of Chopin she had no rival among women, and only one man was her equal. She had fire, tenderness, passion, strength; she had beyond all these, soul, which is worth more in true expression than the most marvelous technique. She had chosen Chopin for his brilliance, as some will choose Turner in preference to Corot: riots of color, barbaric and tingling. She was as great a genius in her way as Nora was in hers. There was something of the elfin child in her spirit. Whenever she played to Abbott, there was a quality in the expression that awakened a wonderment in Nora's heart.

As Celeste began the andante, Nora signified to the Barone to drop his work. She let her own hands fall. Harrigan gently closed his book, for in that rough kindly soul of his lay a mighty love of music. He himself was without expression of any sort, and somehow music seemed to stir the dim and not quite understandable longing for utterance. Mrs. Harrigan alone went on with her work; she could work and listen at the same time. After the magnificent finale, nothing in the room stirred but her needle.

"Bravo!" cried the Barone, breaking the spell.

"You never played that better," declared Nora.

"That's some!" Harrigan beat his hands together thunderously. "Great stuff; eh, Barone?"

The Barone raised his hands as if to express his utter inability to describe his sensations. His elation was that ascribed to those fortunate mortals whom the gods lifted to Olympus. At his feet lay the lace hemming, hopelessly snarled.

"Father, father!" remonstrated Nora; "you will wake up all the old ladies who are having their siesta."

"Bah! I'll bet a doughnut their ears are glued to their doors. What ho! Somebody's at the portcullis. Probably the padre, come up for tea."

He was at the door instantly. He flung it open heartily. It was characteristic of the man to open everything widely, his heart, his mind, his hate or his affection.

"Come in, come in! Just in time for the matinee concert."

The padre was not alone. Courtlandt followed him in.

"We have been standing in the corridor for ten minutes," affirmed the padre, sending a winning smile around the room. "Mr. Courtlandt was for going down to the bureau and sending up our cards. But I would not hear of such formality. I am a privileged person."

"Sure yes! Molly, ring for tea, and tell 'em to make it hot. How about a little peg, as the colonel says?"

The two men declined.

How easily and nonchalantly the man stood there by the door as Harrigan took his hat! Celeste was aquiver with excitement. She was thoroughly a woman; she wanted something to happen, dramatically, romantically.

But her want was a vain one. Nora hated scenes, and Courtlandt had the advantage of her in his knowledge of this. Celeste remained at the piano, but Nora turned as if to move away.

"No, you must sing. That is what I came up for," insisted the padre. If there was any malice in the churchman, it was of a negative quality. But it was in his Latin blood that drama should appeal to him strongly, and here was an unusual phase in The Great Play. He had urged Courtlandt, much against the latter's will this day, to come up with him, simply that he might set a little scene such as this promised to be and study it from the vantage of the prompter. He knew that the principal theme of all great books, of all great dramas, was antagonism, antagonism between man and woman, though by a thousand other names has it been called. He had often said, in a spirit of raillery, that this antagonism was principally due to the fact that Eve had been constructed (and very well) out of a rib from Adam. Naturally she resented this, that she had not been fashioned independently, and would hold it against man until the true secret of the parable was made clear to her.

Nora saw that opposition would be useless. After all, it would be better to sing. She would not be compelled to look at this man she so despised. At the beginning she had intended to sing badly; but as the music proceeded, she sang as she had not sung in weeks. To fill this man's soul with a hunger for the sound of her voice, to pour into his heart a fresh knowledge of what he had lost forever and forever!

Celeste turned from the keys after the final chords of "Morning Mood."

"Thank you!" said Nora.

"Do not stop," begged Courtlandt.

Nora looked directly into his eyes as she replied: "One's voice can not go on forever, and mine is not at all strong."

There was a knock at the door. The managing director handed Harrigan a card.

"Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friend of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jilli to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his cassock, a sign of perturbation; Courtlandt continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Barone; the Barone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all semblance of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasurably. He was then introduced, and he acknowledged each introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to tinsel in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practising infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"And you remember?" excitedly.

"One lump for mine, please," said Courtlandt, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictine.

Nora made no mistake with either Abbott's cup or the Barone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw Herr Rosen out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Barone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not



The Padre Was Not Alone; Courtlandt Followed Him.

the first by many. Herr Rosen! His presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who saw these strange currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing, why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can no more help loving you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always to turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing.

down her tea cup and b
from La Boheme.

Nora, without relaxing the false smile, suddenly found emptiness in everything.

"Sing!" said Herr Rosen.

"I am too tired. Some other time."

He did not press her. Instead, he whispered in his own tongue: "You are the most adorable woman in the world!"

And Nora turned upon him a pair of eyes blank with astonishment. It was as though she had been asleep and he had rudely awakened her. His infatuation blinded him to the truth; he saw in the look a feminine desire to throw the others off the track as to the sentiment expressed in his whispered words.

The hour passed tolerably well. Herr Rosen then observed the time, rose and excused himself. He took the steps leading abruptly down the terrace to the carriage road. He had come by the other way, the rambling stone stairs which began at the porter's lodge, back of the villa.

"Padre," whospered Courtlandt, "I am going. Do not follow. I shall explain to you when we meet again."

The padre signified that he understood. Harrigan protested vigorously, but smiling and shaking his head, Courtlandt went away.

Nora ran to the window. She could see Herr Rosen striding along, down the winding road, his head in the air. Presently, from behind a cluster of mulberries, the figure of another man came into view. He was going at a dog-trot, his hat settled at an angle that permitted the rain to beat squarely into his face. The next turn in the road shut them both from sight. But Nora did not stir.

Herr Rosen stopped and turned.

"You called?"

"Yes." Courtlandt had caught up with him just as Herr Rosen was about to open the gates. "Just a moment, Herr Rosen," with a hand upon the bars. "I shall not detain you long."

There was studied insolence in the tones and the gestures which accompanied them.

"Be brief, if you please."

"My name is Edward Courtlandt, as doubtless you have heard."

"In a large room it is difficult to remember all the introductions."

"Precisely. That is why I take the liberty of recalling it to you, so that you will not forget it," urbanely.

A pause. Dark patches of water were spreading across their shoulders. Little rivulets ran down Courtlandt's arm, raised as it was against the bars.

"I do not see how it may concern me," replied Herr Rosen finally with an insolence more marked than Courtlandt's.

"In Paris we met one night, at the stage entrance of the Opera. I pushed you aside, not knowing who you were. You had offered your services; the door of Miss Harrigan's mousine."

"It was you?" scowling.

"I apologize for that. Tomorrow morning you will leave Bellaggio for Varenna. Somewhere between nine and ten the first train leaves for Milan."

"Varenna! Milan!"

"Exactly. You speak English as naturally and fluently as if you were born to the tongue. Thus, you will leave for Milan. What becomes of you after that is of no consequence to me. I am making myself clear?"

"Verdampt! Do I believe my ears?" furiously. "Are you telling me to leave Bellaggio tomorrow morning?"

"As directly as I can."

Herr Rosen's face became as red as his name. He was a brave young man, but there was danger of an active kind in the blue eyes boring into his own. If it came to a physical contest, he realized that he would get the worst of it. He put his hand to his throat; his very impotence was choking him.

"Your Highness . . ."

"Highness!" Herr Rosen stepped back.

"Yes. Your Highness will readily see the wisdom of my concern for your hasty departure when I add that I know all about the little house in Versailles, that my knowledge is shared by the chief of the Parisian police and the minister of war. If you annoy Miss Harrigan with your equivocal attentions . . ."

"Gott! This is too much!"

"Wait! I am stronger than you are. Do not make me force you to hear me to the end. You have gone about this intrigue like a blackguard, and that I know Your Highness not to be. The matter is, you are young, you have always had your way, you have not learnt restraint. Your presence here is an insult to Miss Harrigan, and if she was pleasant to you this afternoon it was for my benefit. If you do not go, I shall expose you." Courtlandt opened the gate.

"And if I refuse?"

"Why, in that case, being the American that I am, without any particular reverence for royalty or nobility, as it is known, I promise to thrash you soundly tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, in the dining room, in the bureau, the drawing room, wherever I may happen to find you."

Courtlandt turned on his heel and hurried back to the villa. He did not look over his shoulder. If he had, he might have felt pity for the young man who leaned heavily against the gate, his burning face pressed upon his rain soaked sleeve.

When Courtlandt knocked at the door and was admitted, he apologized. "I came back for my umbrella."

"Umbrella!" exclaimed the padre. "Why, we had no umbrellas. We came up in a carriage which is probably waiting for us this very minute by the porter's lodge."

"Well, I am certainly absent-minded!"

"Absent-minded!" scoffed Abbott. "You never forgot anything in all your life, unless it was to go to bed. You wanted an excuse to come back."

"Any excuse would be a good one in that case. I think we'd better be going, Padre. And by the way, Herr Rosen begged me to present his regrets. He is leaving Bellaggio in the morning."

Nora turned her face once more to the window.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ball at the Villa.

"It is all very petty, my child," said the padre. "Life is made up of bigger things; the little ones should be ignored."

To which Nora replied: "To a woman the little things are everything; they are the daily routine, the expected, the necessary things. What you call the big things in life are accidents. And, oh! I have pride." She



"Your Highness!"

folded her arms across her heaving bosom; for the padre's directness this morning had stirred her deeply.

"Wilfulness is called pride by some; and stubbornness. But you know, as well as I do, that yours is resentment, anger, indignation. Yes, you have pride, but it has not been brought into this affair. Pride is that within which prevents us from doing mean or sordid acts; and you could not do one or the other if you tried. The sentiment in you which should be developed . . ."

"Is mercy?"

"No; justice, the patience to weigh the right or wrong of a thing."

"Padre, I have eyes, eyes; I saw."

He twirled the middle button of his cassock." The eyes see and the ears hear, but these are only witnesses, laying the matter before the court of the last resort, which is the mind. It is there we sift the evidence."

"He had the insufferable insolence to order Herr Rosen to leave," going around the barrier of his well-ordered logic.

"Ah! Now, how could he send away Herr Rosen if that gentleman had really preferred to stay?"

Nora looked confused.

"Shall I tell you? I suspected; so I questioned him last night. Had I been in his place, I should have chastised Herr Rosen instead of bidding him be gone. It was he."

"Positively. The men who guarded you were two actors from one of the theaters. He did not come to Versailles because he was being watched. He was found and sent home the night before your release."

"I'm sorry. But it was so like him."

To Be Continued

MISS' SPRING COAT.

This Smart Model Is Designed in Serviceable Whipcord.



THE WHIPCORD TUNIC

For the maiden who is spending her first season at high school or boarding school, the charming gown [illegible] here will have a strong appeal. It is bright in tint and new in design. The color is tango red, the [illegible] sleeve frills and collar being in fine white embroidery. The wide girdle is of silk. The width of the girdle is noticeable on new gowns. The material used for the gown was whipcord.

Sleeves are of many varieties. Some are set on a very long shoulder line coming well down on the arm; many are of the kimono variety; many recent ones are cut raglan style, and the latter admits of many variations of "set in" forms.

Many of the new sleeves start from the waist line and many are of the [illegible] wing variety.

Modish yokes are to be seen either in the front or the back of the new coats, and the skirts, too, show the same idea in the yoke effect, for many of the tunics are set on the skirt from five inches below the waist line. These skirt tunics are circular in shape, fitting where they are applied to the skirts.

Revolutionizing Dishwashing.

A household expert says that it is not the time spent in washing dishes, but the time spent in drying them, that takes long the period of every dishwashing.

The same expert tells us that it is not sanitary to rub each piece of china with a dish towel of doubtful cleanliness. For many years hotels have been using the steam drying method with dishes, which unfortunately is not yet available to the modern housewife. A good and inexpensive substitute is to be found in a dish drainer, which consists of a twenty inch square galvanized drain pan and a removable wire rack into which the dishes are placed and which allows them to stand upright. The rack is of various sizes—large for plates, smaller for saucers, with "loops" on which to hang each cup.

When the dishes are washed they are to be placed in the drainer and scalded by pouring over them boiling water. They will then dry of themselves and thus save the housekeeper twelve or fifteen minutes' time on every dishwashing.

New Dustless Broom Covers.

Many housewives do not possess the so called "string" long handled mops for hardwood floors and still cling to the old fashioned method of fastening a more or less disreputable duster over the broom when they use it on the floor, or they may use the broom for cleaning walls in the same fashion. For such women the new broom cover would be of especial interest. It is made of heavy unbleached muslin, while the lower part is made of a good firm quality of cotton plush. The bag is shaped to exactly fit the broom, tied with tapes and slips on and off very easily, and tests have proved that it is much more efficient than the use of the ordinary dustless bag or the common one of canton flannel, especially for cleaning wall surfaces.

Violets For the Table.

Of the value of violets for table decoration on certain occasions nothing need be said, but with all their charm they must be used with great discretion, else the effect is likely to be strangely disappointing. It must never be forgotten that the electric light is extremely trying to all purple flowers, so much so that some of the finest and most expensive violets take on a dull, inky appearance when exposed to it and require very special and difficult combinations to make the best of them. On the other hand, with the right choice of colors and forms, most beautiful and artistic results can be obtained by means of the simplest designs.

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COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.
Primary election Tuesday, May 19.
General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.
Saturday, May 2, May Day at the Driving Park.

Good evening! Now who said summer had forgotten to visit this section?

MORE WATCHFUL WAITING.

While nobody wishes to see more blood shed in Mexico and everybody hopes that Huerta will accept the offer of Brazil, Chili and Argentina to mediate with a view to ending hostilities between the United States and Mexico, it is evident thatHuerta will not remove himself from the situation and permit Mexico to carry out her own destiny. Under the circumstances cessation of hostilities or suspenion of preparations for a continuation of the war would seem to be an unwise move on the part of President Wilson.

With Huerta's troops waylaying and arresting Americans and mobs of assassins parading the streets of Mexico City demanding the death of the Gringos, this is no time to practice watchful waiting on the part of the American government. Not until President Wilson captures Huerta and visits upon his head the punishment his crimes against Americans deserve will it be wise for the president to enter into negotiations which cannot result otherwise than to give Huerta more time in which to prepare for war.

The president made a serious blunder in basing his action in Mexico upon the refusal of Huerta to have the American flag saluted. Although Mexico should be made to respect the flag of county, the real casus belli was the assassination of Americans in that country. The lives of American citizens are still in peril, and the president should consider this fact when he comes to view the situation in all its aspects. The rescue of Americans and the punishment of the brutal Huerta must follow the landing of American marines at Vera Cruz.

CLEANUP DAY.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Saturday, the board of health decided to give the citizens several days of grace in which to clean up their premises. It must be understood, however, that the original order for cleaning up the town has not been withdrawn, and those citizens who have not removed filth and other unsightly and unwholesome rubbish from their premises must do this as soon as possible or they will have to pay the borough for having the work done.

It is the desire of the board of health and the other borough authorities to make Clearfield a clean town. This can be satisfactorily done if the citizens will perform their duty in the premises. The law permits the board of health to use every means in its power to keep the town clean, and if the citizens will not aid in the work by cleaning up they will be made to pay the cost of the work after it has been done by the board.

Every school child in Clearfield should enter into the wild flower contest which the Junior Chautauqua and the Woman's club will hold at the Lower Witmer park on Saturday of this week, not only because of the chance they have of winning prizes, but because every child should become familiar with the names and nature of the wild flowers of the county.

Four alleged murderers facing trial next month is an aggregation quite unpleasant to contemplatte, but the taxpayers who will have to pay anywhere from two thousand to three thousand dollars that the prisoners may be convicted or acquitted are beginning to think seriously of making inquiry as to how many undesirable residents there are in this county.

In the meantime, the senate should hasten its deliberations on thePanama canal toll bill.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hay, of Elmira, N .Y., are guests of friends in this place .

Miss Rose DeFerree has returned to her home in Tyrone, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Anna M. Cuneo, Mrs. Cuneo is now entertaining Miss Sigfrid Christopherson, of Punxsutawney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ryan, of Williams St., left on Saturday for New York state to visit friends and relatives .

Miss Katherine Bloom, who has been visiting Miss Marjorie Cole in Clearfield, has returned to her home in DuBois, Miss Cole accompanying her home and remaining in DuBois to visit friends.

Ross Pentz, of DuBois, spentSunday in this place.

James M. Rowles, of Glen Richey, candidate for assembly, was shaking hands with friends in town today..

Squire McCreery, of Kerrmoor, was transacting business in town today.

Dr. M. E. Hurd, of Mahaffey, was a business visitor in town today.

Mitch Davidson, of Mahaffey, was in town today.

C. A. Hile, of Lumber City, was a visitor to Clearfield yesterday.

John R. Pott, of Williamsport, the genial passenger agent, was circulating among friends in town yesterday.

John R .Anderson, of Grass Flat, had business in town yesterday.

Mrs .A. F. Boynton, now in Philadelphia, is expected to arrive at the Dimeling this evening to spend several months. Mrs .Boynton has been residing at Atlantic City through the winter.

George Trumbell, of Morrisdale, candidate for the legislative nomination was interviewing voters in town yesterday.

Dr. B. F. Strunk, of Utahville had business in town yesterday.

L. C. Boyer, of DuBois, was in town yesterday.

James Leonard, of the Knobs, was in town consulting Col. Langsford regarding a vacancy in the colonel's Mexican war regiment.

G. H. Lichtenthaler, Esq., had business at the court house yesterday.

A. H. McCamant, of Tyrone, transacted business at the court house yesterday.

Picked the One Fitting Word.

In the opinion of fastidious judges as well as in that of the public John Bright was the best parliamentary speaker of his day. He had all the physical attributes of a great orator, including a splendid voice. His diction, drawn largely from the English Bible and Milton, was further enriched by a knowledge of all the great English poets, and his most recent biographer, George Macaulay Trevelyan, claims for him the additional distinction of an intuition for the right word that was almost unerring.

In the house of commons at the crisis of the Crimean war Bright daringly said:

"The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."

He carried it off triumphantly, but Cobden afterward said to him:

"If you had said 'flapping' the house would have laughed."

Walking Sticks.

Many ingenious attempts have been made to increase the usefulness of the walking stick. Sticks containing a sword were common enough in less peaceful times, and some were even made to conceal firearms. Henry VIII., for instance, had a stick containing three matchlock pistols, and a clumsy affair it must have been. More recently sticks have been fitted with snuff boxes, scent bottles, watches, compasses, spirit flasks and even telescopes. A decade ago there was a short lived craze for a stick the knob of which unscrewed and formed a pipe.

They All Did.

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."—Everybody's.

ARNOLD SHANKLIN.

Consul General in Mexico City Helping Americans to Get Away.



Photo by American Press Association.

Arnold Shanklin, consul general at Mexico City, is still there. He is looking after the interests of the 800 Americans and is endeavoring to get them to Vera Cruz, where Admiral Badger has established martial law. This picture, which was recently made in the Mexican capital, is the most recent received in the United States.

WILSON APPEALS TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

President Asks Him to End Colorado Strike.

Washington, April 28.—President Wilson has made a personal appeal to John D. Rockefeller to bring about a settlement of the Colorado coal strike and end the violence which has cost a score of lives and large property loss.

To Send Federal Troops.

Trinidad, Colo., April 28.—Citizens here expressed relief when it was learned that President Wilson probably would order federal troops into the strike zone to end the state of war. Conditions here had quieted down since the arrival of the state troops, but the feeling between the militia and the strikers remains at a high pitch.

The strikers have erected a tent colony on the site previously occupied by the state militia, about two miles south of Trinidad, opposite San Rafael hospital, while the military camp now is in the identical place of the old Ludlow tent colony. A number of men with rifles guard the tents.

No reports of violence in the strike zone reached here, and interest centered chiefly in reports from the Freemont county strikers, who engaged in a fight with mine guards. Two hundred soldiers, under General Chase, went into that district.

MOVE MEXICAN PRISONERS.

Five Thousand at Fort Bliss Will Be Taken From Border.

San Antonio, April 28.—Orders were received by Brigadier General Bliss to move the 5,000 Mexicans now held at Fort Bliss, on the border, to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, under guard of two companies of the Twelfth cavalry.

Texas cities have repeatedly protested against holding the Mexicans near the border, claiming that they offered constant temptations to Mexicans to come across the border and release them.

Francis Joseph Better.

Vienna, Austria, April 28.—Emperor Francis Joseph passed another good night, and the official bulletin says the catarrh from which he has been suffering has become easier, and the cough, though still somewhat troublesome, is looser.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Captain Cowan, commander of the First Aero corps, at San Diego, Cal., received orders to dispatch from the government aviation camps to Galveston five government aviators, thirty enlisted men and three army aeroplanes.

Mrs. J. J. Brown of Denver and Newport, who offered her services as a nurse to the government a few days ago and has since accepted the leadership of a regiment of Colorado women, expects to leave Newport for Denver at once.

Secretary of State Bryan announced that the charges against Post Wheeler, secretary of the American embassy at Rome, have been dismissed and that Mr. Wheeler, who had been recalled to answer inquiries on these charges, would be reassigned to the diplomatic service.

Tuesday next is the day set by the Altoona branch, the largest in central Pennsylvania, of the Brotherhood of Federated Railroad Employees for a strike of its members in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad unless meanwhile the railroad company shall accede to its demands for a recognition of the brotherhood and that suspensions be readjusted on a seniority basis.

The Weather.

Unsettled, with probable showers; light variable winds.

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNEYS

Take a tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder Bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters an our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Slats is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

Subscribe for the Progress.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time.

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

FOUND—Old Roman gold pin with initials. Loser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

FOR SALE—Property on Locust street. Inquire of Mrs. J. C. Hollopeter on premises. Apr 21 6t.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

Church Dinner.

The Ladies Aid society will serve a dinner of shad or ham and eggs at the Baptist church on Friday, April 24, from 5 to 7 P. M. Supper, 35 cents. Ice cream and cake extra. Apr. 20 5t.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Automobile agent—Clearfield territory for car selling for about $1200, fully equipped. A high grade car selling at a moderate price. Answer immediately. Address M., Progress office Apr. 17 tf.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

FOUND—Ladies' kid glove. Loser can have same by calling at Progress office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—St. Bernard dog, 4 years old. Good dog for a farmer. A. J. Learish, Woodland, Clearfield, county Pa. Apr 24 W tf.

For Saturday's selling, spot proof Silk Foulards. 36 in. wide. Nine patterns to select from, see window display, regular $1.10 values @ 79c. Apr 24 2t. ROSS & WOODS.

WANTED — Furnished house or suite of furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Modern conveniences required. Address R. F. D., care of Progress office. Apr. 24 3t .

Subscribe for the Progress.



A Residence Awning

Good Material and First Class Workmanship for

$2.35

Complete

Call on or Phone

A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

Get the Best...

Mother's Bread

Has no Superior; Few Equals.

CITY BAKERY

NO. 18 THIRD ST.

Clearfield, Penn'a.

Five Daily Prayers of Islam.

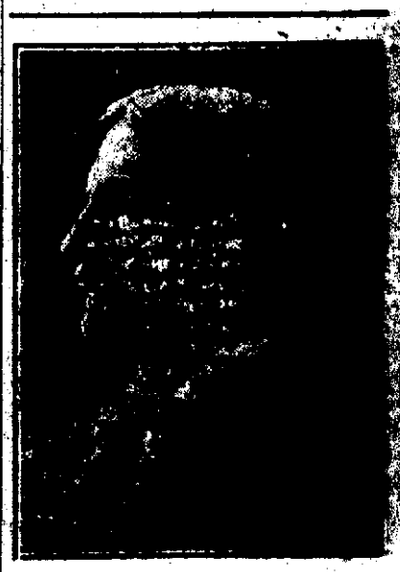
At sunrise the faithful Mussulman is awakened by the loud, mellow cry of the muezzin from his tower:

God is great!
I testify that there is no God but God.
I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God!
Come to prayer!
Come to salvation!
Prayer is better than sleep!
God is most great!
There is no God but God!

As one hears five times each day from the minarets of the mosques of Cairo this summons to prayer, so one beholds the faithful reverently leaving their bodies in their shops or in the public highways, one readily perceives that in Cairo he is near the heart of the Moslem world. These prayers occur at sunrise, midday, 3:30 in the afternoon, at sunset and an hour and a half after sunset. The faithful must attend their prayers with known ritual prostrations to show perfect devotion.—Clayton Cooper's "The Men of Egypt."

Molasses For Shoes.

Shipping Louisiana molasses into New England by the hogshead and sending the same hogshead back empty again with shoes were incidents of the shoe trade of Avon years ago. It was back in 1840, when the present town of Avon was East Stoughton, that two brothers were in company manufacturing shoes and as a side line ran a grocery and general store in a spot where now stands the postoffice building. One of the brothers went south and located in New Orleans in the grocery business, leaving his brother here to manufacture shoes and boots, according to E. Dexter Littlefield. The brother who was in the South would ship a hogshead of molasses to his brother in Avon and as soon as the hogshead was empty it would be cleaned and would be filled with boots for the southern trade. This practice was kept up for years, and in this way a good trade was built up for Avon footwear.—Boston Globe.



J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK

Believes

Penroseism is a MORAL ISSUE

Thousands of right thinking Pennsylvanians agree with Mr. Dimmick and are ready to crush Penroseism and Boss Rule.

DO YOUR PART

By Voting at the

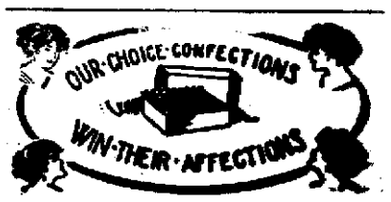
PRIMARIES MAY 19

for

J. BENJAMIN DIMMICK

for the

Republican Nomination For U. S. SENATOR





SUGAR BOML
Ice Cream Factory

Pure Ice Cream and Ices

Delivered All Over town

Ask For Prices.

Wholesale and Retail. Market St.

Builds Up

This is the work of *Ayer's Sarsaparilla*. Strength. Power. Reserve. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

HOUSE-CLEANING SALE Of the ELECTRIC Brand HOUSE-DRESSES



Hundreds of the best made House-Dresses have been selected in America's foremost House-Dress factory for this "House-Cleaning" Sale. Here is your opportunity to secure neat, perfect fitting and thoroughly practical House-Dresses at economy prices--and just when you need them most.

Your first thought on seeing them will be "How is it possible at the price." And there is more to Electric Dresses than the low price. You will note the dependable materials and the superior workmanship. These "Electrics" are the smartest creations in House-Dresses ever shown; they are really the last thought of the style artists. They are famous for comfortable and correct fit at the shoulder, bust, hips, and every other point. During house-cleaning time you need House-Dresses. This special event has been staged particularly for you. Come.



The Best Dollar's Worth of Dress You Ever Purchased

THE ROCHESTER

A smart, semi-round neck model with stitched-down collar of plain color cambric; bias folds of dress material ending in wider fold of plain color used as trimming at front of waist. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves are made of dress material, decorated by tabs of solid color cambric. A special feature of this model is the new peplum belt that fits correctly, long or short waisted figures. All sizes can be had in this style—16 and 18 years, also 34 to 46 bust measure. Large assortment of checks, figures stripes, in good percales, at only **$1.00**

EVERY ILLUSTRATION.

In this advertisement is an exact reproduction of the original House-Dress and the descriptions are just as you will find garments and assortments to be. In addition to the House-Dresses mentioned here, we have dozens of other fresh and new styles direct from the makers .



THE DETROITER

Here is a model of unusual value. A specially attractive round-neck style with stitched down stole collar of dress material and edged with piping of contrasting color. Loops of cambric and pearl buttons are cambric and pearl buttns are also used as trimming on collar Three - quarter length sleeves and dainty pointed cuff neatly tailored pocket on waist At the back of skirt, at top, are clusters of fine tucks. This charming dress is made in splendid quality percale in small figure patterns, also stripes, checks and solid colors Complete assortment of sizes in all colors and patterns, Price .. **$1.00**



THE CLEARFIELDER.

A classic model, displaying the stylish Poiret collar and turn-back cuff points on the three-quarter length sleeves, corresponding with collar. Piping of contrasting material extends down front of waist and around the waist line. Neatly tailored pocket on the waist. Back of skirt has cluster of fine tucks at top. This desirable model can be had in neat striped and checked percales, with solid color trimmings; also solid color Yale blue percale with figured cambric trimmings. We are showing this model in all sizes: 16 and 18 years, also 36 to 46 bust measure, at only **$1.00**



MATERNITY DRESS.

A Dress for a purpose and constructed to accomplish that purpose. The outlet for fullness on Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is at the back. The extra fullness is concealed under the back panel in the form of one pleat, and this fullness is let out by simply unbuttoning wo pearl buttons on the back tab. The buttons can be moved to any location that suits the wearer. No matter how much adjustment is necessary the lap-over pleats at the back contain enough fullness .

The outlet for altering the length of Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is in the extra deep hem which can be let out at any point desired and thus drape the dress to an even length all the way round . Note that the hem is basted with a chain stitch which can be pulled out quickly in altering the length.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are entirely washable. They contain no metal devices, no elastic bands, no draw strings; therefore, they can be laundered like any other House Dress .

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are designed so that they hang gracefully at all times . They are exactly like ordinary House Dresses in appearance before it becomes necessary to let them out, and when the necessity for using the extra fullness ceases, the dresses again become normal House Dresses. Thus their usefulnes is not over until they are completely worn out.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses can be used to advantage by invalids and Convalescents because they can be let out through the waists and hips, thus making them roomy and comfortable without altering their graceful appearance. Price **$2.25**

THE HANDY DANDY.

A reversible, double-front combination House Dress and Apron, a dress especially desirable for house-cleaning days, because it can be worn as a house dress or slipped on over another to get into when in a hurry, and "Dandy" because it looks so neat and comfortable. Made of a good quality percale, in light and dar patterns, bound around neck, down edges of front, at top of pockets, around arm holes and waist line Slips on like a coat and fastens at the neck and under waist line with loop buttons and four buttons on skirt. Really the "Handiest," "Dandiest" Combination Dress and Apron we have ever seen. Every woman will want one. Priced only **$1.00**

Extraordinary House-Dresses at a Dollar and a Half

THE NEW DELAWARE.

A charming model combining style, neatness and practicability, for which Electric Dresses are famous. Several late style ideas are featured in this model, yet its desirability as a house dress or semi-street dres is unexcelled. Note the loops and buttons on waist, skirt and cuffs; the wide demi-stitched band made of solid color cambon,skirt gives,it.the fashionable neck, with stitched down yoke collar. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves. Waist line is finished with the new peplum belt. Seams of the skirt are all double stitched,and tape bound. Your size will be found in our assortment of thes $2.50 dresses and you can buy one for **$1.50**





THE CLEVELANDER.

House-cleaning days require house dresses that have maximum of wearing quality. We are showing this sensible and stylish model made of America's best cambric—a cloth unexcelled for long, hard service. Fancy center to side opening of waist in front. Deep pointed yoke collar that is stitched down and outlined with piping. The sleeves are three-quarter length with neat cuffs that are piped. Waist line also is defined with piping. Wide side pleat extends down center at back of skirt; all seams of skirt being double stitched and tape-bound. We have stocked a splendid assortment of colors and patterns in all sizes of this model. In addition to the regular sizes, 16 and 18 and 34 to 46, we have out-sizes 48 to 56 bust measure at $2.00. Regular sizes at only **$1.50**

THE EXTRA-SIZE MODEL

How often we have heard our stout customers remark, "I cannot be fitted with anything ready-to-wear." At last we hae found House Dresses that will fit out-of-proportion women with ease and comfort. Bust measu e sizes 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56. Made of standard quality percales in light and dark patterns. This model has a comfortable round neck, large, roomy armholes, three-quarter length sleeves that are wide enough to allow the arm to bend, and plenty of width in the skirt at hips. Trimming consists of piping which edges the stitched-down stole collar, the pointed cuffs, pointed tab on pocket and defines the slightly raised waist line. A sensible, comfortable and practical house dress designed for stout women priced at only **$1.25**

IMPORTANT TO CITY CUSTOMERS.

You can order any of these House-Dresses by telephone Just give name, size and color wanted. Out-of-town readers of this "ad" can obtain any dress desired by Mail . Order by name, giving size and color desired .

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention.

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses

2 to 14 Years

At 29c Dainty little Russian Dresses with low neck and short sleeves, made of striped percales in assorted colors, trimmed with plain colors.

At 59c Quite inexpensive Wash Dresses for every day wear, made of plain chambray, trimmed with bands of colored plaid gingham, buttons, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At 75c A clever but inexpensive little Dress in striped percales, with plain blue chambray edge, V-shaped neck, three-quarter sleeves.

At 98c A dainty model, having a style distinction not usually found in a Wash-Dress at this price, made of plain chambray, with neck, belt and sleeves trimmed with white pique.

At $1.50 A sensible and stylish model in plain pink poplin, white button-hole stitch, scalloped edge trimmed, wide belt, round neck, short sleeves.

At $2.50 Stylish model, combining neatness and practicability, pretty little plaid gingham Wash-Dresses, colored band trimmings, square neck, short sleeves, assorted colors.

At $3.00 A real snappy design in plain blue chambray, embroidery and insertion trimmed, wide belt, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At $3.25 Here is a Dress of unusual style, made of plain granite cloth, in copen and neil rose, and has neck, sleeves and belt trimmed with black embroidery, fancy pearl buttons.

White and Colored Aprons in Great Assortments

Large shipment of Aprons in every style and size, brings our showing today to the top notch of efficiency. We can truthfully say that never have we shown so many dainty aprons as you'll find here this week.

Bungalo Aprons These popular Aprons are much in demand at this time and the assortment of check gingham, striped and figured percales are all that you could wish. Price 50c and 59c.

Bib Aprons The cover up wed Bib Aprons in gingham and percale, size 34x44. 25c and 50c.

Children's Aprons Dainty little plain colored chambray for the little ones, 2 to 6 years, 25c, 39c and 48c.

Nurses' Aprons Made of white batiste, with drop H. S hem, others are tucked, and some insertion trimmed. Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Maid's Aprons Made of white batiste, plain or bib, in lace or emb. trimmed, 50c, 75c, $1,

Waitress' Aprons Dainty little white Aprons, with plain hem, at 15c.

Plain White Aprons With lace and embroidery trimmed, at 25c to $1.

Market Street A. W. LEONARDSON CO. Clearfield, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Sir Galahad's Reward

Sacrifice of Kirk Stanley Brought Its Recompense

By JAMES B. ALLEN

Little Mrs. Webb clasped her hands convulsively and watched Kirk Stanley's face Her breath came in gasps, and the lace frill on her breast rose and fell tumultuously

"Can't you make it all right for Wilbur?" she whispered as his hard set lips made no utterance in response to her frenzied plea for her husband's immunity from punishment.

"How can I make it all right for him?" asked Kirk at last.

Emma Webb moved her fair head impatiently. "There must be some way"

"There is only one way," he said slowly, with his dark eyes fixed on her pleading blue ones, "only one way to save Wilbur Webb from the punishment he deserves for using $5,000 of the company's funds."

"And that way is?" she asked breathlessly.

"To assume the blame myself," he said in an even tone, his eyes burning into hers. "As Wilbur's coworker in the cashier's office I was equally tempted by the careless methods of the company Wilbur succumbed to temptation—his craze for cards was his undoing Undoubtedly his intentions were good He meant to replace the money, but he lost instead of winning; they usually do lose! The examiner came, found the evidence against Wilbur and put it up to him Your husband denied it, but that very night he tried the cards again and won—think of it, Emma—he won $5 000 and replaced the money!

"The guilt was still there, and the company discharged Wilbur. Now you ask me to save him from the disgrace that must inevitably follow when some one's tongue is loosened Some one will talk, and the secret will come out. Wilbur's standing in the town will be ruined, and he must go to a new place and begin all over again Why not let him go? If you stand shoulder to shoulder with him Emma Webb, he will rise again, and his love for you will hold him straight in the future He will be a better man for the experience"

Mrs Webb shivered "I could never go to a strange city, Mr Stanley. All my family, all my friends are here. I have spent my life in Linwood; I would not be happy elsewhere."

She hid her face in her hands, for she knew that three years ago she had played false to Kirk Stanley and thrown him over to marry the more showy Wilbur Webb, just home from college and a tour of the world She had married reckless young Webb and now he had brought disgrace upon her She was pleading with her old lover to save her husband from the result of his folly

"Mr Hardwick says that there is only one way that Wilbur can prove



"YOU ASK ME TO SACRIFICE MY HONOR FOR YOUR HUSBAND'S SAKE!"

his innocence and retain his position with the company" said Emma, looking up at last

Kirk Stanley arose and looked down at her

"And that is?"—he asked in a strangled tone

"Is for Wilbur to prove that you did it! Mr Hardwick says Wilbur can't prove it, and he wouldn't believe it if it was proved by anything save your own word"— Mrs Webb stopped and sobbed

"Knowing me to be innocent, you would accept such a sacrifice from me?" he asked in a dull tone

"There is no one to suffer for you Kirk," she said with the unconscious cruelty of the very selfish "Some day you will have your reward for the sacrifice."

The woman watched him with hopeful eyes Once before she had seen Kirk Stanley writhe in the flame of sacrifice, and she had ruined her end But she was not thinking of that now All she was thinking of was that if Kirk would save her husband from disgrace their position in the community would be unassailed, and life would go on in the same pleasant, easy manner it had before, only Wilbur would be more careful in the future He had promised to leave cards alone, and—

Kirk's voice broke in upon the tumult of her thoughts

"You ask me to sacrifice my honor my manhood, for your craven husband's sake, Emma?"

"No, not for his sake—for mine and the baby's" she protested

"You would use that as a lever in my decision" he asked sharply

Again she wept. It was always her weapon when words failed, and she wept gracefully

After awhile she stole a glance at him and murmured:

"Oh, Kirk please!"

"Yes," was his answer as he turned away. "I will write to Mr Hardwick I will go away Remember, if Wilbur yields to temptation again he will have to bear the consequences of his crime and the discovery will prove my innocence in this case Please go now and bear the news to your husband The strain will be over in a day or two I must have time to make preparations"

Three days later Arthur Hardwick president of the Consolidated Gas company, found a brief letter from his chief cashier on his desk He read the letter several times, and a quizzical smile curled his lips at the corners He pressed a button, sent for the discharged cashier, and presently the pale face of Wilbur Webb confronted him

"Good morning, Webb. Stanley has resigned, and you may take his place in the office If you have suffered an injustice at my hands in being accused of the $5,000 shortage please accept my heartfelt apologies This letter from Kirk Stanley declares that he is the guilty one, and he is disappearing from Linwood today. In view of the fact that the money has been replaced the company will not prosecute the case You are not surprised at Stanley's confession?" he rapped out suddenly

Webb's face turned a sickly greenish pallor "I am not surprised that he has confessed" he stammered vaguely, his weak eyes blinking back at the official's hard orbs

"Ah, yes, thank you, Webb! The incident is closed now, and, so far as Stanley is concerned, the knowledge of his own guilt should be punishment enough, eh!"

"Why — er — yes!" gasped Wilbur weakly.

"That will do Send in Miss Smith I wish to dictate." Alone once more the president of the Consolidated Gas company, looked Kirk Stanley's confession in his private safe and smiled a very human sort of smile "Sir Galahad—Don Quixote—old chaps, you're not in it with Kirk Stanley, bless him!"

* * * * * * *

A year later Kirk Stanley was bossing a gang of men in a Canadian lumber camp The sturdy outdoor life had added breadth to his shoulders and had browned face and hands to a deep bronze tint In his rough flannel shirt and corduroys tucked into high boots he tramped to and fro, bringing order out of chaos steadily growing in the favor of his employers and day by day forgetting all the old life from which he had fled to give a fallen comrade another opportunity to arise and make good

When the day's work was over and the axes ceased their ringing clamor and the crash of falling trees was hushed Kirk dropped his air of authority, and with a new glad look in his eyes he would hasten along a winding, leafy path that led to the cabin of John Locksley The cabin was perched on a hill among pines and John Locksley was a student who had left civilization to live in the wilderness and regain shattered health

Kirk Stanley had met him when he first came to the lumber camp and had been grateful when Locksley invited him to share his comfortable little four roomed cabin Six months afterward Locksley's daughter Nellie came from the states to keep house for her father, and, as the girl had made no objection to doing for the quiet young boarder, the three had spent six idyllic months amid the Canadian snows

On this particular evening Kirk was hastening homeward, his eyes eager for the first glimpse of Nellie Locksley He hoped she would be standing in the cabin porch watching for his return He loved to watch her unseen and revel in the sweetness of his love for her and the budding hope that it was returned

But mingled with the sweetness was the bitterness of recollection What could he offer her but a tarnished name? Before he could ask her hand in marriage he must tell her father about his life in Linwood and he must reveal the past to Nellie Whether he regretted his part in sacrificing himself for Wilbur Webb I do not know but it is certain that he was very grave in those latter days of his wooing and he did not whistle joyously as he had been wont to do in his first acquaintance with Locksley's lovely daughter

The sternness of his face relaxed as he glimpsed the girl in the shadow of the porch and a tender smile curved his lips as she vanished at the first sight of him When he entered the cabin Nellie was reading a week old newspaper that had arrived with the mail that day and her father was enjoying the dry paragraphs of some scientific journal

Mail day asked Kirk with the careless indifference of one who never receives any letters

John Locksley laid down his paper and looked over his spectacles at the younger man

"Yes Kirk, you will be surprised to hear that my firm says I may come home and rest for a year We want to be off by the end of next week How would you like to keep the cabin for your headquarters?"

Kirk paled and then his tan and there was an uncomfortable tugging at his heart So he was to lose Nellie as well as honor and everything else!

"Thank you sir I shall be glad to" he said grimly "It will seem the more like home to me because you and Miss Nellie have made it so pleasant for me, but I shall be mighty lonesome"

"Come back into the world Kirk" cried Locksley impulsively You are cut out for better things, and I can give you a chance I'm not the beggar I appear to be in this mountain cabin I have money and influence I can push you along to the front Why should you bury yourself in a lumber camp?"

Kirk looked from father to daughter Nellie was regarding him with shy eagerness, but her eyes would not meet his

His hands gripped the arms of his chair It was time to tell them. The punishment of seeing their kind faces harden against him was almost more than he could bear, but Kirk was not a craven

"I came away I came into the wilderness to lose the past," he said slowly, meeting their glances openly, frankly "I was cashier with the Consoli



"IT IS HARDER TO TELL YOU, SIR, BECAUSE I LOVE NELLIE"

dated Gas company of Linwood, and one day $5000 was missing and I confessed

He paused his head and awaited their denunciation Facile was silence and he spoke again

"It is the harder to tell you, sir, because I love Nellie I cannot offer her a tarnished name—and yet, if you knew the truth you would not blame me"—

John Locksley slipped his hand upon the table and interrupted Kirk's words

"I do know the truth Kirk I have known it for months and I have honored you above all men for your heroic sacrifice' It is a small world and Arthur Hardwick happens to be one of my best friends In writing to him one day I inclosed a snapshot photograph of the lumber camp and he recognized your picture He wrote me and said I see you have my Sir Galahad with you Locksley You cannot do him too much honor for he is expiating the crime of another man Some day, when the time seems proper to you tell her that Wilbur Webb has recovered his manhood and confessed his own guilt Tell him his old place awaits him with certain promotion, for our treasurer is growing old Tell him I never believed his preposterous confession for one minute That's what Hardwick said" ended John Locksley, as he clapped his hand on Kirk's bowed shoulder and left the room

The clock ticked on the shelf and outside a bird sang a lullaby in the pine tree Nellie rose and went softly to Kirk She laid down and laid her cheek against his

Kirk's arm went around her and he lifted her face and looked down into her tear brimmed eyes

"Kirk can I make up to you for some of the suffering you have endured?" she whispered

"My dearest" he said "what I did is not worthy this great reward I took the blame because I had no kin who would be ashamed by my disgrace I had lost father mother and sister I came here into the wilderness, and I have found a father and a wife"

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clears Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stops Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dull Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm"

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open, you will breathe freely, dullness and headache disappear By morning the catarrh, cold in head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone

End such misery now Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat, clears the air passages, stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed, nostril closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

April 28—Last day for filing nominating petitions for party offices in counties

May 1—Before 4 p m last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected

May 19—Primary election—7 a m to 7 p m

June 2—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election

Oct 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election

Nov 3—General election—7 a m to 7 p m

Dec 3—Last day for filing November election expenses

Children's Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Children's Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs W I Swoope, on Thursday afternoon at 2 00 It is earnestly requested that all members make an effort to be present as there is much work to be done

April 27 3t

Hospital Bridge Whist Club.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs George Bigler on Wednesday, April 29, at 2 o'clock sharp Tbles will be provided for other games, if desired Please notify hostess Secretary.

May Flower Contest.

The Woman's club which expected to hold a flower contest on May 2, has decided to give the contest through the latter's May day fete at the Driving park May 2

Reading For Boys.

Our young barbarians are primitive beings Life is to them a picture theater of physical activities Action is all They would rather sail a boat or kick a ball than read a book and when they are cajoled into reading by a flaming wrapper or a color plate it is not for ideas or aesthetic impressions As Stevenson said long ago Eloquence and thought character and conversation were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident like a pig for truffles Not for potatoes or other homely food to the boy the mercly red spells dullness A day of his life at school is simply boring The healthy boy hungers and thirsts for incidents and situations outside his experience, so ardently indeed that he will weave into the sad texture of ordinary things the bright hued threads of romance—Herbert Strang in T P's Weekly, London

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home though, is troublesome An easier way is to get the ready to use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores known at "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" thus avoiding a lot of muss

While wispy, gray faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur no one can tell, because it does it so naturally so evenly You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time, by morning all gray hairs have disappeared After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger

The Woman's Club

Announces the Wild Flower Contest to be held with the Junior Chautauqua, May Fete at the Lower Witmer Park, Saturday, May 2, 1914, at 2 30 P M. A committee will be in charge to receive the baskets.

Prizes will be offered as follows

For Basket Containing the Greatest variety of Wild Flowers,

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

For Basket Most Tastefully Arranged,

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

Contests will be open to all school children in the grades In case of rain or inclement weather contest will be postponed to Saturday, May 9.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Good Advice

Spring is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL

WILLIAM F. POWELL

23 So. Second St.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers — Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances—you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs—they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.

18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

TRY AN AD IN THE PROGRESS. IT WILL PLEASE YOU.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

FOR THE CHILDREN

Egyptian Eye Game.

Egyptian eye is a very simple yet puzzling game. To play it a screen must be put across one end of the room with holes cut in it about the height and size of a human eye, allowing a little variation in the height to include the tall, short and medium sized. A clotheshorse covered with newspapers makes a good screen for the purpose.

Introduce the game by inquiring of those present if they think they can recognize the eyes of their companions under any and all circumstances. You will find that most people are quite confident that they can do so. Invite half the company to step behind the screen and place one eye at the opening cut for that purpose. Then allow each of the remaining portion of the company to examine the single eye and name its proprietor. It will be found almost impossible to recognize with any degree of certainty the eye of even the dearest friend or nearest relative. Noses and mouths visible by themselves through similar appropriate openings are almost as difficult to identify.

Sir Walter Scott's Friend.

Did you ever hear that Sir Walter Scott, who wrote "The Lady of the Lake" and "Ivanhoe," besides many other beautiful poems and novels which you will read some day, had a child friend named Marjorie Fleming, of whom he was very fond? Marjorie was a dear little girl of seven when the great Sir Walter used to "hap" her up in his plaid and carry her off to his room, there to play with her until the two made the house ring with their laughter. Marjorie taught the great man to "count out" with the rime:

Wonnery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Allby, crackaby, ten and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky-dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-wan;
Eerie, orie, ourie—
You are out!

It always made Sir Walter laugh when he came to "musky dan," which, he said, made him think of an Irishman all smelling with sweet spices, and Marjorie would get very much vexed at his stupidity.

A Faithful Dog.

The dog is more than any other animal the servant, the companion and the friend of man.

Even after his master's death his love continues. Dogs have been known to refuse to leave their masters' graves.

Some years ago a poor man died in a large city. His dog followed the body to the burial place. Next morning he was found lying on the new made grave. Though driven away several times, he always returned.

Taking pity on the faithful animal, the keeper of the ground gave him food. Afterward a storekeeper who lived near fed him every day.

This lasted for four years, during which every night, even in the coldest weather, the dog lay on his master's grave.

When the dog died he was buried near his master, and the figure of a dog has been placed over a drinking fountain in a street near the grave to tell the story of his faithful love.

Persian Bread.

In Persia the native bread differs little from that used a thousand years ago, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground. Usually it is about the size of a barrel, and many of those now in use have been used for a century. The fire is built on the bottom and is kept burning long enough to heat thoroughly the bottom and walls of the oven. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes and is set out to cool. The dough is made from rice flour and milk, and the bread is sweet and nourishing and may be bought in the native markets for a penny a sheet.

Riddles.

What kind of vice is that which people dislike if they are ever so bad? Ad-vice.

Why is a lazy young dog like an inclined plane? Because it's a slow pup (slope up).

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he's above doing a wrong action.

When are tailors and house agents both following the same business? When they gather in the rents.

What is the difference between men and women at a tiresome lecture? Men go to close their eyes, women to eye their clothes.

Public Spirited.

"Is your husband a public spirited man?" "Oh, yes. He doesn't care who sees him drink."—Boston Record.



(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

The Brave Barnacle.

There was a little Barnacle
Stuck closely to a ship
As through the raging, roaring waves
The vessel went ker-zip.
"Oh, my," exclaimed the Barnacle,
"This trip will be our last;
Unless through all this tempest
I manage to stick fast!"

The waves dashed o'er them mountain high.
And icy was the air,
But plucky little Barnacle
Kept sticking closely there.
And when at last, all danger past,
The vessel came to land
The happy little Barnacle
Felt very, very grand.

He swelled with pride. "Hooray!" he cried.
"I've conquered wind and wave!
I bravely stuck fast to my post,
Our noble ship to save!
The sailors, too, it's very true,
Showed splendid nerve and pluck,
But I could see they needed me,
So to the ship I stuck!"
—Youth's Companion.

Fame of Tenedos.

Tenedos, which certain powers have taken away from Greece, has become well known by name from having the good luck to get mentioned in the first book of Homer's "Iliad" instead of the last, as well as in the beginning of Vergil's "Aeneid." Ever since Homer's day this fertile islet, lying at the entrance to the Dardanelles, has been considered of great strategic importance. During classical times the laws and civil institutions of Tenedos were celebrated for their wisdom and were discussed with approval in a lost treatise of Aristotle.

CORN CONTEST

The County National Bank of Clearfield, Pennsylvania

For the purpose of encouraging the improvement of farm products and the soil on which they are grown this bank offers for the year 1914, the following prizes, to wit:

For the best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $50.00.

For the second best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $25.00.

For the third best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $15.00.

For the fourth best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $10.00.

The contest is to be open to all residents of Clearfield county within the age named.

Contestants must register with the bank either in person or by letter not later than May 15, 1914. When and as contestants register the rules governing the contest will be made known to them.

The prizes will be awarded by 3 practical farmers, who shall be named as judges by the committee of the bank's directors, which has the matter in charge.

H. B. POWELL,
April 20 1914. President.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel. Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large Gen...

Rain Coats — Men's and Ladies' Specials at ... Boy's Rain Coats, 8 to 12 years. ... Boy's Rain Coats, 12 to 18 years. ... Children's Rain Coats. ...

Ladies' House Dresses — Nice New Line of House Dresses at ... Misses' and Children's Dresses, 98c. ... Middy Blouses. ... 79c.

Kleinerts Dress Shields — New Line Just Received ... Prices. ... Ask to See The Gem Shield at ...

Ladies' Neckwear — New Shipment, the Latest at Popular Prices. ... 25c up.

Salt Fish — Lake Herring. ... 8-lbs 75c, 10-lbs 90c, 15-lbs $1.20 ... Mackerel ... 5c; Larger Size 2 for 25c

Musterole Will Not Blister — For Coughs and Colds in the Chest, Pneumonia, Asthma, Rheumatism, etc., in Jars, 25c and 90c

Turnips, Sweet Potatoes, Pine Apples, Cranberries, Spanish Onions, Texas Onions, Oranges, Bananas, Celery Lettuce, Cocoanuts, Grape Fruit.

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

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PHILADELPHIA
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
Dimeling Hotel Parlors
Wednesday, April 29

Special Office Hours
9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

MY SPECIAL OFFER
$1.00 GLASSES
This Visit Only

I will make you a fine pair of glasses, including Dammers' eye examination, clear crystal lenses, a 12-karat solid gold filled frame and an elegant leather case.

ALL FOR $1.00

Thirty days' trial of glasses allowed. Others charge as high as $3 to $5 for these same glasses.

EYE EXAMINATION

by the Dammers' Scientific method, without drops, without asking questions, without test cards or charts

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer

SPECIAL NOTICE

Invisible Bifocals. Two pair in One. No Lines. No Cement. Last for Years. Regular Price, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00

MY PRICE $5.00

Special ground Lenses at lowest prices.

Monthly Visits to Clearfield

OFFICES—238 Mutual Life Building, 1011 Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROGRESS -:- -:- -:- -:- SUCCESS

POLLACK'S BARGAIN STORE

306 Market St. G. L. NORRIS BLDG. Clearfield, Penn.

We wish to announce to the people of Clearfield and vicinity that this ad is not a special sale advertisement, such as you sometimes see, but to call your attention to the fact that Pollack's Bargain Store the goods are sold at Sale Prices all the time. Every day throughout the week, month and year, is a Bargain Day there. Pollack commenced business here with the express purpose of treating you right. He intends to stay here, his methods of retailing will appeal to every one of his present or expected customers, because any purchase not satisfactory, he will refund your money. What more can you ask.

A visit to his Bargain Store, chock full of New and Up-to-date Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes--for this is a brand new store--will convince the most particular, that it is the place to buy.

We will let you judge for yourself of the Great Saving Event by mentioning some prices--not all of them--space will not permit us to enumerate all our Big Bargains.

Men's Shoes

Regular price		Sale price
$ 2.50	men's black shoes, very dressy	$1.69
3.00	" " "	1.95
4.00	Russia tan shoes latest style	2.69
2.50	men's working shoes	1.79
3.00	" " " extra heavy	1.90

Ladies' Shoes

$ 3.00	Ladies tan shoes	$ 1.95
3.00	" gun metal	1.95
3.00	" patent leather	1.95
3.00	" vici kid, flexible sole	1.95
2.50	" gun metal	1.79
2.00	" very dressy shoe	1.48

Misses' Shoes

$ 2.00	Misses patent leather	$1.39
2.00	" gun metal	1.39
1.75	" dongola	1.25
1.50	" gun metal	1.19
1.50	" patent leather	1.19

Children's Shoes

$ 1.25	Children's dongola	98c
1.25	" gun metal	98c
75c	" patent leather kid top	60c
75c	" tan	60c
75c	" vici kid	55c
75c	" tan	55c

Boys' Shoes

$ 2.00	Boy's black shoes	$ 1.49
2.00	" tan "	1.49

A full assortment of Baby Shoes 8c and 21c a pair, all colors.

A full assortment of Men's working shirts worth 50c for 39c, all sizes.

Men's soft dress shirts worth 50c for 39c.

Men's extra fine dress shirts, $1.25 for85c.

A large assortment of Men's linen collars 9c each.

Men's and Boys' black and tan belts worth 25c for 19c.

Men's suspenders worth 35c for 19; extra heavy, worth 50 for 23c.

Men's red, white and blue Handkerchiefs worth 5c, two for 5c.

Ladies black and tan Hosiery, 8c pair

Children's black and white stockings 8c pair.

Men's working Socks worth 10c pr. for 6c.

Men's dress Socks worth 10c pair for 8c.

Men's extra dressy Socks worth 25c for 13c pair.

Men's Summer Underwear worth $1.00 suit for 78c.

Men's SummerUnderwear worth 75c, as a bargain for 44c suit.

Men's Overalls, Railroaders specials,	69c
Men's Overalls, double knee,	69c
Men's Jackets, all sizes,	69c
Boys' Overalls	22c
Boys' Blouses	22c
Boys' Shirts	25c

A full assortment of Handbags and Valises worth from $1.00 to $3.00. for 79c to $1.98.

When you spend $2.00 be sure to ask for a FREE premium worth 50c.

Are you ready for these Bargains? Read the list over carefully and then follow the crowd for your square deal. Be sure to come and bring your fkiends to

Pollack's Bargain Store,

G. L. Norris Building 306 Market Street Clearfield, Penn.

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - $1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

MAY ISSUE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

Wilson Has Absolute Power to Call on Militia.

REFUGEES IN GREAT DANGER

Reports From Galveston Show That Americans Were Exposed to Many Perils—Refugee Says Mexicans Have Joined Forces In Northern Mexico. Ask Troops For Protection.

Washington, April 28.—If President Wilson issues a call at once for volunteers, as he is expected to do, he will take his action under the terms of the new bill he signed Saturday. The measure gives the president absolute control of the militia organizations of the states which volunteer in times of war. Officers of the regular army highly approve of the measure, which places the volunteers and their officers while they are in the service of the United States on the same footing as the regulars.

The scandal which resulted in the fight to obtain commissions in the state militia following the call for volunteers in the Spanish-American war is indirectly responsible for the enactment of this measure. On that occasion there were scandals in many states over the granting of commissions to officers. The governors then had the power of giving commissions. Under the new act that power is taken from the state executives and vested solely in the president.

Not only does the new act make such a demoralizing situation impossible in the future, but it also breaks down state lines in providing for the mobilization of volunteer troops without regard to such artificial divisions.

Refugees at Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., April 28.—Saved from massacre at the hands of Mexican mobs in Tampico by English, French and German warships, 400 American refugees are here on board the battleship Connecticut, not being permitted to land under the Texas quarantine laws. The refugees are frank and severe in their criticism of the United States government, declaring that every American vessel was ordered to sea at the time that Americans were in the direct need of protection and besieged by mobs whose leaders chose as their motto, "Death to the Americans!"

Rebels and Federals Combine.

San Antonio, April 28.—That federals and rebels in Coahuila state are combining against the Americans is the news brought here by C. A. Robson of the Coahuila Coal company of New York at Palau, Mexico. Robson, who was the last American to leave that section of Coahuila, declares that General Juarda, federal, and General Mongeia, rebel, met at Baratarian last Wednesday. A battle was imminent when Juarda sent a white flag and said the Americans were going to intervene. A brief parley took place and then the forces joined, making a total of about 3,000 men.

Robson, with twelve American ranchers, left Baratarian on the Mexican National railway train, which carried them seventy-five miles. They then left the train and came by automobile to Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, crossed to Eagle Pass and came to San Antonio. Robson left Palau when 900 employees of the company threatened him.

He declares that the railway from Ciudad Porfirio Diaz to Monclovia is open, except for one burned bridge, but nine bridges are burned on the line from Monclovia to Saltillo.

PREPARED TO AID RED CROSS

Committees Representing Various Organizations Met In Capital.

Washington, April 28.—Preparations are being made here by committees representing patriotic, social, civic and business organizations to aid the American Red Cross in its relief work should war between the United States and Mexico come.

Plans for assisting the Red Cross society were adopted at a meeting of the various organizations. Committees were appointed for the collection, transportation and storing of supplies the society would need. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the president, is honorary chairman of the supply committee; Mrs. Garrison, wife of the secretary of war, honorary vice chairman, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy, honorary vice chairman.

KEELEY TREATMENT
successfully used for 34 years.
REMOVES ALL DESIRE FOR DRINK—DRUGS
4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

REBELS OPEN RAILWAY.

Traffic Between Monterey and Matamoras Resumed After Battle.

Brownsville, Tex., April 28.—Operation of the National railroad between Monterey and Matamoras was begun, following the capture of Monterey by the Constitutionalists. Traffic on the road was suspended a year ago.

A train load of refugees from the interior probably will be brought into Brownsville at once.

Queen Eleonore Hesitates.

Sofia, Bulgaria, April 28.—Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria has decided to cancel her proposed visit to the United States in case of war between the United States and Mexico. She had contemplated sailing for America at the end of May.

CRADOCK AND CARDEN.

British Officers, Now In Mexico, Aid Americans In Leaving That Country.



VILLA PLANS ATTACK ON HUERTA TROOPS

Leaves Juarez For Chihuahua to Meet Carranza.

Juarez, April 28.—General Francisco Villa left for the south, but said he would return to Juarez soon. At Chihuahua he is expected to hold an important conference with General Carranza, head of the Constitutionalists, concerning American relations and the mediation plan of the big South American republics. In addition he says he has important duties south in connection with organizing the campaign against the federals, who, after defeats at Monterey, Torreon and San Pedro, have rallied their scattered forces at Saltillo.

General Villa telegraphed to General Pablo Gonzales, whose troops captured Monterey, to treat foreigners with every consideration and to disregard exaggerated reports of strained relations between the rebels and the United States.

These reports, he telegraphed, were set afloat by enemies of the rebel cause in the hope of stirring up enmity and added that there was no danger of a rupture with the northern power.

General Villa said he was heartily in favor of the mediation plan.

"I feel sure of a speedy solution of the complication, and then we can go ahead with our revolution," he declared.

MILITIA GUARD BORDER CITY.

National Guard Strengthened Cavalry at Brownsville.

Brownsville, Tex., April 28.—Within a stone's throw of the Rio Grande a regiment of the Texas national guard and two squadrons of United States cavalry guard the United States border.

The mobilization of a provisional regiment of the state guard, approximating 1,000 men, ordered by Governor C. B. Colquitt last Thursday, was completed. The Dallas battery of artillery has reached this place. A detachment of the hospital corps also has encamped.

MARINES FROM CHICAGO.

Ordered to Philadelphia to Embark For Mexico.

Chicago, April 28.—Two hundred additional marines from the great lakes naval training station at Lake Bluff have been ordered to the Philadelphia navy yard.

One hundred and eighty-two marines left the training station for the Brooklyn and Philadelphia yards for service in Mexican waters. The first detachment of recruits, numbering 191, left last Wednesday.

ADMIRAL WINSLOW.

Fighting Tower of New York, Greatest Fighting Craft In All the World.



Photos by American Press Association.

The new Dreadnought New York, which has been called the greatest fighting craft in the world, is now en route to Mexican waters. The picture shows the fighting tower of the monster and Admiral Winslow, commander of the squadron last ordered to report in Vera Cruz, ready for action. The pictures were made as the vessel steamed away from the Brooklyn navy yard.

Valuations.

"I think the world takes a man at his own valuation."

"I think you're mistaken. The custom house inspectors are as alert as ever."—Town Topics.

Making Sure.

Employer—If that bore Smithers comes in tell him I'm out, and don't be working or he'll know you're lying.—Kansas City Star.

Dress and Beauty.

Dress, next to beauty, is the most deadly weapon in woman's armory and often supplies the want of beauty itself.—Orme Balfour.

The intellect is perfected not by knowledge, but by activity.—Aristotle

SPLENDID PICTURES

And Talented Musicians at the New Opera House.

The Musical DeWitt's at the New opera house are an unusual attraction. They gave their first performances last evening and will be here on Tuesday and Wednesday. The De Witts are really talented instrumentalists, and some of their novelties brought down the house.

Some great pictures were shown last night. The picture entitled "The Danger of the Veldt" was a 3-reel Bison and contained a thrill for every minute, and the wild animals, of which there were a great many, behaved exceptionally well. Another picture was "The Dead Line" showing a realistic fight between settlers and Indians.

Keystone Carpet Cleaning Company

Is prepared to clean your CARPET and RUGS at the shortest possible notice

We have installed our new electric motor which gives the best of satisfaction.

All carpets called for and promptly returned, sweet and clean. Three cents per yard.

E. G. OGDEN, Mgr.
H. & C. Phone, Hillsdale.

Frederick's
WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE

We can show you the most complete line of Pianos on the market. Our stores display a half a hundred makes, among them the.....

Knabe, Chickering, Estey, W. F. Frederick, Strich & Zeidler, Foster, etc., etc.

See Them Before You Buy.

See Our Complete Line of Victrolas and Records

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

Sugar, Coffee and Tea Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above and other groceries. We can sell 100 lbs Granulated Sugar for $4.75
White House Coffee, lb for 25c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 30c
3-lb can for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 30c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Ehrenberger, ... Clearfield
Ross & Woods, ... Clearfield
J. S Beahan, ... Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ... Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin, ... Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars, ... Bigler
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile, ... Curwensville
Harry Teats, ... Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Cleto, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ... Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ... Curwensville
Rafferty Bros., ... Grampian
Grampian Supply Co., Grampian
W. E. Derrick, ... Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wrigleswerth, ... Grampian
F. M. Hartsfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles, ... Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro., ... Bigler
Ed. Shaw, ... Shawville
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D. B. Hile, ... Lumber City
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DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

Your Gardener

To produce the best results should be supplied with good tools. It matters not how good the seed may be if he does not thoroughly cultivate the soil you are "throwing good money to the birds." We have a line of

Garden Tools

All moderately priced and hard to beat. Shovels, hoes, spading forks, rakes, trowels, weeders, hand plows, barrows, mattocks, watering cans, pruning shears, etc.

And remember too that gardens and chickens do not mix well, i. e,—not well for the garden. So if you expect to get any "garden sass" it would be gaining a strategic point to throw a peaceable blockade around the chickens just now—and we have the material with which to do it—

Poultry Netting

Galvanized after weaving in both one and two inch mesh from one to six feet high. Cambria and Youngstown Poultry Fence, thirty-four to fifty-eight inches high. For the farm, barbed and smooth wire, hog and cattle woven fence.

Orders by telephone receive careful attenton.

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125 MARKET STREET



Big Special Cut Price ON Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits				Ladie's Coats and Suits			
$ 8.50	Suits, only	$	5.75	$ 8.00	Coat or Suit	$	5.98
10.00	"	"	7.25	10.00	"	"	6.75
12.50	"	"	9.00	12.50	"	"	8.50
15.00	"	"	11.00	15.00	"	"	9.98
18.00	"	"	13.25	16.50	"	"	10.75
20.00	"	"	15.00	18.00	"	"	12.75
22.00	"	"	16.50				
25.00	"	"	18.50				

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros. Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

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April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
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Rod Cases 85c
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